May 24, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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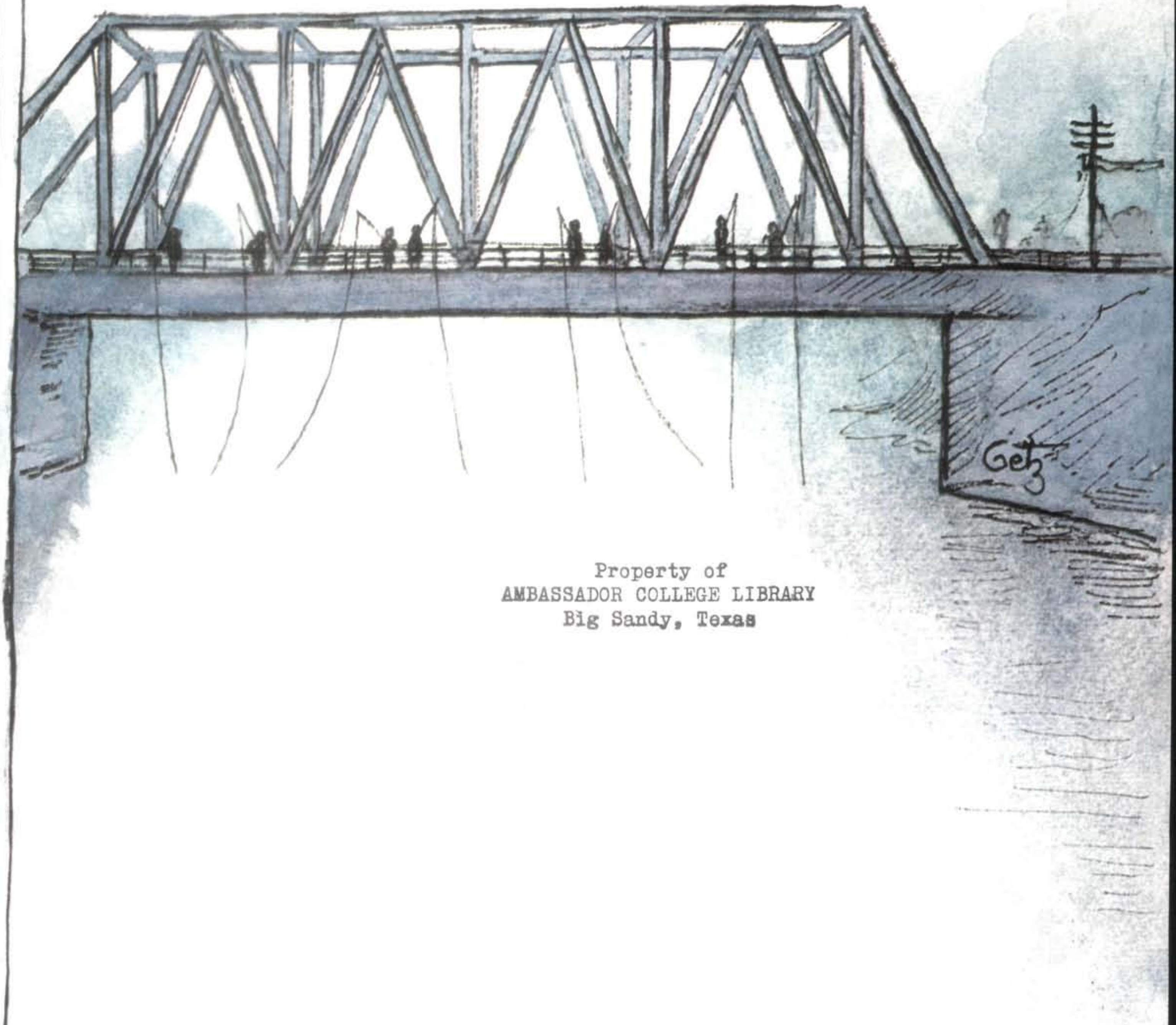

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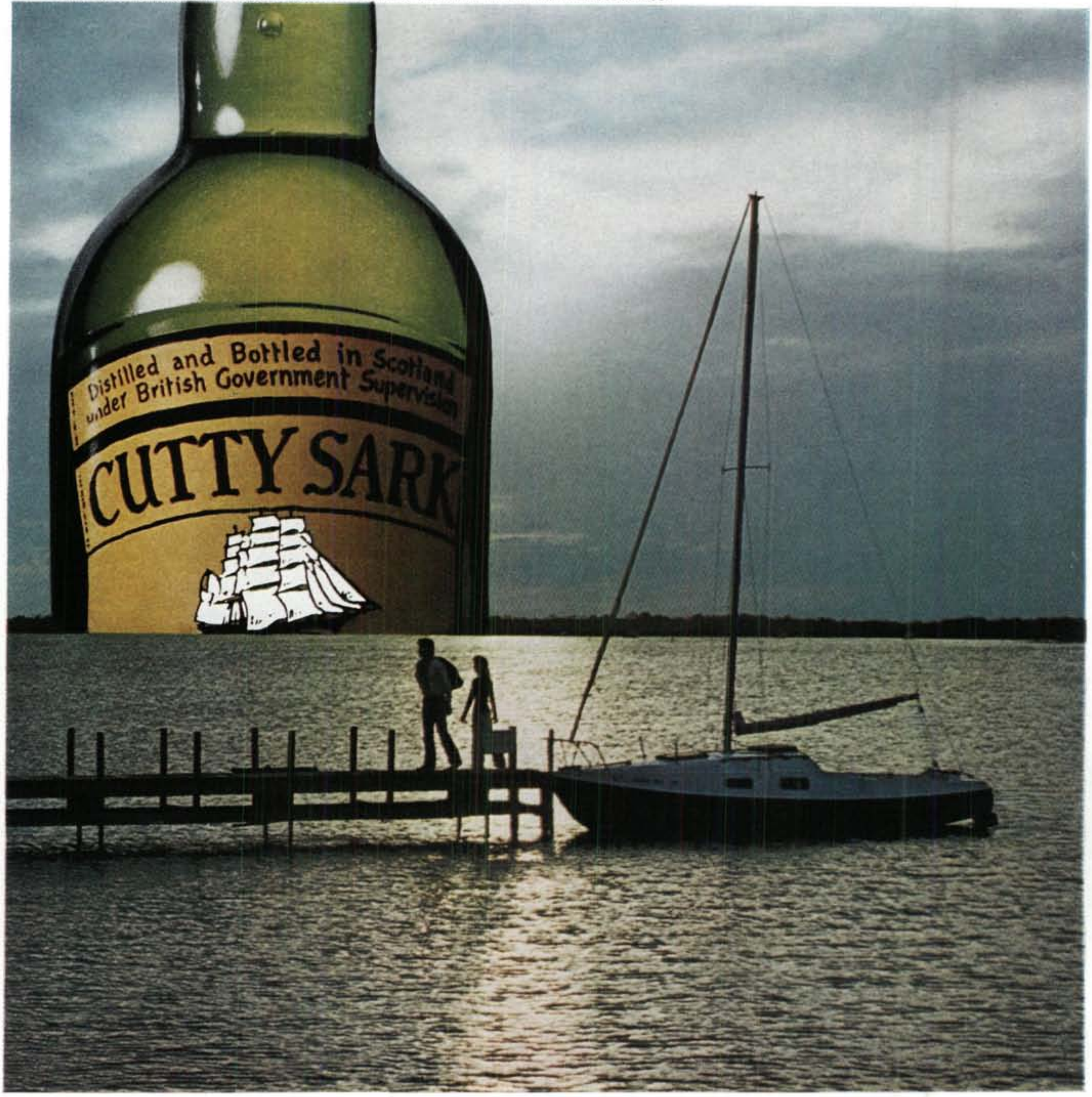
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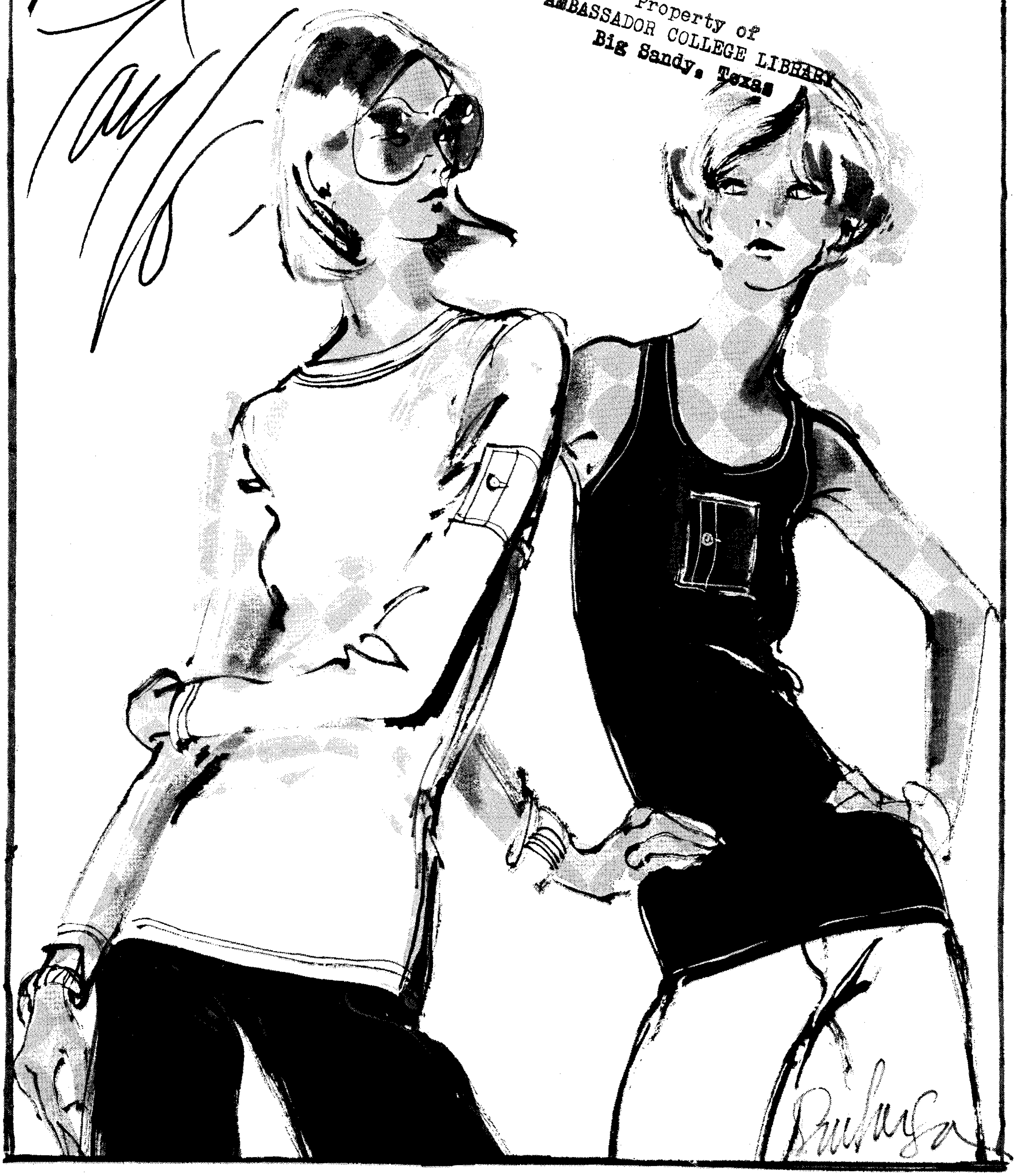

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Not a play but a one-woman divertissement, in which Julie Harris charmingly impersonates Emily Dickinson. Dickinson's verses survive more plausibly than her character. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Cherry Orchard—A revival of the Chekhov play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Final performances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Wednesday, May 19, at 2 and 8: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 20-21, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 23, at 3: **THE MIKADO**. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **FOLLIES** is the last in this season's series of productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

I'm Laughing, But I Ain't Tickled—A musical by Micki Grant, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. Starting Tuesday, May 25, Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, and John Heffernan will replace Miss Snyder and the Messrs. Seltzer and Flanagan, respectively. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, June 2, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Will Holt and Dolly Jonah in a program of Weill songs. The last of three performances. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesday, May 25, at 8.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave is the lady, and nothing else matters. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, May 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mondongo—A musical by Ramiro Ramirez. Opens Thursday, May 20, and will run through Sunday, May 30. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged at succeeding performances. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS**: Wednesday, May 19, at 2; Friday, May 21,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as well as Monday, May 24, and Wednesday, May 26, at 8; and Saturday, May 29, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, May 19, at 8; Saturday, May 22, at 2; and Tuesday, May 25, as well as Thursday, May 27, and Saturday, May 29, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, May 20, and Saturday, May 22, at 8; Wednesday, May 26, at 2; and Friday, May 28, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

THE OLD GLORY—Final performances of **BENITO CERENO** conclude the engagement of Robert Lowell's trilogy of plays. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 1:30. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE POKEY—The two characters in this splendid, lively one-acter by Stephen Black are a rock star who wakes up with a hangover in the jail of a small Texas town, and her wary, personable young jailer. The commendable actors are Laura Esterman and John Heard, and the commendable director is Lynne Meadow. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

REX—A musical with Nicol Williamson as Henry VIII, a noisy king bent upon gaining a male heir to his throne. The music is by Richard Rodgers, the lyrics are by Sheldon Harnick, and the book is by Sherman Yellen. The best things in the show are the sets and costumes, by John Conklin. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

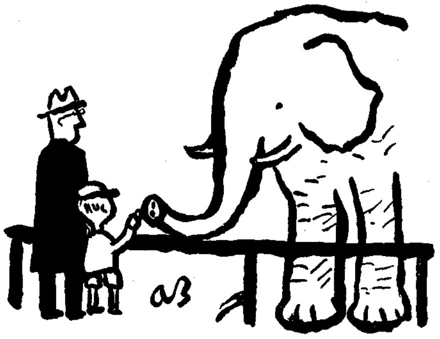
THE ROYAL FAMILY—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE RUNNER STUMBLES—A play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue in the leading roles. Austin Pendleton directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SERENADING LOUIE—This play by Lanford Wilson about a pair of Yale alumni whose marriages are falling apart is very frail indeed. It is almost saved by the performance, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, but not quite. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

SOMETHING'S AFOOT—A musical starring British comedienne Tessie O'Shea, with book, music, and lyrics by James McDonald, David Vos, and Robert Gerlach. Tony Tanner directed. Previews through Wednesday, May 26. Opens officially on Thursday, May 27. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)



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THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30, and Wednesday, May 19, at 2:30.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Edward Albee's witty and compassionate study of the human predicament. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara, ably directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

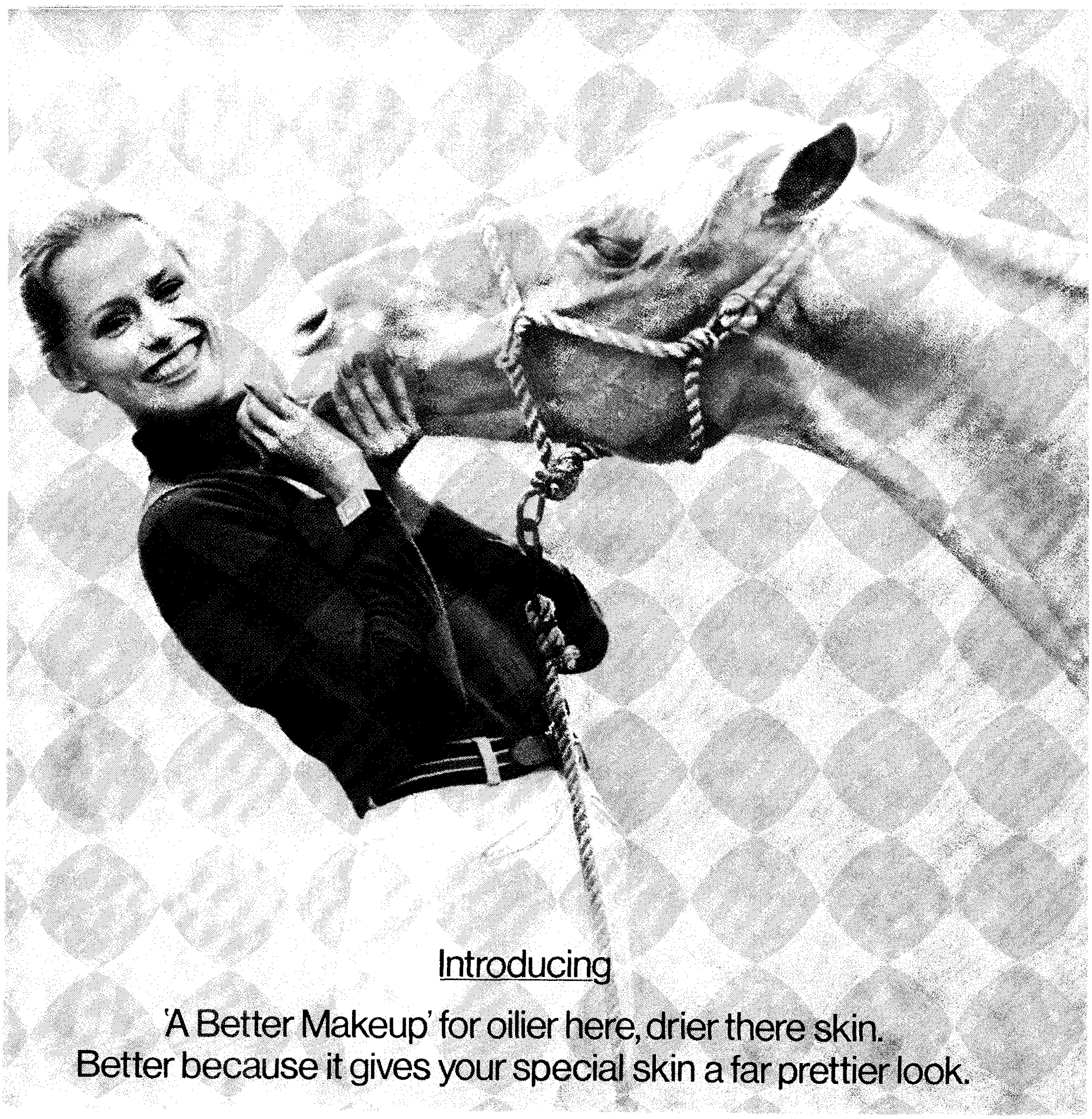
LONG RUNS—**CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,689 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 6, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 19, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 2: "Firebird," "Square Dance," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 1: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 23, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 25, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tzigane," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Four Temperaments," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: "Serenade," "Ivesiana," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: "Chaconne," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln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Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 19: "La Sylphide," "The Lesson," and Act III of "Napoli."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 20-21, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 22: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 24-25: "The Lesson," "Carmen," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 26: "Etudes," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday evenings, May 27-29: Two premières—"Four Seasons" and "Triumph of Death."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "La Sylphide" and "Carmen." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, May 19: "Streams," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 20: "Caravan," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 21: "Hidden Rites," "The Mooche," and "Caravan."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 22: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Caravan," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 22: "Streams," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 23: "Hidden Rites," "The Mooche," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 23: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

RUDY PEREZ DANCE THEATRE—"System," "Update," "New Annual," and "Colorado Ramble." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, May 26-29, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 29, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. **MIKE LONGO**, a pianist and Dizzy Gillespie alumnus, heads up a quintet through Saturday, May 22. On Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, tenor saxophonist **PAUL JEFFREY** will lead his vigorous, rousing octet, which features practically every one of its members in solo spots—and most of the solos are worth hearing. The arrangements are good, too—especially Coltrane's "Some Other Blues" and Jimmy Heath's "Gingerbread Boy." On Wednesday, May 26, a quintet directed by saxophonist Robin Kenyatta will arrive. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Eddie Harris, a jazz-funk saxophonist and vocalist, leads his band opposite the Third World, a group of reggae specialists from Jamaica; Thursday through Sunday, May 20-23. Monday through Wednesday, May 24-26, British rockers Tommy Bolin and his band and another band, Sailor, will take over. On Thursday, May 27, Chuck Mangione, a jazz composer and flugelhorn player whose simplistic, stagy lyricism is as close to jazz as Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" is to the Ars Nova, will bring in his quartet and vocalist Esther Satterfield. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist John Hicks and his bassist compete with the talkers through Saturday, May 22. On Monday, May 24, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will begin working with bassist **SAM JONES**. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays, except May 28-29, at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—has been presenting mostly local, primitive rock bands for some time. Although Hilly Crystal, the owner, had originally hoped for a convergence of the Boston blues and the Washington bluegrass scenes in his club, he says he found more vitality in the scores of young, crude rock bands in the New York-New Jersey-Long Island area. Crystal reports that he's now getting calls for auditions from aspiring rock groups in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Acapulco. The regulars who perform here have names like the Ramones, Talking Heads, Milk 'n' Cookies (whose members don't look much older than twelve), and Television, and much of the music amounts to short, punchy, occasionally out-of-tune decade-old rock and roll. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese through Saturday, May 22. On Monday, May 24, **HELEN HUMES**, still going strong in her remarkable comeback, will begin singing sturdy, forthright vocals with backing by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, May 25, trombonist Buddy Morrow will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, May 23, will be given over to **JOE NEWMAN'S** quartet, which will begin at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE**. On Sunday, May 23, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with pianist Pat Rebillot from five to nine. Sundays through Tuesdays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, and **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, are joined by one or another swing-oriented trumpet players. And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now (through Wednesday, May 19), it's presenting trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN'S** quartet. On Thursday, May 20, R. & B. organist Richard Groove Holmes will take the stage with his group. In addition, **JIMMY ROWLES**, who has abandoned the keyboard at Orson's and moved back downtown, will be playing opposite Holmes. Two sets Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music on Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While **ROY ELDRIDGE** is away (he'll be back on Thursday, May 27), his accompanists—**CLAUDE HOPKINS** on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—have been left in the hands of cornettist **JIMMY MCPARTLAND**. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Lance Hayward performs nightly, except Wednesdays, when Jim Roberts takes over the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The great **JOE VENUTI** has returned, and he's leading a quintet comprising **JOHN BUNCH**, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, **AL HALL**, and **AL CAIOLA**. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Sundays through Wednesdays, Phyllis Hyman, a promising smoky-voiced singer, and her backing trio, headed by a fine young pianist, Onaje Allan Gumbs, are on the canopied bandstand. On Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and the latest edition of his Jazz Messengers will be on hand. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Billy Swan, a Nashville recording fixture for years, does his renditions of such fine rockabilly songs as "Lover Please" (which he wrote), "Don't Be Cruel," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll." Through Sunday, May 23. On Wednesday, May 26, drummer Norman Connors will arrive with his band. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

LE PETIT CAFÉ, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Judith Cohen, a frenetic singer and comedienne with a substantial local following, finishes her two weeks here on Sunday, May 23. On Tuesday, May 25, Elayne Boosler, a young comic, will alternate with pop and soul singer Gerri Griffin. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is a vigorous twelve-piece band under the leadership of pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** which meets on Mondays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** works with and inspires a relaxed young neo-fifties quartet. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Daniels and his lively quartet perform. And the regular Sunday feature is the guitar duo of JOE PUMA and CHUCK WAYNE. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The guitar festival here segues into what looks like a piano festival: TED DUNBAR, the last of the guitarists on this stage for a while, performs with bassist RON CARTER and pianist KENNY BARRON through Sunday, May 23. On Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, singer and pianist Patti Bown will be in evidence. On Wednesday, May 26, JUNIOR MANCE will begin his insistently bluesy piano runs. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner, and, while the owners reapply for a liquor license, soft drinks.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings, a hectic music schedule, and a bartender who doubles as a talented blackboard calligrapher. Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, saxophonist Rene McLean will be present with his group; Tuesday through Thursday, May 25-27, singer Jeanne Lee will work with a backing combo; and on Fridays and Saturdays, bassist CECIL MCBEE shows up with his first-rate, satisfying Latin-jazz sextet. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—On Mondays, and for the week ending on Saturday, May 22, sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—known collectively for more than ten years as the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band—trickle in, assemble themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand (which barely accommodates them), and light into some exciting, hard-hitting material, and sometimes a ballad or two. On Tuesday, May 25, saxophonist Joe Farrell will descend the murky staircase with his quartet. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, May 23.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, EDDIE DURHAM, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays, drummer JO JONES is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often claimed by two tenor saxophonists—BUDDY TATE and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and boogie-wooglist SAMMY PRICE. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians led by Dick Cone begin loping through some of Cone's charts. Bassist Major Holley is in charge of a quartet that includes saxophonist Harold Ashby, pianist Norman Simmons, and drummer Richard Pratt through Saturday, May 22. On Wednesday, May 26, pianist BARRY HARRIS will bring in a trio. On Sundays, JAKI BYARD works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—Final offerings in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 19, at 5:45: KALERIA FEDICHEVA, ballet dancer. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26, at 5:45: CHRIS CONNOR.

Raphael—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, May 19, at 8 and 11.

Nektar and **Golden Earring**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, May 21, at 8 and 11:30.

Return to Forever (with Chick Corea)—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, May 22, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, May 23, at 8.

Wings—Paul McCartney's new band with Linda McCartney, Denny Laine, Jimmy McCulloch, and Joe English. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, at 8.

Astor Piazzolla—With his group. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Yusef Lateef Quartet—Town Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8.

Ray Barretto—With his orchestra. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, May 28, at 8.)

Kool and the Gang, David Ruffin, Jimmy Castor, and **the Tramps**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 29, at 7 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Old fuddy-duddies, crafty infants, and characters in between, sculpted about half life-size in linen mâché and trimmed with real accoutrements (spectacles, roller skates, hats, baseball mitts, medals, champagne glasses) suitable to their age and station. Through June 12. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings with a futurist flavor. Through June 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—Abstract, Constructivist paintings, with skillfully arranged clockworks of checks and balances. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Leland Bell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by a figurative painter who leans toward bold patterns. Through Friday, May 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit, constituting a survey of nearly half a century of work by this artist, who is now seventy-two. Early paintings, including cityscapes and social-conscious canvases, are at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and works on paper, including some of his recent mystical, colored drawings dotted with egg-shaped symbols, are a couple of doors up the street, at Carus, 1044 Madison Ave. Through Saturday, May 29.

William Merritt Chase (1849-1916)—A benefit showing of more than a hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by the American Impressionist. Through June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Enrico Donati—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through Saturday, May 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Stephen Glucksberg—Semi-abstract paintings whose subjects seem to have been caught at the instant they were jolted by some unexplained force. Through Saturday, May 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Oil paintings with a soft color-field quality, subdued in both size and color compared with his previous dramatic works. Through Saturday, May 29. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Morris Graves—Still-life paintings of flowers. Through June 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Abstract paintings—scrims of a solid color, really—on shaped canvases, plus eight thick slabs of beautiful mahogany that can be fitted together into a perfect eight-foot circle or reassembled in countless designs. A smaller version of the sculpture, in rosewood, and another, in teak, make two-foot circles, and the artist hopes to build an immense one, three hundred and fifty-eight feet across, of concrete, in the Nevada desert, where he has a home and a studio. Through June 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jean Hélion—This lively French artist was a friend of both Mondrian and Léger, and in this show, which begins with his early abstract period and moves on to his current representational works, the influences of both men are discernible. Through Saturday, May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Hans Hokanson—Large carved-wood sculptures, among them an outsize duck decoy and a nine-foot juggler's pin, both made of elm, a wood that is not often used in sculpture but is now in plentiful supply in the Hamptons, where the artist lives, thanks to the blight of recent years. Through Thursday, May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Hultberg—Landscape paintings suggestive of futuristic cities. Through June 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

John Kearney—Roosters, hound dogs, and other animal sculptures made from automobile bumpers. Through June 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Bernard Langlais—Wood sculptures of animals arranged in groups. Through June 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Daniel Lifschitz—Small, elegant pastels by a Swiss artist who achieves an unusual depth for this medium by working on black paper and using several layers of fixative as the work proceeds. Through Saturday, May 29. (Touchstone, 118 E. 64th St.)

Agnes Martin—A double exhibit of this artist's

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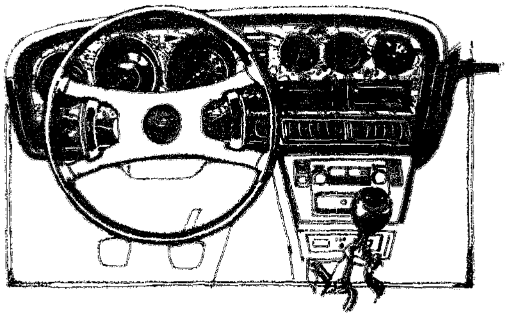
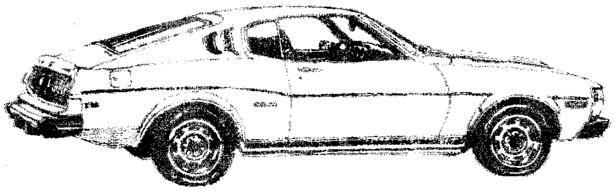
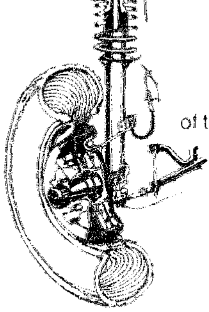


MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE: "The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback," but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.





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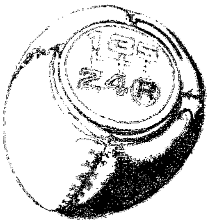

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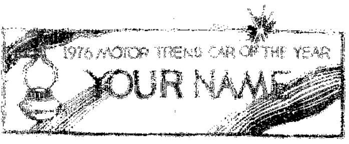
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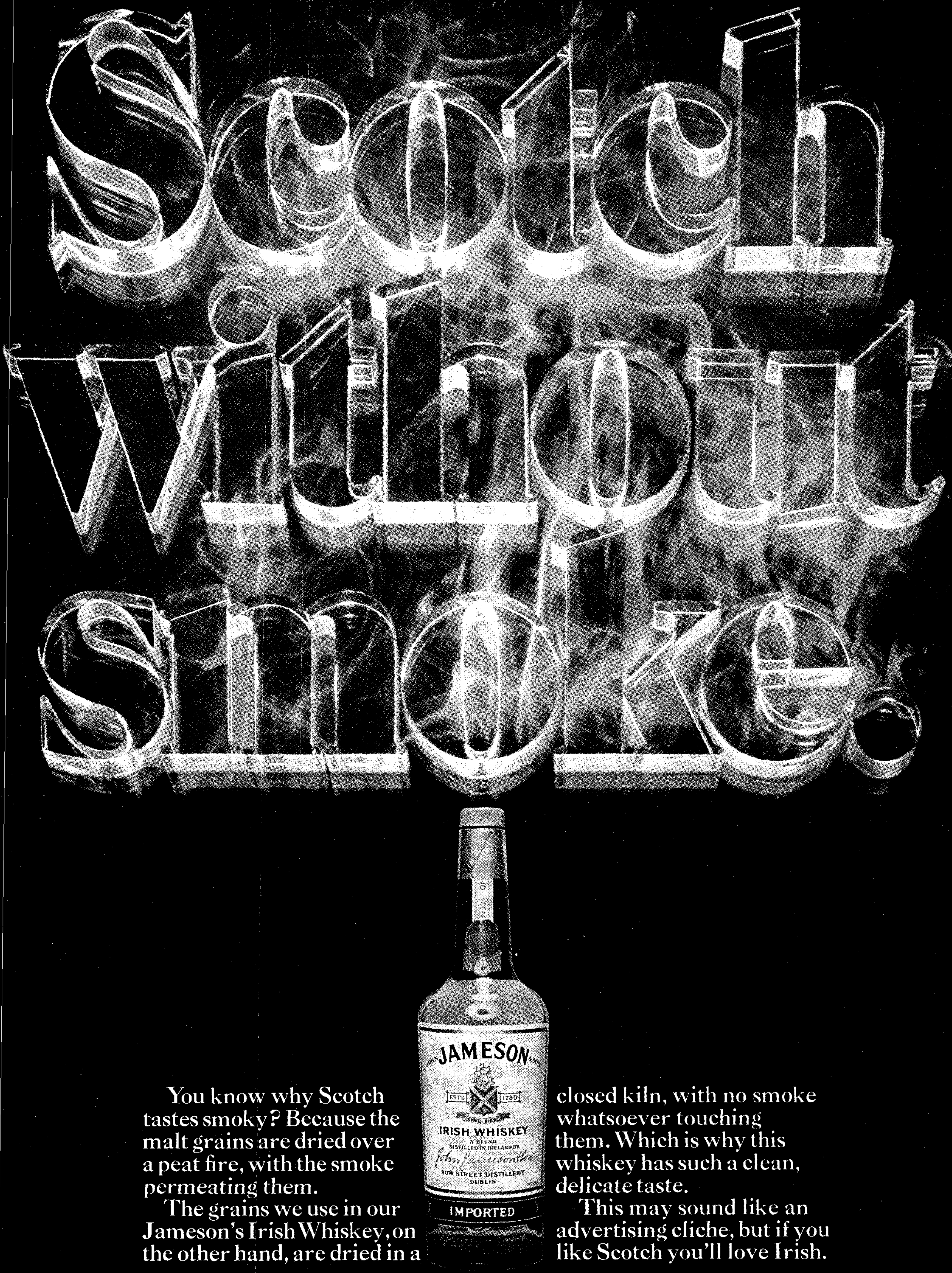
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large, delicate abstractions. Early works, most of them six feet square, done between 1961 and 1966 and exploring the possibilities of a small grid pattern, are at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through June 2), and the later canvases, all six feet square, of pale stripes, are at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, May 29).

Knox Martin—Erotic drawings based on Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, May 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Maggie McCurdy—Gnomes and beasts that reflect Mayan, Assyrian, Gothic, and fantasyland mythology, printed on cloth, stuffed, and then installed, like bas-reliefs, in fitting environments of their own, made of wood and small oxidized-steel plates. Through Saturday, May 22. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Peter Miller—Symbols appropriated from practically every culture, plus a few imaginary ones, all pieced together like a crazy quilt by a Pennsylvania woman who has by no means overlooked the Pennsylvania Dutch hex marks in these paintings, which are rich in color and mysticism. She calls them metaphysical paintings. Through Saturday, May 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—Conventional studies of nudes, in charcoal and crayon, by this Minimalist painter who likes to get back to life drawing every now and then. Through June 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Portraits and Maine and Hamptons landscapes in oil and watercolor, done in his easygoing representational style and completed last year. Through Friday, May 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Noel Rockmore—Small tempera fantasy paintings. Through June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors of coastal scenes in Canada and Martha's Vineyard, and deep-forest vistas in New Jersey. Through Saturday, May 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joseph Shannon—Realist paintings that seem to center on groups of scary-looking people caught in antic poses in doctors' waiting rooms, plus an occasional disarming small landscape or still-life. Through June 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Figure studies of groups of nudes, done in a light oil wash on paper and showing dimly lit beach scenes in the background; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud / Dennis Clive—Life drawings and dizzying landscapes of the steep streets of San Francisco, where the artist now lives. Also his more familiar cakes. / Bright-colored ceramic models of trailer trucks executed by a Pennsylvania artist who has an eye for the monster quotient in these highway juggernauts. Through Saturday, May 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

John Torreano—Six painted-wood columns in which colored glass is embedded. Through Thursday, May 27. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A pastel by Christo, a gouache by Magritte, and a sculpture by Anthony Caro are among the works on view. Through Friday, May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by a group that includes Lee Adler and Legh Myers. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: New works by contemporary artists Helen Hoie, Clyde Lynds, and others. Through Wednesday, May 26. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A benefit show on loan from the Brooklyn Museum. Among the forty-two oils and watercolors in this survey of American painting are works by John Singleton Copley, Thomas Eakins, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Sheeler. Through Saturday, May 29. . . . **knoedler contemporary art**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through June 25. . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian and Southeast Asian stone and bronze sculptures and Indian miniature paintings, all dating from the third century through the nineteenth. Through Saturday, May 29. . . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through June 30.

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **chris burden** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **hanne darboven** at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. (Through Saturday, May 22. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Robert Beauchamp—This specialist in outsize black-and-white drawings full of incident and freely associated ideas is showing, this time around, paintings that convey the same general effect but in riotous color, set against a spattered background; his familiar depictions of apes are present in several of the works, along with handsomely done bananas. Through June 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Button—Expertly handled gouache renditions of architectural subjects here and there in California and in Houston. Through June 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Max Ernst (1891-1976)—A small showing of oils, collages, and sculptures that provides a slight glimpse into this artist's career. Through Saturday, May 29. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Irwin Fleminger—Surrealist oils and watercolors. Through June 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Sam Francis—Large abstract paintings, nearly all of them focussed on a square or a rectangle of bare canvas surrounded by violent outbursts of color, like solar flares. Through Saturday, May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Abstract paintings and drawings done in the thirties by a retiring artist who rarely showed them and whose son only recently acquired them and brought them out into the light of 57th Street. They lean a bit heavily on old-fashioned Cubist principles, but Father, now in his seventies and still painting away privately, has currently advanced into hard-edge Futurism. Through Thursday, May 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jerome Hill (1905-72)—Post-Impressionist paintings by the bon-vivant grandson of the railroad baron Jim Hill; among his mentors were Bonnard, Signac, and Prendergast, whose influences show strongly in his works, and who are represented here by paintings of their own, which were part of Hill's personal collection. Through Saturday, May 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Cutouts, mostly in red, white, and blue paper, of costume and stage settings for a forthcoming out-of-town production of the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera "The Mother of Us All." Through Saturday, May 29. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Cletus Johnson—Small-scale box constructions of theatre façades. Through June 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jack Lubin—Figurative and landscape paintings. Through June 1. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Murray—Abstract paintings. Through June 11. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—About fifty paintings covering all phases of this geometric abstractionist's career and pointing up the symbols she employed in her canvases. Through Saturday, May 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Brush drawings, many on exhibit for the first time and many done in preparation for paintings and murals. Through June 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Huge watercolors (the largest is just under nine feet long) of huge subjects, such as the Grand Canyon and other stretches of the Colorado River. Through Saturday, May 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Todd—Recent abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A thirty-three-foot-long still-life comprised of four shaped canvases; the shapes of the canvases are determined by the subjects—a set of automobile keys, a toothbrush, a cigarette, and a ring with a ruby-red stone. Through Friday, May 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Parts I and II of Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of nothing less than New York City whole, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. With the aid of his wife, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, who obviously loved their assignment, he has so far presented, in metal, wood, plaster, papier-mâché, and so on, the Lower Bay, the Battery, the Wall Street district, the Woolworth building, and some of the newer skyscrapers. Heading uptown, there is an appalling subway scene that literally lurches as one hurries through it, past the muggers, toward a hair-raising porno bookshop. Parts III and IV, dealing with midtown and uptown, are promised later. A benefit for the City of New York, which needs the money. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of American landscape painting by six artists, including William Thon and Robert Vickrey. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **parsons**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sylvia Guirey, Eliza Moore, and Jonathan Thomas showing abstract paintings. Through June 11.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett—A single large work consisting of enamel applied to steel plates. Through June 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Brenda Corbin—Abstract sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 29. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Bernard Dreyfus / Helaine Blumenfeld—Wall and floor pieces that combine painting and sculpture. / Eight pieces of sensuous, writhing bronze and marble sculpture, some of them in units and others done in groups that fit together in a variety of ways. Through Saturday, May 22. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

David Hare—The myth of Cronus is the theme

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of these new paintings and sculptures. Through June 8. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Dale Henry—Drawings (resin brushed on glass and Plexiglas) based on da Vinci's definition of perspective. Through June 16. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Douglas Huebler—Conceptual photographs. Through June 5. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Large, glistening sculptures in aluminum and stainless steel, usually involving two geometric shapes nested together—a half moon cradled in a precisely congruent arc, for instance. Through Saturday, May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene Street.)

David Novros—A three-sided walk-in painting is part of an exhibit of abstract oils. Through June 9. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Paul Rotterdam—Shaped canvases, painted a dull black, that have some of the bleak quality of closed iron shutters, and drawings done in black graphite which evoke the same cold, locked-out feeling. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Betye Saar—Small boxes trimmed with tiny dolls, tinsel butterflies, faded photographs, bits of lace, worn spectacles, and so on, which evoke a sort of musty nostalgia. Through Saturday, May 29. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Tran Tho—Abstract paintings on wood. Through May 30. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Anna Thornhill—A single large composition, indebted to Léger, of nine figures and a dog, is rendered in seven variations—one in stained (or at any rate colored) Plexiglas, one a free-standing cutout, and the others in wall pieces that have been stitched and stapled together from bits of Styrofoam, heavy industrial paper, sacking, corrugated cardboard, the sides of packing boxes, and the like. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Frank Lincoln Viner—Sculptures that combine unpainted wood, papier-mâché, and crocheted yarn. Through June 2. (55 Mercer Street.)

Fumio Yoshimura—Seven full-size bicycles carved from raw lindenwood—chain, sprocket, spokes, tires, and all—and hanging from the ceiling introduce this show of incredibly intricate wood carving; other pieces include an antiquated Remington upright typewriter, complete in every detail; a long, leafy avocado stem sprouting from a seed; the skeleton of a large grouper; and a shopping cart loaded with a bag of groceries and an umbrella. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Show—An exhibit of members' work in stone, wood, plastic, and other mediums. Through June 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing *their work in SoHo include:* **THEODATE COATES-JEFFERSON** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Through Thursday, May 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **NAN MEYER** and **CHRISTOPHER SUND** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Through Wednesday, May 26. Tuesdays through Saturdays noon to 6); **JOHN TWEDDLE** at Solway, 139 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrett—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Friday, May 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Don Freeman—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Wallace French—Wall sculptures based on rectangular arrangements of elongated geometrical shapes cut out of wood and enamelled, plus preparatory drawings for the sculptures. Through Friday, May 28. (Berman, 9 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through June 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Judith Shahn, Benny Andrews, and five other artists. Through Saturday, May 22. (Glass, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Grant Mudford—Prints, both toned (brown or pink) and black-and-white. / Photographs of building façades. Through Saturday, May 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nancy Crampton / Jack Feder—Portraits of Alexander Calder, Willem de Kooning, Claes Oldenburg, Philip Johnson, Norman Mailer, John Updike, Anne Sexton, Louise Nevelson, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Susan Sontag, and many other famous figures in the arts. / Miniature landscapes and cityscapes. Through Saturday, May 22. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Fred Fehl—Three hundred photographs of dancers, actors, and musicians in performance. Through Sept. 4. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Horst—A retrospective of vintage fashion photographs. Through June 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Lotte Jacobi—Portraits done from the thirties to the present by the German-born photographer, together with a number of her well-known abstract "photogenics." Through June 10. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Nathan Lerner—Bauhaus-influenced photographs done between 1935 and 1945. Through June 5. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Serve Louvat and Jean de Biré—Prints from the original glass negatives of two turn-of-the-century photographers. Through June 2. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Delph Mickelson—Twenty-four prints by a self-taught Minnesota photographer. Through May 30. (4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 3 to 11.)

Inge Morath—Photographs taken in Spain in the mid-fifties and in Cambodia in 1970. Through Saturday, May 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Tohru Nakamura—Color prints. Through Wednesday, May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Carmen Quesada—Landscape and street photography, with some examples offered as platinum prints. Through May 30. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—About a hundred photographs, including portraits, still-lifes, and architectural studies. Through June 19. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs by painters and sculptors, among them Dorothea Rockburne, Sol LeWitt, and George Segal. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Exhibitions of photographs by Clarence John Laughlin and John Klosty. Through June 6. (Open Sundays.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by John Vachon, Richard Gray, and Pedro Luis Raota. Through Saturday, May 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of cyanotypes—some of them contemporary and some made as early as the eighteen-eighties—by professionals (such as Clarence White and Bobbi Carrey) and amateurs. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 34 W. 13th St.: Fifty prints by Belgian photographers Jan Colpaert, Carl Uytterhaegen, and Gaston Vermosen, along with works by gallery photographers. Through May 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT**, 16 Fulton St.: A permanent exhibit of about eighty photographs—"Peking and Steel Square-Riggers 1885-1957"—shown aboard the four-masted bark Peking. (Admission is $1.50 for adults; seventy-five cents for students and children. Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy

Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography "The Photographers' Choice." Through June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through June 1. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5. . . . ¶ Dance concerts at the museum: The final performances by the Multigravitational Aerodance group, which works in the air on elasticized ropes, are on Friday through Sunday, May 21-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 860-1325.)

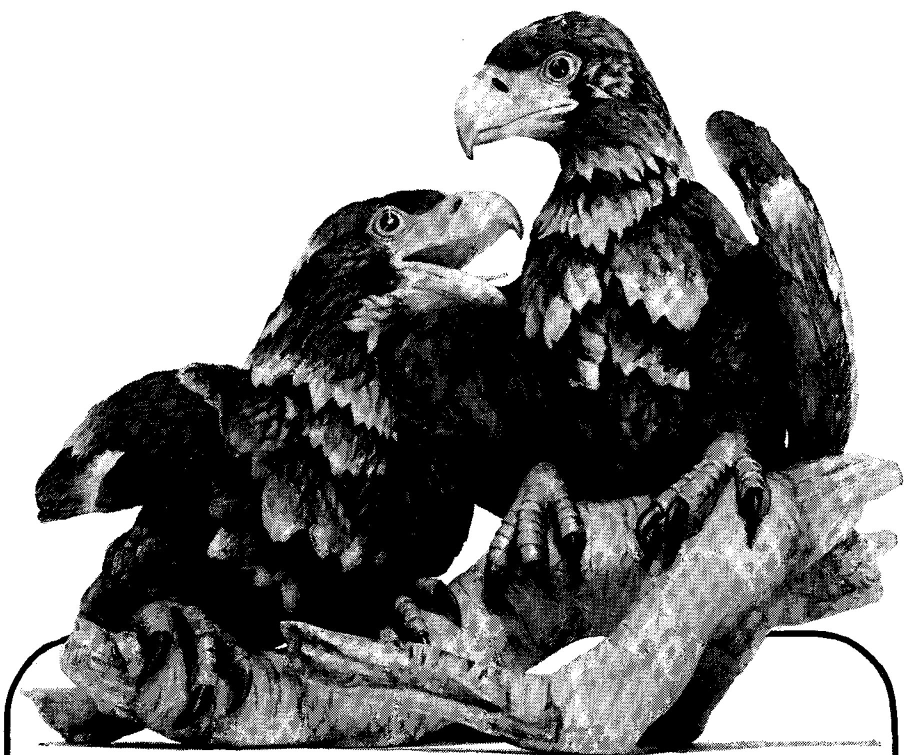
Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. (One, more recent, is a celestial-looking throne room constructed by a religious Washington janitor in his spare time and discovered after his death a few years ago.) The exhibit goes on, chronologically, to super-classical statues (Washington as Phidias might have depicted him), Hiram Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, works by the Calders (father and son), and on to David Smith and the earth-works Conceptualists. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, will open Friday, May 21. On display will be such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Harold Rosenberg, Louis Simpson, and Robert Helps. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Alice Neel, William Kienbusch, and others. Starts Thursday, May 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming



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(1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit of the American Ballet Theatre's scenic and costume designs from the last thirty-six years. Through July 24. . . . ¶ Theatre photographs by Fred Fehl. Through Sept. 4. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Abstract paintings and drawings, ceramic sculptures, and wall hangings by Bing Davis. Through June 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing—Friday, May 21, at 8: The last in a series of performances of Verdi's opera "Giovanna d'Arco.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 22, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with the Boston Pro Musica Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Thursday, May 20, at 8: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of American music, with William Warfield, narrator. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21, at 8: Andre Kostelanetz conducting another program of American music, this one with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Jerome Lowenthal, piano.

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Robert Shaw conducting three all-Beethoven programs—Thursday, May 27, at 8: Performances of the Sixth and Ninth Symphonies, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: A program of concertos, with Charles Treger, violin; Garrick Ohlsson, piano; and Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: A performance of "Missa Solemnis," with the Misses Haywood and Kopleff, the Messrs. McCoy and Paul, and the Westminster Symphonic Choir.

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 2:30.)

The Ensemble of New York—Charles Wuorinen conducting a program of music by John Cage, Jacob Druckman, Jay Gottlieb, and Mr. Wuorinen himself. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 21, at 8.)

Pan American Symphony Orchestra—Joseph Lliso conducting a program of Hispanic music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, May 25, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with Jane Anderson, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; David Smith, tenor; and Alan Baker, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, May 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Wednesday through Friday.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of Greek music, with Spiro Malas, bass, and members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 7.)

RECITALS

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 19, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Final concerts of the season. (Greenwich House Music School, 48 Barrow St. Wednesday, May 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 20, at 8:30.) Admission to both concerts by contribution.

League-ISCM—The last in this season's series of programs will be played by Robert Black, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 20, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 22, at 8.)

Peter Basquin and Daniel Morganstern—Piano and cello, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 22, at 8:30.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor, with the Russian Choral Society directed by Vladimir Roudenko. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 2:30.)

Miriam Burton and Sanford Allen—Soprano and violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 3.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 23, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Sunday, May 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of Italian court and church music from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 23, at 4:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Western Wind—Vocal sextet in a program of Italian madrigals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Dvořák quartet and quintet performed by Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 24, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—David Simon, Charles Wuorinen, and Harvey Sollberger conducting a program of music by Alban Berg, Chou Wen-Chung, Charles Ives, Lee Eu-gene, and Nicolas Roussakis. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 25, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Leventritt Award Contest—The finalists in the twenty-ninth international competition for pianists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, starting at 11 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, May 19, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 20, at 4:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Thursday through Saturday, May 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, May 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Monday and Tuesday, May 24-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, at 8.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, May 22; varsity race at 6:30.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Acorn, Saturday, May 22; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 23; and the Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, May 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 22.

Soccer—England vs. Italy, a game in the Bicentennial Cup series. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 869-3320.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Golden Gate, Monday, May 24. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, May 26. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Indiana, Thursday, May 27. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Bicentennial Matters—If you can't beat it, join it: Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.). . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.). . . A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Lecture—"Auden and His Friends at Oxford and After," by Stephen Spender. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Saturday, May 29, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

The Great Outdoors—On Sunday, May 23, there will be a conducted walking tour of the Chelsea area, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 29, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 19, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including silver, gold, bronzes, porcelains, and icons; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26, at 8: Impressionist and other modern paintings and sculptures, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 20. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-3465. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 21.

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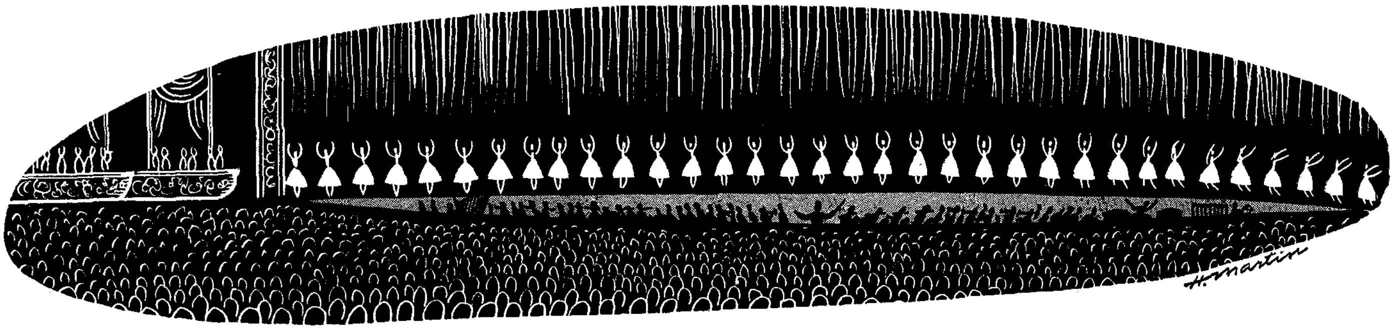


THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 20: "My Life to Live" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
May 21-23: "Contempt" and "Weekend."
May 24-25: "La Chinoise" and "Alphaville."
From May 26: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 25: "Grey Gardens" and "Harold and Maude."
From May 26: "The Story of Adèle H." and "Amarcord."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through May 25: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From May 26: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From May 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From May 26: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through May 25: "The Story of Adèle H."
From May 26: "The Bad News Bears."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 25: "Robin and Marian."
From May 26: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 25: "The Bad News Bears."
From May 26: "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Grizzly."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Swept Away" and "All Screwed Up."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 25: "Seven Beauties."
From May 26: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 25: "Whiffs."
From May 26 at 8: "The Jewish Gauchos." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 26: "La Chienne."
From May 27: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
May 19: To be announced.
May 20: "Julius Caesar."
May 21: "Rosemary's Baby."
May 22: "Woodstock."
May 23: "Uptown Saturday Night."
May 24: "Catch-22."
May 25: "The Godfather."
May 26: "West Side Story."
May 27: "Nashville."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
May 19: To be announced.
May 20: "The Groove Tube."
May 21: "Amarcord."
May 22: "The Producers."
May 23: "The Endless Summer."
May 24: "Trash."
May 25: "Jules and Jim."
May 26: "Richard III."
May 27: "All About Eve."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Robin and Marian."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Echoes of a Summer."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 20: "Birch Interval."
From May 21: "Guernica."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 25: "The Story of Adèle H."
From May 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Seven Beauties."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Grizzly."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 25: "Family Plot."
From May 26: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 25: "Robin and Marian."
From May 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Don't Open the Window."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Missouri Breaks."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Robin and Marian."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 20: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Simon of the Desert."
May 21-23: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."
May 24-25: "Nazarin" and "The Milky Way."
From May 26: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: "The Romantic Englishwoman" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 3: Through May 25: "Underground." From May 26: "The Bad News Bears."
Theatre 4: Through May 26: "Inside Marilyn Chambers" and "Behind the Green Door" (both X-rated). From May 27 (tentative): "La Chienne."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 26: "Robin and Marian."
From May 27: "Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Blue Bird."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Smile Orange."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "Plaza Suite."
From May 26: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"End of the Game."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bambina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 25: "The Bad News Bears."
From May 26: "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 25: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From May 26: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 26: "Grey Gardens."
From May 27: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Seven Beauties."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 25: "Robin and Marian." From May 26: "The Bad News Bears."
Theatre 2: Through May 20: "Echoes of a Summer." From May 21: "W. C. Fields and Me" and "Animal Crackers."
Theatre 3: Through May 25: "Psychic Killer" and "The Premonition." From May 26: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Smile Orange."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "Harry & Tonto."
From May 26: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 19: "Le Chant du Départ" (1976), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier; and "Lili Aime-Moi" (1975)), in French, directed by Maurice Dugowson.
May 20: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò; and "Teorema" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano.
May 21: "Weekend" (†); and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.
May 22: "Bananas" (1971) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
May 23: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), di-

rected by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

May 24: "Gertrud" (†) and "The Touch." (†)

May 25: "The Lovers" (†) and "A Very Private Affair." (†)

May 26: "Le Jardin Qui Bascule" (1975), in French, directed by Guy Gilles; and "L'Homme Qui Dort" (1974), in French, directed by Bernard Queysanne.

May 27: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 19: "High and Low" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

May 20: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "A Lesson in Love" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.

May 21: "Blow-Up" (†) and "Zabriskie Point." (†)

May 22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani.

May 23: "Aida" (1954), in Italian and English, directed by Clemente Fracassi, with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and Sophia Loren; and "La Traviata" (1967), in Italian, directed by Mario Lanfranchi, with Anna Moffo.

May 24: "Great Expectations" (†) and "Oliver Twist." (†)

May 25: "1789" (1974), in French, directed by Ariane Mnouchkine; and "Ce Que Savait Morgan" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Beraud.

May 26: "Gate of Hell" (†) and "Street of Shame." (†)

May 27: "The Devil's Eye" (†); and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

May 19: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "The Last American Hero" (1973), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Jeff Bridges, Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey.

May 20: "Dark Star" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Brian Narelle; and "Fantastic Voyage" (1966), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch, Edmond O'Brien, and Donald Pleasence.

May 21: "Everything You Know Is Wrong" (1976), with the Firesign Theatre Players; and "Zachariah" (1971), directed by George Englund, with John Rubinstein and Elvin Jones.

May 22: "O Lucky Man!" (†); and "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

May 23: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

May 24: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing" (†); and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" (1973), directed by Gilbert Cates, with Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney.

May 25: "Joe Hill" (1971), directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren; and "Sacco and Vanzetti" (1971), directed by Giuliano Montaldo, with Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte.

May 26: "Hearts of the West" (1975), directed by Howard Zieff, with Jeff Bridges, Alan Arkin, Andy Griffith, and Blythe Danner; and "Lovin' Molly." (†)

May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman; and "The Laughing Policeman." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through May 22: "Svengali" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with John Barrymore, Marian Marsh, Bramwell Fletcher, and Donald Crisp; and "Counsellor-at-Law" (1933), directed by William Wyler, with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, and Melvyn Douglas.

May 23-25: "Champagne Waltz" (†) and "First Love." (†)

From May 26: "Iron Man" (†) and "Niagara." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 20 at 2:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford and Norman Kerry. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Mickey" (1918), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand, George Nichols, and Lew Cody. . . . ¶ May 20 at 8:30: "A Pair of Silk Stockings" (1918), directed by Walter Edwards, with Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: Three films with Douglas Fairbanks—"The Mystery of the Leaping Fish" (1916), directed by John Emerson, "Wild and Woolly" (1917), directed by John Emerson, and a three-reel excerpt from "A Modern Musketeer" (1918), directed by Allan Dwan. . . . ¶ May 22 at noon: A program of Buster Keaton short films, 1917-39. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: A program of Harold Lloyd short films, 1915-21. . . . ¶ May 22 at 5: Three films with Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923). . . . ¶ May 23 at noon: "Peck's Bad Boy" (1921), directed by Sam Wood, with Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Soft Boiled" (1923), directed by John Blystone, with Tom Mix and Billie Dove. . . . ¶ May 23 at 5: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 24 at noon: Harold Lloyd short films. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: Three Charlie Chaplin films. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6: "Jubilo" (1919) and "Doubling for Romeo" (1922), both films directed by Clarence Badger, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ May 25 at noon: "Peck's Bad Boy." . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Jubilo" and "Doubling for Romeo." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "Soft Boiled." . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: A program of short films by Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle and Buster Keaton, 1917-20. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8:30: "Leap Year" (1921), directed by James Cruze, with Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle; and "The Round Up" (1920), directed by George Melford, with Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 23: "Loose Ends," directed by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak, with Chris Mulkey, John Jenkins, and Linda Jenkins. . . . ¶ Starting May 25: A program of films by Jonas Mekas, Warren Sonbert, and Howard Guttenplan. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Riefenstahl, Méliès, Jonas, Ozu, Murnau, Vertov, and others. Showings May 19 at 7 and 9; May 20-21 at 7 and 10; May 22 at 2:30, 7, and 10; May 23-24 at 7 and 10; May 25 at 7 and 9; May 26 at 7; and May 27 at 7 and 8:30.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of twelve cartoons. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Cinema II; May 27.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Fine Arts.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Art; May 24-25.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Cinema II; May 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 26.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagy. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 21.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Sutton, and Paramount; through May 25. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 26.)

Bambina—With Irene Papas, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Paris.)

Birch Interval—Sad lapse. With Eddie Albert and Rip Torn, directed by Delbert Mann. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 20.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

The Blue Bird—With Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; directed by George Cukor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

Catch-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure, from which his reputation as a film director has never fully recovered; he gave Joseph Heller's novel a grandiloquent staging, and the picture got so heavy and messagy that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture keeps going on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It keeps going so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's memories—it doesn't get talked about. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry, Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major, you're a monster. (Cinema I; May 24.)

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ (1937)—Trying to create a vehicle for Gladys Swarthout that wouldn't be too highbrow, the puzzled screenwriters hit on the desperate expedient of combining Johann Strauss's music with a series of jokes about the behavior of those addicted to chewing gum (Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Herman Bing). Edward Sutherland directed this blighted musical; there are additional songs by Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Leo Robin, and others. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23-25.)

LA CHIENNE (1931)—Jean Renoir's prodigal film, showing commercially in this country for the first time—amazingly—with subtitles. It's a story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who wears a clerkly black hat and pince-nez and is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (D. W. Griffith; through May 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 27, tentative.)

LA CHINOISE (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Art; May 24-25.)

CONTEMPT (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Art; May 21-23.)

THE DEVIL'S EYE (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 27.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 20.)

ECHOES OF A SUMMER—With Richard Harris, Lois Nettleton, and Jodie Foster; directed by Don Taylor. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 20.)

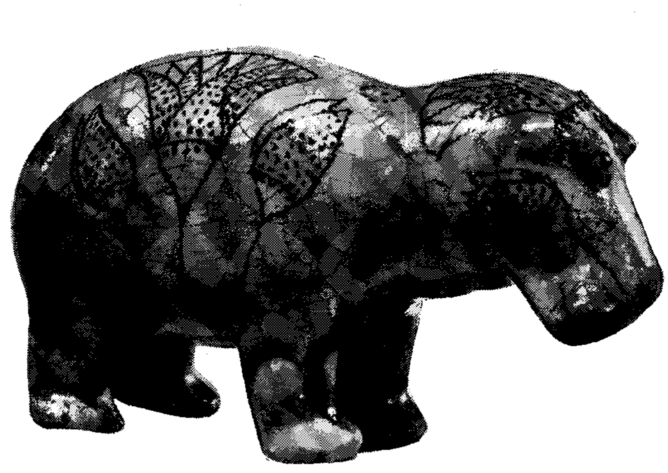
THE ENDLESS SUMMER (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Cinema II; May 23.)

END OF THE GAME—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Little Carnegie.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 21-23.)

FACE TO FACE—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously vivid and thoughtful—and suprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

FAMILY PLOT—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made



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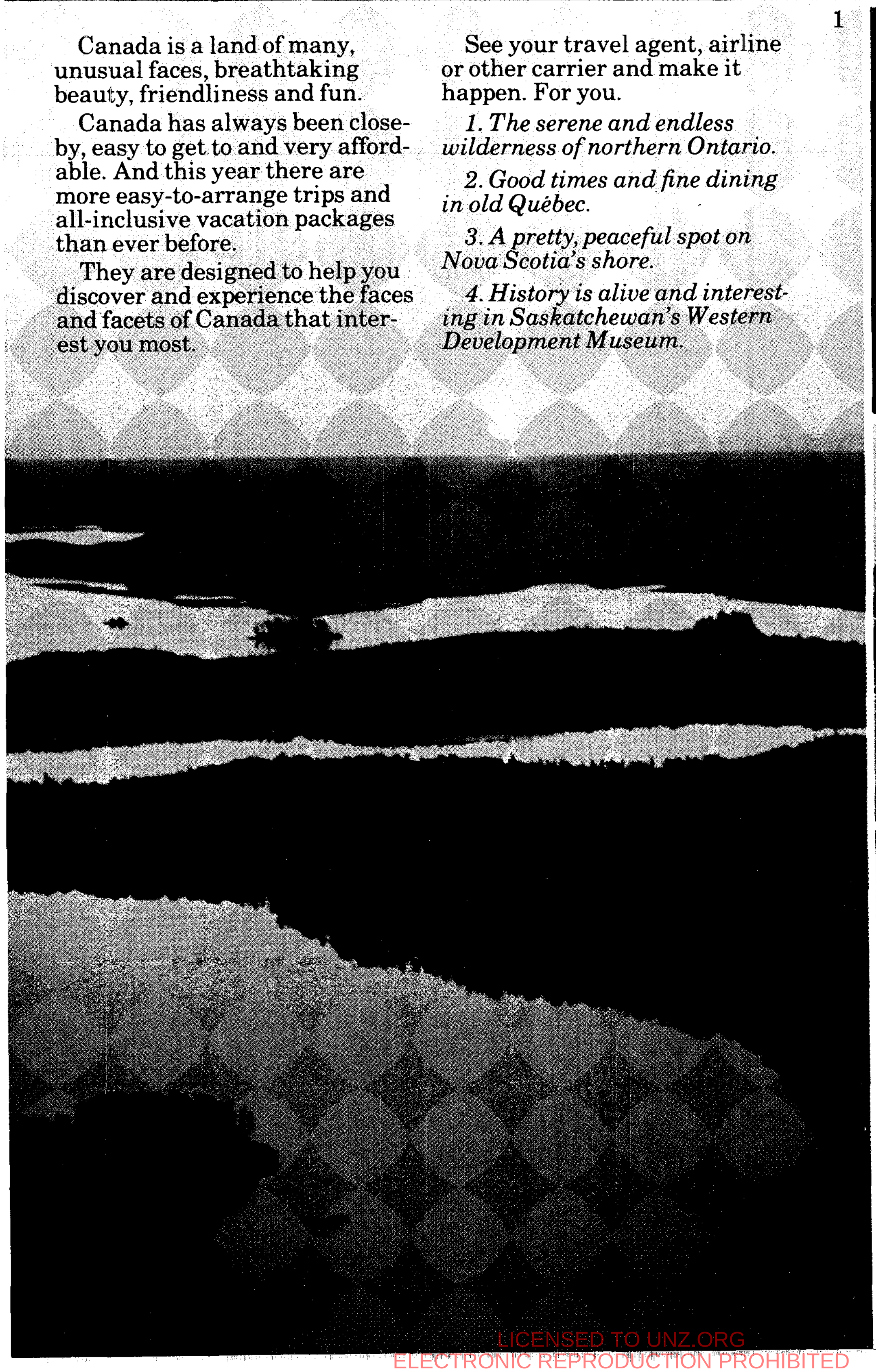
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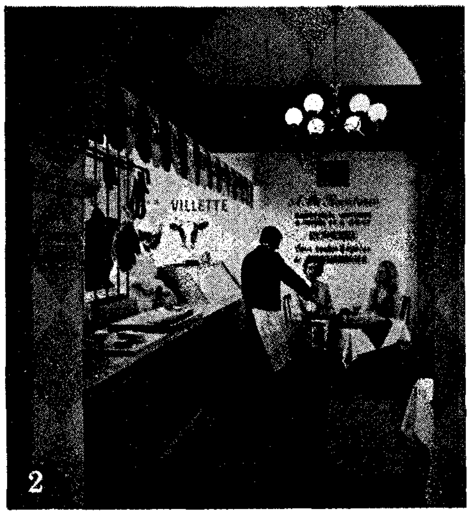

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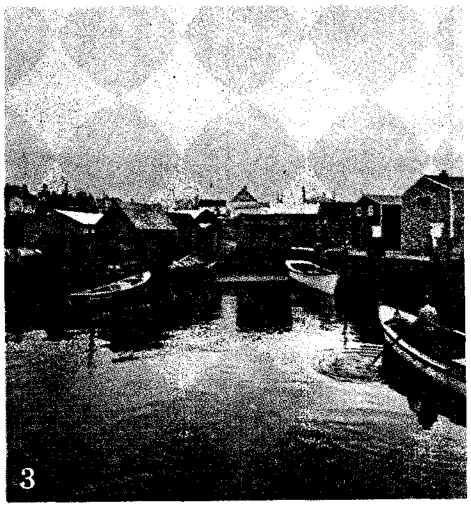
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Canada

Montréal 76

in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through May 25.)

First Love (1939)—The high moment comes at a Cinderella ball. Cinderella Deanna Durbin, in her first party dress, meets her Prince Charming, sings to him, and at midnight bolts down the stairs, her slipper left behind. The director, Henry Koster, patented a kind of sexless, toothsome niceness that some people used to take for good, clean musical comedy. With Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23-25.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquistely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last film before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 24.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Cinema I; May 25.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers' film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 25. . . . ¶ Regency; through May 26.)

Grizzly—A giant bear runs wild in a national park. With Christopher George, Andrew Prine, and Richard Jaeckel; directed by William Girdler. (Trans-Lux East, and U.A. East.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Cinema II; May 20.)

Guernica—With Mariangela Melato, directed by Fernando Arrabal. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 21.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 25.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Olympia; through May 25.)

Hawmps—A comedy with James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild; starting May 27.)

Iron Man (1931)—A fairly straightforward prizefighting picture directed by Tod Browning, better known for his work on such movies as "Freaks," "Dracula," and Lon Chaney films. With Lew Ayres playing the Champ, Robert Armstrong as his manager, and Jean Harlow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 26.)

The Jewish Gauchos—A film with music about some Russian Jews who resettle in Argentina in the eighteen-nineties. With Pepe Soriano and Luis Politti, directed by Juan Jose Jusid. In Spanish. (Baronet; starting May 26 at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Cinema II; May 25.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Cinema I; May 20.)

The Laughing Policeman (1973)—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey oneupmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (Elgin; May 27.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing (1973)—Maggie Smith, with her limp-asparagus wrists and her Restoration-comedy brilliance, practically rescues this love story set in Spain and directed by Alan J. Pakula with an awful lot of visual effects. The neurotic young hero is played by Timothy Bottoms. (Elgin; May 24.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25.)

Lovin' Molly (1974)—Woman as Earth Mother. Produced and written by Stephen Friedman from a much more coherently motivated novel by Larry McMurtry. Beau Bridges is fine as one of Molly's two lifelong lovers; he ages believably and looks right in the Texas landscape. As Molly, Blythe Danner's hair-aging jobs are a fright. Anthony Perkins, that subtle actor, looks rather elfin and urban when he is struggling with a plow. Simply directed by Sidney Lumet, with flashes here and there of his usual feeling for community, though you wish for more. (Elgin; May 26.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—A documentary. The man is the Japanese skier Yuicharo Miura. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency; starting May 27.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; May 24-25.)

The Missouri Breaks—With Marlon Brando as a professional gunman and Jack Nicholson as the leader of a gang of horse rustlers in the Montana badlands of the eighteen-eighties. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (34th St. East, Plaza, and Loews Orpheum; starting May 26.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Art; through May 20.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on

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behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Cinema I; May 27.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 24-25.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels (2/2/76) (Cinema Village, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through May 25.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 26.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin, Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh as Nancy, John Howard Davies as Oliver, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience. Children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet; a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Elgin; May 22.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Thalia.)

Plaza Suite (1971)—A malevolent and unfunny three-part thing by Neil Simon about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Playboy; through May 25.)

The Premonition—With Sharon Farrell, directed by Robert Allen Schnitzer. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 25.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Cinema II; May 22.)

Psychic Killer—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 25.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all evil, crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Cinema II; May 26.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Columbia I, and Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 25. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 26.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Cinema I; May 21.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they

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feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Gramercy; starting May 26.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Plaza; through May 25.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (12th St. Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through May 25. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 26.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 20.)

Smile Orange—A Jamaican film, with Carl Bradshaw, directed by Trevor D. Rhone. Occasional subtitles for the Jamaican dialect. (Festival, and New Yorker.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, and 72nd Street East; through May 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 26.)

Street of Shame (1956)—Kenji Mizoguchi's ascetic view of the lives of the inhabitants of Tokyo's red-light district, with Machiko Kyo. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 26.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (12th St. Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through May 25. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 26.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals, dramas, and comedies. Also included are special new dance numbers performed by co-hosts Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very touching. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 24.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II; May 24.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's film about a lower-middle-class wife (Marina Vlady) who idly takes to prostitution to buy herself a sweater and some American cigarettes. The "her" of the title seems to be Paris, not the heroine. In French. (Art; through May 20.)

Underground—A documentary about the Weather Underground, including recent interviews with members of the group. Filmed by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, and Haskell Wexler. (Quad Cinema; through May 25.)

Uptown Saturday Night (1974)—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier who looks amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and is found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (Cinema I; May 23.)

A Very Private Affair (1962)—Brigitte Bardot as a spoiled, bratty sex kitten who drifts upward through modelling into movies, becomes a great star, takes innumerable lovers, finds fame and a multiplicity of beds equally unrewarding, and becomes suicidal. The director, Louis Malle, provides prankish, lively moments, though the story, with its many parallels to Bardot's own life, produces a sense of discomfort. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 21-23.)

W. C. Fields and Me—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. She lived with the dyspeptic, mumbling, brine-pickled Fields for fourteen years, but the film is such a genteel libel of the man we know from his films that it is best approached with a pair of tongs. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup, which gives him a thin ration of yellowed fake straw for hair, a mouth twisted as if Fields had spent his working life recovering from a stroke, and a nose that looks like a horse's badly darned feed bag. (4/12/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 21.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged but deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21. . . . ¶ Art; May 21-23.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Cinema I; May 26.)

Whiffs—With Elliott Gould, Eddie Albert, Harry Guardino, and Godfrey Cambridge; directed by Ted Post. (Baronet; through May 25.)

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood—With Bruce Dern, Madeline Kahn, Art Carney, Ron Leibman, and more than seventy guest stars in cameo appearances. Directed by Michael Winner. (Sutton, and Paramount; starting May 26.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema I; May 22.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

GRADUATION
PRESENTS

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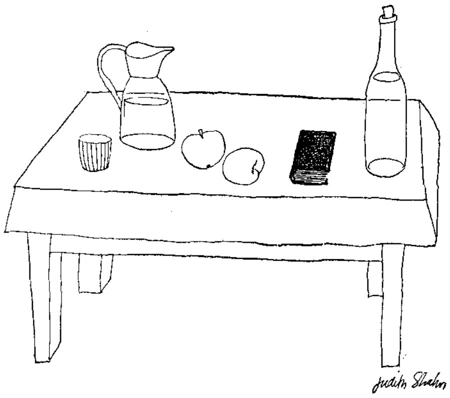
THE NEW YORKER

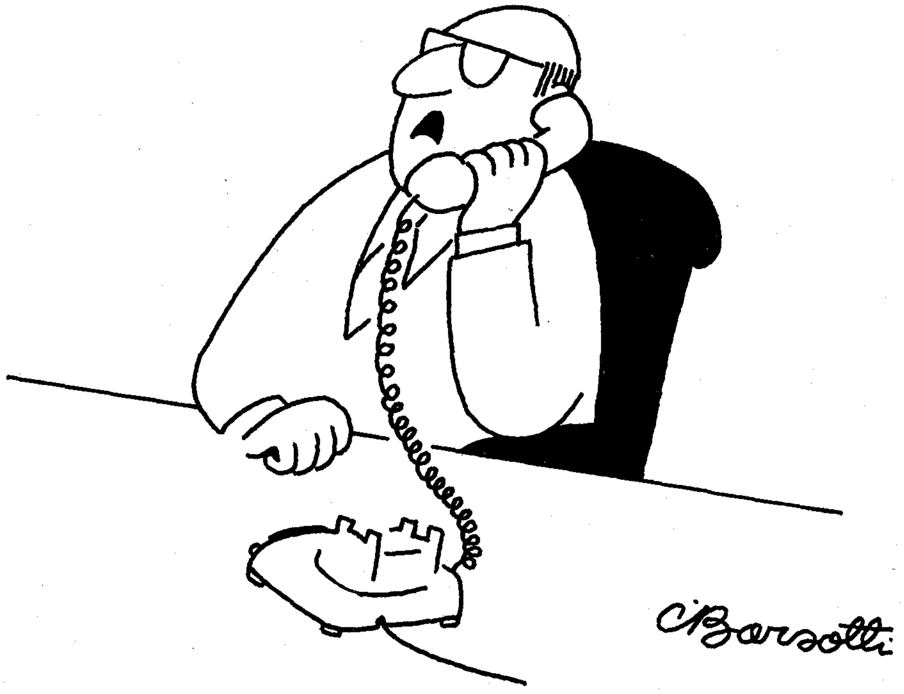
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE the end of the Vietnam war, a number of observers have worried aloud that a slackening of "will" on the part of the United States to intervene militarily in local conflicts around the world may signal a decline in the power of the United States, or even the collapse of that power. Implicit in this fear is a conviction that a nation's military might is the prime component of its power. Montesquieu, the French political thinker of the first half of the eighteenth century, whose ideas concerning the separation of the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of a government were incorporated directly into our Constitution, had a different opinion. He had a healthy respect for the influence of force in international affairs, but in his work "Considerations on the Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and Their Decline" he argued that the foundation of a republic's power was not its armies but the integrity of its institutions. He believed that when that integrity was lost in the Roman republic Rome's decline became inevitable. Liberty released the energies of a people, he thought, and tyranny killed those energies. As he saw it, the great irony was that the very power that had been unleashed by the republic turned out to be the instrument of the republic's undoing. More particularly, it was the Roman Empire that undermined the Roman republic, for "warriors who were so proud, so audacious, so terrible abroad could not be very moderate at home," and so it was not long before the leaders who had conquered other peoples turned around and conquered Rome itself. Thus, Rome overthrew itself with its own strength, and "the greatness of the republic was fatal to its republican government." The foreign conquests were in themselves debilitating, and dragged Rome down. Of Pompey's conquests, Montesquieu wrote, "Pompey, in a rapid succession of victories, completed the splendid work of Rome's greatness. He joined an infinite number of countries to the body of its empire—which served the show of Roman magnificence more than its true power. And although it seemed, from placards carried in his triumph, that he had increased the public revenues by more than a third, power was not increased, and public liberty was only the more endangered." To preserve Rome's power, what was required above all else was a means to preserve its political institutions, and Montesquieu believed that for its first several hundred years the Roman republic possessed that means. He wrote, "The government of Rome [in this period] was admirable. From its birth, abuses of power could always be corrected by its Constitution, whether by means of the spirit of the people, the strength of the senate, or the authority of certain magistrates. Carthage perished because it could not even endure the hand of its own Hannibal when abuses had to be cut away. Athens fell because its errors seemed so sweet to it that it did not wish to recover from them. And, among us, the republics of Italy, which boast of the perpetuity of their government, ought only to boast of the perpetuity of their abuses. Thus, they have no more liberty than Rome had in the time of the decemvirs. The government of England is wiser, because a body [i.e., Parliament] there continually examines it and continually examines itself. And such are its errors that they never last long and are often useful for the spirit of watchfulness they give the nation. In a word, a free government—that is, a government constantly subject to agitation—cannot last if it is not capable of being corrected by its own laws."



In this passage and in others, Montesquieu draws a distinction not so much between one form of government and another as between mastery in political affairs and drift. For him, mastery is in the first instance self-mastery, and the foundation of power is the power to regulate one's own affairs. If one examines the state of American power today in the light of this distinction, the signs of weakness become apparent. When corruption and abuses of power are revealed, the argument is made that corruption and abuses, far from damaging the political and economic system, are necessary to its functioning. Lawbreaking is said to be essential to the preservation of the laws. Bribery is said to be an underpinning of the international economy. It is as though the system could survive only by being corrupted. Our political system—and particularly those parts of it which guarantee liberty—seems to be regarded as an impediment to our power. Meanwhile, events lead a life of their own, altogether unplanned by us. No one mapped out the Vietnam war, or the Watergate crisis, or the invasion of domestic politics by intelligence agents—"warriors" of our time who were "terrible abroad" and unable to be "moderate at home." No one has argued that the power of the President should be imperial, or has worked openly to make it so. Things have happened simply because no one has had the desire or the skill or the courage to stop them. And today the Presidential candidates seem to be telling us with one voice to try to forget about them. Montesquieu might not have been uninterested in the debate over America's will to coerce other nations, but he would have been far more interested in finding a different kind of will, which seems to be in even shorter supply: the will to



"Miss Harrington, wish the staff good morning for me, and put some feeling into it."

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enforce our own laws and become the master of our own actions.

• •

Flower Boxes

IF he had had the benefit of some decent toads the other afternoon, Howard Robbins, who is in the second grade at Columbia Grammar School, on West Ninety-fourth Street, could have made a respectable toad stew. Instead, because he had zero toads, Howard had to content himself with the tub of thin green gruel that Jessica Criswell, Gail Rappaport, and Deirdre Silver were using to rinse their paintbrushes. While Jessica, Gail, and Deirdre were busy painting a flower box in bright tones of red, yellow, and blue, Howard, who could not have cared less that he was supposed to be helping them, stirred the green water and chanted, "Mix, mold, boil, and bubble. Bring me some toads for my toad stew." Meanwhile, a few feet away, forty members of the Columbia Grammar School glee club sat on the school's front steps and set the mood for the occasion with a three-verse rendition of "America the Beautiful." The occasion was a preview of Keep America Beautiful, Inc.'s, nationwide Street of the Flower Boxes program and competition. According to K.A.B., Inc., which is the self-anointed arbiter of the nation's messy habits, one way to clean up a dreary city block is to equip as many windows as possible with gaily painted flower boxes. The K.A.B. people borrowed this idea from West Ninety-fourth Street, between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue, which didn't look so swell when flower boxes first appeared there, a few years ago, but is now the sort of block that makes New York City's detractors sound stupid. And so Columbia Grammar, as the centerpiece of that block, was a fine place for the preview.

While the glee club warmed up for a song called "Fifty Nifty United States," we talked with Emily Leonard, a well-groomed blond woman, who looks just the way a Keep America Beautiful executive should. "The Street of the Flower Boxes awards program requires neighborhood-wide participation," she said. "The criteria for the awards that various sponsoring neighborhood associations will be making include how many families on a given street are involved, how carefully they containerize their household and commercial waste, and how well they obey their sanitation department's regulations. That last one is very important."

Between songs by the glee club and speeches by neighborhood dignitaries—one by Bill Houlton, the president of the West Ninety-fourth Street Park Block Association, and another by his wife, Peggy Mann, who has written a children's book about how she and her husband brought the first flower boxes to the block—the children stayed busy. Members of the second grade continued to paint flower boxes. Jackie Gaines, who was supposed to be painting, danced. Kenny Mayo, her classmate, explained at length that his last name was not short for "mayonnaise." Four fifth-grade boys had a shut-up contest, followed by a shoe-untying episode: three of them tried to see how long a fourth student could withstand being told to shut up, and he concluded the matter by untying their shoes.

The actual planting of flowers was done not in any flower boxes but in two large concrete tree wells in front of the school, and was restricted to a handful of class reps—as in "Only class reps allowed to stand near the tree wells, everybody else move back five steps!"—who were assisted by Kerry FitzGerald, of The City Gardener, an East Side landscaping company. As the class reps gathered around one of the tree wells, Mr. FitzGerald explained how to plant flowers without hurting the tree that already occupied the tree well. "First, we turn over the soil, weed it, remove the debris, and be very careful not to dig too close to the root of the tree," he said. Because the soil had been turned and weeded and had its debris removed ahead of time, Mr. FitzGerald was able to move right along to the final step, which involved showing the class reps how to scoop out trowelfuls of soil and insert clumps of begonias, petunias, ageratum, English ivy, impatiens, and alyssum in shades of rose, white, and blue. When he had finished one of the tree wells, he repeated the procedure with the other tree well and another group of class reps.

No bell rang to signal that it was time for the children to return to their classrooms, but as soon as the second tree well was planted, they disappeared into the school building, only to reappear a few minutes later, having been dismissed for the day. Most of them began to walk home, but a few boarded buses in front of the school, a few others moved up the block to help Peggy Mann plant flowers in tree wells closer to Columbus Avenue, and some just hung around. We were sitting next to a tree well talking with Marvin Terban, who teaches English and film-making, and who had m.c.'d the flower-planting festivities. Mr. Terban was telling us a bit about the history of Columbia Grammar School (it is twelve years older than the Republic; alumni include Clarence Day and Herman Melville), and he interrupted his monologue to introduce us to Jonathan Harris, a sixth grader. Jonathan is round and wore a T-shirt that bore the cryptic message "I Am a Green Dolmatch," and meeting him made our day.

“Did you ever receive my book report, Mr. Terban?” Jonathan asked. “I swear I mailed it to you last December.”

Mr. Terban turned to us and said, “You are looking at someone who claims he did a book report on ‘The Bermuda Triangle’ and says that it never reached me because it was mysteriously lost along the way.”

Jonathan smiled and said nothing.

Waiting

“MONTREAL, a City in Waiting,” reads a picture caption in one of the brochures put out in anticipation of the Summer Olympic Games. At Montreal’s Dorval Airport, empty souvenir Olympic photograph albums are already on sale. We sent our No. 1 hop-skip-and-jump man up north the other day to inspect the scene of the end-of-July Games, and here are some of the items he brought back:

I started my trip at Plattsburgh, New York, where Army officers were trained for the A.E.F. in the First World War, and where a preview was being held for members of the press. The U.S. track-and-field team will train there for Montreal, which is only an hour’s drive away, and almost all the American athletes will be “processed” at a staging area on the premises of the State University College at Plattsburgh. Most of the United States Olympic Committee brass—from President Philip Krumm on down—were on campus to deliver pre-Games pep talks, and so were some memorable Olympic deities: Tenley Albright, the figure skater, who is now Tenley Albright, M.D.; Ellie Daniel, the swimmer who at Mexico City in 1968 won a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal; and Tommy Kono, the weight lifter, now a recreation specialist in Hawaii, who won gold medals in 1952 and 1956, and who is still widely thought to be the strongest man for his size (five feet six inches, about a hundred and sixty-five pounds) who has ever lived. Dr. Albright will be a medical adviser at Montreal, Miss Daniel an athletes’ representative, and Mr. Kono the head coach for weight lifting. Stan Wright, the unfortunate track coach who failed to get a couple of sprinters to the starting line in Munich last go-around, was on hand, too; this time he’s on the Apparel, Supplies, and Equipment Committee.

Alex Ferenczy, the head coach for women’s track and field, who is a Hungarian refugee, told a group of coaches and managers that although his protégés won no golds at Munich, he expects better of them at Montreal. “We are actually competing against professionals,” he said. “I know their system. I was in it.”

A spokesman for women’s swimming declared that Shirley Babashoff is by no means over the hill, even though she has attained the ripe old age of nineteen.

Tommy Kono said that the Bulgarians are coming along fast in weight lifting, in part because they are giving aptitude tests to boys of between ten and twelve—like measuring them for thumb length, which is important when it comes to hooking barbells. The United States, I was disheartened to hear, has only three or four thousand weight lifters to pick a team from; the Russians have about a hundred and fifty thousand.

Montgomery Ward, which is giving the U.S.O.C. all our athletes’ parade, travel, and leisure wear, including shower slippers and panty hose, put on a fashion show. Halston designed all the outer garments, but he didn’t make it to Plattsburgh. The male athletes will wear American Revolution Bicentennial belt buckles (bearing the five-pointed-star emblem) with their dress-up outfits. The fashion show was conducted with such Bicentennial fervor that for a moment I was under the impression that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was a fellow named Montgomery Ward. I sat next to Ellie Daniel during the presentation. She is nearly twenty-six, and is now an assistant buyer of women’s sportswear for Gimbel’s in Philadelphia, her home town. She said the uniforms looked O.K. Ellie was wearing an Olympic ring (Mexico, 1968), and an Olympic watch (Munich, 1972). “I retired from competition when I was twenty-two,” she said.

On my other side was Al Henderson, head coach for archery. “Our event comes near the end of the program, so we can train a good deal after we reach Montreal,” he told me. “The people whose events are scheduled early get a break, because once they’re through, they can party. Our people never get to party.”

Al Buckingham, in charge of housing for the U.S.O.C., urged the assembled managers and coaches to urge their athletes to take showers at the competition sites, since there might be a water shortage in the Olympic Village.

Hermann Rusch, in charge of food, directed our attention to an International Menu that the contestants at Montreal will be offered. Breakfast choices include—along with tomato juice and hot cereals—borscht with sour cream, poached smoked cod fillets with egg sauce, steamed rice, hot-pepper sauce, chutney, and seltzer water. During a coffee break at the Plattsburgh Holiday Inn, we spotted Dr. Tenley Albright—no longer in training—having at a strawberry sundae

awash in whipped cream. Dr. Daniel Hanley, who has long been a fixture of sports medicine, warned the convened group not to let their athletes take any medication—not even nose drops—without authorization from high up.

When an elevator door was just about to close, a man fairly well along in years made it with a quick lunge. "I haven't lost all my speed," he said triumphantly. I peered at his name tag. Miguel de Capriles! The immortal Olympic fencer himself!

During a press conference later on, politics intruded. A boxing man said, "At Montreal, sixty per cent of all the officials at the bouts will be East Europeans, and, whatever they decide, the emerging nations of Africa will support them."

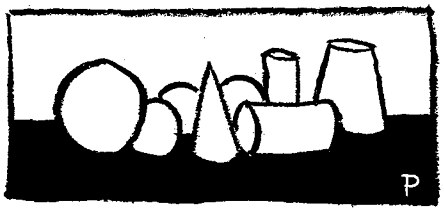
Members of the press rose at six the following morning and were taken by bus to Montreal, with a police escort all the way. At the Olympic Park, we were issued hard hats for a tour of the premises. I hit my head on a jutting wooden plank, and it didn't hurt at all—almost felt *good*. The new Velodrome, for cycling, judo, and some track events, was in fine shape. The swimming area looked as though it could be completed in good order, although there was no water in the pools. A guide said that the main pool would be the fastest in the world, because it had ten lanes for eight swimmers, the two outside lanes having been designed to absorb waves. Beyond the empty diving pool was an empty, sixty-foot-deep *bassin de plongée sous-marine*, which will be used, after the Games, for scuba-diving lessons.

There was mud all over the place. President Krumm, who had also made the trip, had started out with shiny black shoes, and now they were a mess, but he had an attractive Canadian hostess on his arm, and seemed not to mind. Inside the main stadium, Bill Exum, the head track-and-field manager, said it looked to him as though the track would be ready on time. Whether everything else will be seemed problematical. An architect escorting us around said that the whole works would definitely be completed by June 6th, the target date. My eye it will. "What's left to be done is the easiest part," he said. His expertise against my eye. He added that some five thousand construction workers are toiling around the clock now. Somebody else said that their take-home pay, these race-against-time days, is over a thousand a week. Most of the workmen I saw were drinking coffee and ogling the young women in our party, just like construction workers without crucial deadlines, but I did see one worker affixing seat numbers to seats.

We moved on to the nowhere-near-completed Olympic Village, which is supposed to house eleven thousand athletes and officials under conditions of monumental security. The man in charge of the Village, M. Yvan Dubois, who has the honorary title of Mayor, welcomed us, and said that the Village would be cramped but joyful; comfort, he argued, was less important than humaneness and animation. One feature of the Village, when, or if, it's finished, will be a television nook equipped with sets replaying what happened at exactly the same time the day before, so competitors can watch themselves in action. We were led around the huge residential area by a walkie-talkied security man, who said that the cafeteria would be able to feed three thousand people in twenty minutes. The kitchen was inchoate. Some workmen were sitting inside it eating sandwiches. We were shown a sample suite that actually had some furniture in it—a tiny apartment with twelve beds, one bathroom, and precious little storage space. There will be a special storage area in the basement, though, for bicycles.

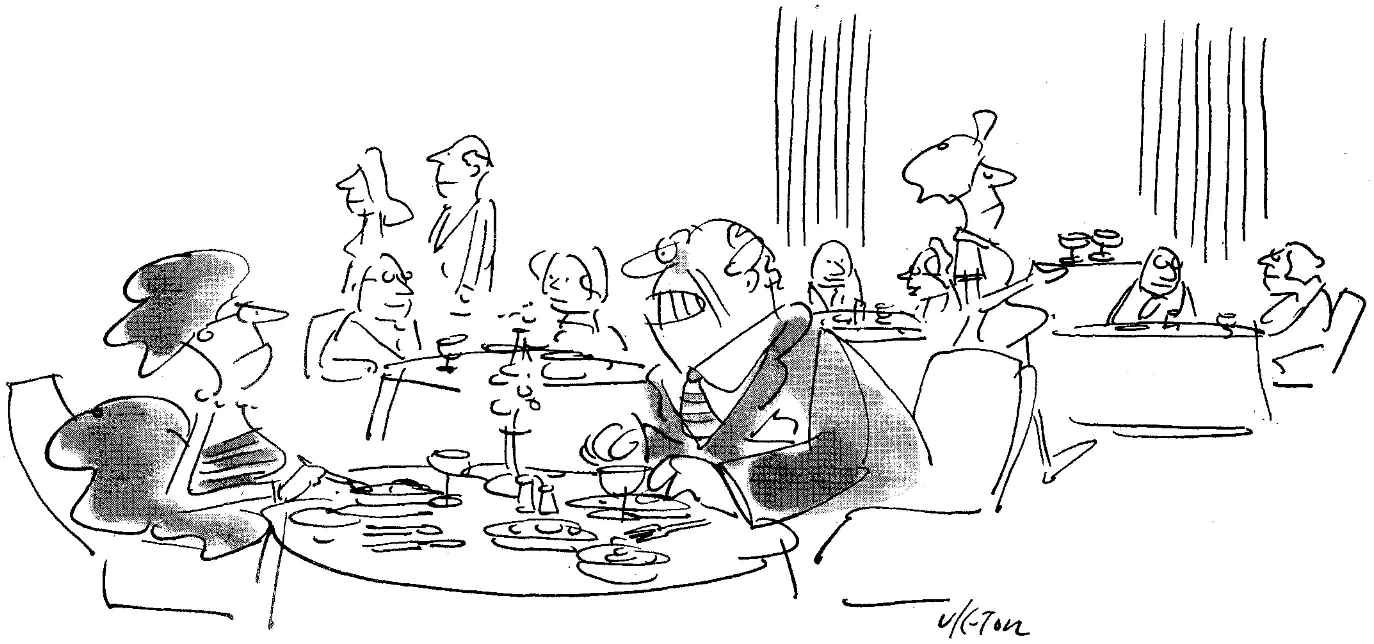
Gala

A Municipal fund-raising gala is, by definition, a preposterous mixture of cultural nabobs, performing artists, and insecure politicians, all of whom contribute their talents and prestige to the preservation of some nonessential but priceless institution that is caught in a budget crunch. The "Star Spangled Gala" that was held at the Metropolitan Opera House the other night to raise money for the Performing Arts Research Center of the New York Public Library, next door, was in many respects the quintessential gala. It was organized by the writer James Lipton, and it had just about everything: stage and screen stars (Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris, Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera), politicians (Vice-President Rockefeller, Mayor Beame), dancers (Natalia Makarova, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Peter Martins, Suzanne Farrell, Twyla Tharp, Judith Jamison), opera singers (Shirley Verrett, Justino Díaz), and musicians (Eugene Fodor, Sarah Caldwell, Jean-Pierre Rampal). Plus a choreographer (Jerome Robbins, who contributed a ballet to the evening, and who also received the Handel Medallion from Mayor Beame) and a pop singer (Paul Simon, who did a twenty-minute mini-concert with his own backup band).



The program began twenty minutes late, with Sarah Caldwell, glamorous in a black dress and a wavy hairdo, conducting Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," in honor of Vice-President Rockefeller. (This rather peculiar bit of programming was not Miss Caldwell's idea. Moreover, she almost didn't get into the orchestra pit to conduct it, because two suspicious Secret Service men barred her way.) Backstage—which is where we were—Elizabeth Taylor, looking magnificent in electric-blue chiffon, diamonds, and sapphires, was pacing back and forth behind a thick black velvet curtain (it would be opened for her performance) repeating some lines from a film called "Cleopatra" ("I would like to define . . . what a library is. I wonder—have any of you ever heard of something called a thought? An idea? A philosophic principle—a scientific discovery—a book, a poem, a play? A simple sunset told in words that only one man in all of time will use to tell it?") which had been incorporated into her welcoming speech. Vice-President Rockefeller, standing in the wings surrounded by Secret Service agents, was watching Miss Taylor so intently that he almost missed the warning cue for his entrance. When he walked out onstage, the audience greeted him with a mixture of boos and applause. Mr. Rockefeller, an old hand at defusing multitudes, grinned, and said, "I thought that this was a cultural evening. I'm beginning to think it's a political evening." As the audience settled back, he added that the city's problems could be overcome if all its people worked together with the same kind of dedication that had been demonstrated by the performers who were contributing their talents to the evening's entertainment.

We found ourself a stool near the stage manager's desk—where Gilbert Hemsley, the production supervisor, and Suzanne Gooch, the stage manager, were giving lighting cues and directing traffic—and watched a series of riveting performances: Twyla Tharp throwing herself around like a rag doll to Jelly Roll Morton's jazz; the violinist Eugene Fodor romping through Sarasate's formidable "Zigeunerweisen;" Hideo Fukagawa, a new and brilliant Japanese dancer,



"That's not looking unpleasant. This is looking unpleasant."

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defying gravity to Bartók's "The Wooden Prince;" the bass Justino Díaz and his wife, the ballerina Anna Aragno, collaborating on several sentimental Brahms lieder. While Mr. Fodor was dazzling the audience with Sarasate near the footlights, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Natalia Makarova were warming up at the back of the stage, behind a black velvet curtain. The dancers, who had leg warmers and bathrobes pulled over gray-blue costumes, were running through a lyrical passage from "Other Dances," a new work by Jerome Robbins, which turned out to be the hit of the evening. As we watched the warmup from our stool, Mr. Baryshnikov tossed Miss Makarova high over his head in an elegant, seemingly effortless lift, walked slowly across the floor as she arched her back and bent her knees, and then slid her down on the floor into an arabesque that ended in a pirouette. Miss Makarova shook her head, and walked flat-footed around Mr. Baryshnikov, pointing first up in the air and then to an invisible spot farther upstage. There was a rapid exchange in Russian. Mr. Baryshnikov nodded, and launched himself into a series of spectacular pas-de-chat leaps, spinning off the last step and staggering over with bent knees and a comical limp to clutch at a piece of scenery. Miss Makarova laughed, and floated backward up the stage on point, waving her arms like a hyperactive Swan Queen. When she reached the back curtain, she paused and bounced up and down on her toes, testing her shoes.

During the second half of the program—which opened with Paul Simon singing "Still Crazy After All These Years" and closed with Julie Harris reciting a poem by Emily Dickinson—the wings were full of performers watching other performers. Baryshnikov and Makarova (who had performed "Other Dances" but were to appear in the familiar "Don Quixote" pas de deux as well) continued to stretch their legs, with small warm-up jumps, as they watched Peter Martins and Suzanne Farrell dance Balanchine. Peter Martins and Suzanne Farrell were obviously enchanted by Gwen Verdon and Chita Rivera swinging through a show-stopping song-and-dance routine from "Chicago." Verdon and Rivera, for their part, sat on the floor and watched both pairs of ballet dancers with wide eyes. And Julie Harris, who happened to be standing behind us, turned out to be a ballet buff. "I remember when Eglevsky used to do that," she said as Peter Martins flew by in a circle of grand jetés. Around eleven-thirty, as Jean-Pierre Rampal began the Andante movement of Mozart's Flute Concerto in D Major, Eugene Fodor and Elizabeth Taylor materialized in a small concealed alcove just outside the gold curtain. Mr. Fodor, after making sure that he was invisible from the auditorium, slid cautiously into an empty metal chair, and Miss Taylor, with a breathless giggle, sat on his lap. "Am I crushing you?" she asked, beating time to the Mozart with a hand on which she wore a diamond big enough to serve as a follow spot. Mr. Fodor, who is young and handsome and has brown curly hair, peered gallantly through a waterfall of blue chiffon and replied that he was fine.

"Do you know Rampal?" Mr. Fodor said. "He's really a musicians' musician."

"He's absolutely wonderful!" said Miss Taylor, watching Mr. Rampal's round, expressive face as he played an impeccable trill. "This is so exciting, because I've never been backstage at the Met when anything was going on before. Is that flute *really* solid gold?"

When the curtain dropped for the last time, at 12:50 A.M., one of the stagehands pounded Mr. Hemsley on the back and said, "Glorious Gilbert, you've done it again."

"Modesty prevents me from agreeing with you," responded Mr. Hemsley, a large, cheerful man with a mop of unruly auburn hair. "Let's just say that we may have resurrected vaudeville."

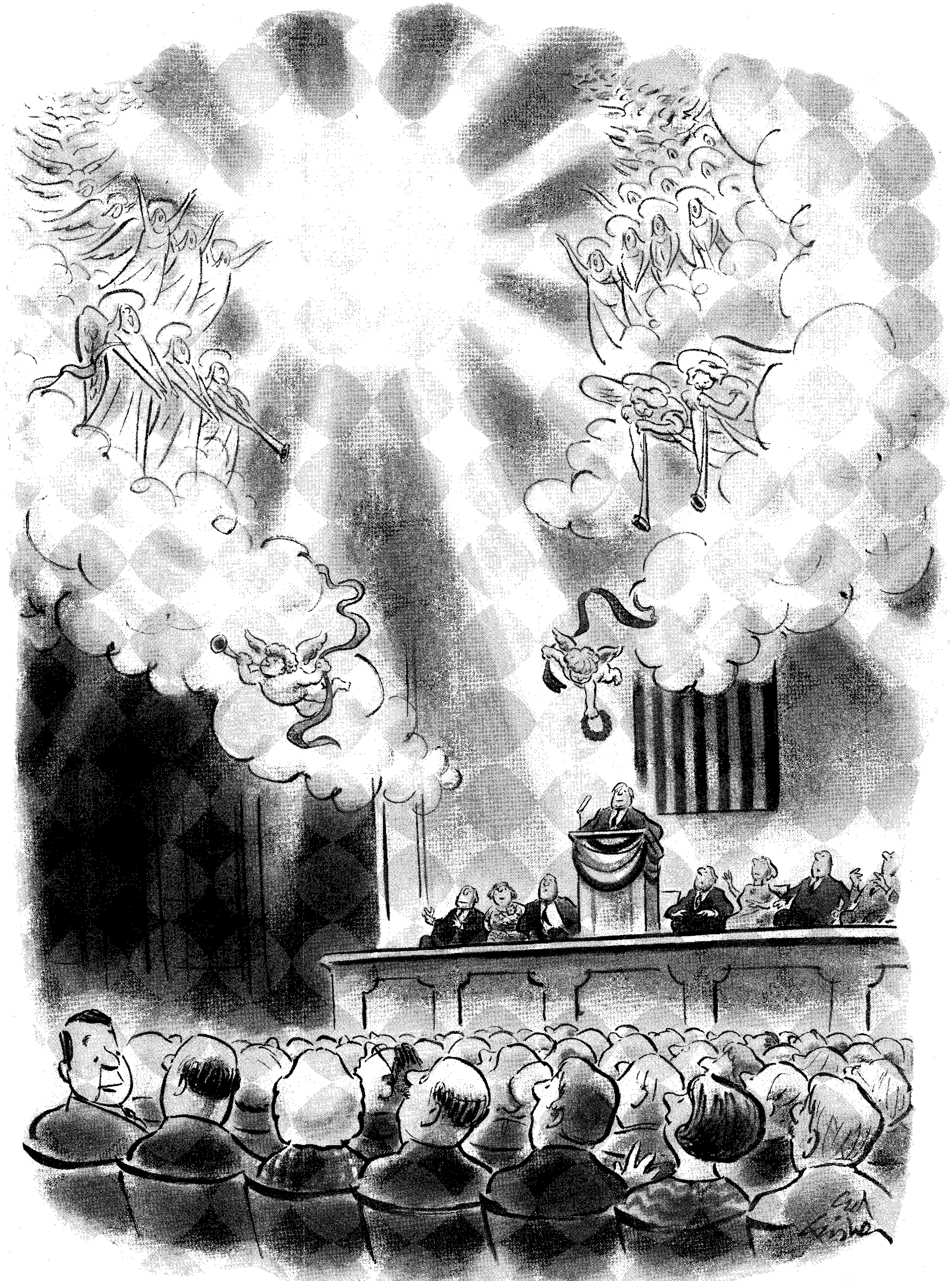
Requests

THE current strike of apartment-house workers in this city prompted a tenants' committee in a high rise in the Village to post the following cautionary notice on the use of the building's automatic elevators:

> Please be very careful in using the elevators as they cannot be repaired for the duration of the strike if they break down.
>
> Parents: Please prevent children from playing with the controls.

Directly below this, the following appeared, in a scrawly hand:

> Adults: Please settle your disagreements.
>
> The Children



Earl Fisher

"Well, there goes his underdog status!"

O'PHELAN'S DAEMONIUM

MY brother, hateful Martin O'Phelan, keeps staring at the bloody gauze on the top of my forehead. He is frowning, pursing his lips, letting his coffee grow cold. We are in the coffee shop at the Islip MacArthur Airport, Martin and I and Martin's wife, Melody, the oafess; her bottom is wanting to squeeze Martin off the seat and into the aisle. It would do him good to land on his backside for once.

Melody drinks White Rose tea—incipient ulcer. Her look of contempt shouts at me: Idiot, you took a shotgun to your head and something saved your worthless life. She is right. The barrel leaped and the pellets grazed my forehead, embedding themselves in the plasterboard ceiling of my house, and Melody had a man come and extract the pellets with a tweezer, and then spackle and paint, destroying the evidence, but she couldn't do away with my evidence. I have a new, snaky scar—a small hole in the head. She would like to kill me, but that is homicide. On eastern Long Island, suicide is not punishable—not even unsuccessful suicide. In New York, you go to the loony bin; on eastern Long Island, you just get talked about.

It is seven-fifteen in the morning, or thereabouts, and a Convair stands outside, waiting to take me to St. Hogarth's, near Boston. An "asylum for the insane" it used to be called, when insanity was more acceptable, even to people like Martin and Melody. Now a voice barks unintelligibly, and people in the main room line up and open their hand luggage, show their gun collections, then take a deep breath as they hurry through the X-ray machine that bombs them with carcinoma. I have no gun collection, no gun; the gun is gone, taken to the police—a 16-gauge, single-barrel something-or-other, bought from a man who also sells fresh eggs. I can make it through X-ray, but it seems there is no room for me on the plane.

Martin and Melody sit across from me and fleece me with their eyes. Don't they know how rotten I feel—embarrassed, ashamed, an episodic paranoiac schizophrenic, also manic-depressive, also alcoholic, also an attempted murderer? I tried to choke my first wife to death once, but she broke loose, and I called the police. They booked me for disturbing the peace. She did not press charges; maybe she thought she had it coming.

Now people are boarding the Convair. I can see them through the big airport window, but I say nothing. Let Martin and Melody stew. She is a Miss Porter's-Mount Holyoke girl, now porcine, given to charitable works and Maalox. She has a black slit between her middle upper incisors—why doesn't she have it fixed? God knows Martin has the money. Like a beaver she looks, but perhaps she uses it to hiss at Martin. I have heard her.

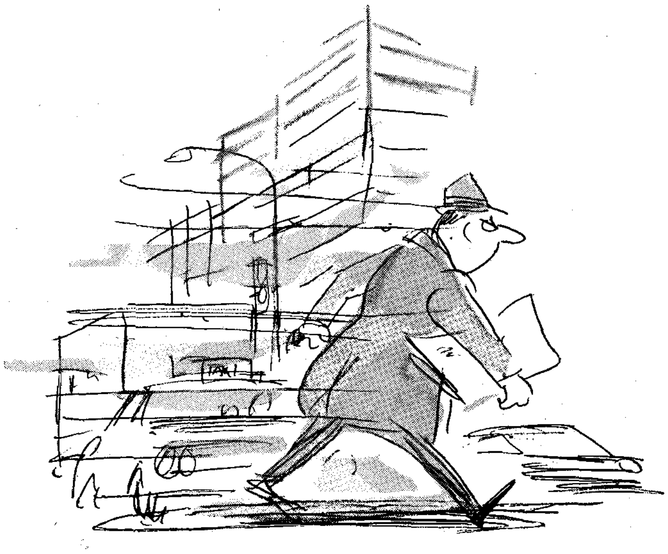
Martin is rich, from cautious speculations at his money desk downtown and even from business agreements made late at night over a pink telephone in his *salle de bain*, where he sits on the toilet and turns the world around in his favor. Melody, smelling of Dial, meanwhile reads Ann Landers aloud to him from the bedroom. It is a decent, childless, twin-bedded marriage—no silk sheets, mind you, but perfectly good percales from Altman's. And he, Martin, has become expert at how to deal with a raffish, now suicidal brother, possibly through a syndicated newspaper column. Dear Troubled Brother, Ann writes. Send him to St. Hogarth's, outside of Boston. They know how to deal with drunks who turn guns on themselves.

The Convair is loaded now, its door is closing. Martin leaps to his feet, slams a dollar on the table, and thunders toward the airline desk. The ticket agent tells Martin there was nothing he could do to get me on the plane. Martin rails at him, but the youth is imperturbable. Martin reddens and pounds the desk, all to no avail. He gives up at last, turns away, and catches my grin. Now listen, he says, pursing his icy lips, we must get to LaGuardia and put you on the shuttle. I am trusting you, he says, walking to his Coupe de Ville, that when you get to Boston you will not stop at the Ritz Bar on the way to St. Hogarth's. I trust, he says again, that you have learned your lesson.

I do not answer. We say nothing all the way to the shuttle, and at that outrageous terminal I shake hands with him (his grip is weak) and peck the intolerable Melody on her swollen cheek. A dollop of powder comes off on my dry lip—ptui. I leave them, lugging my old olive-drab duffelbag into the cave.

LEADEN and sweaty—I hate airplanes and loony bins—I board the Boston shuttle and plop down in the smoking section next to a man in a shirt and tie. I am still wearing a soiled orange parka and bloody bluejeans—dry blood now, dark; maybe they'll think it's coffee. Nobody seems to notice. After I shot myself, I got up from the chair and went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror—*eeek.* I needed a drink. I went out to the car and drove three miles to the liquor store, where Harry Nation, seeing my condition, called an ambulance from the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a free service, and after I had seeped blood all over Harry's floor they came and fetched me to the hospital. Dr. Rushing sewed me up in Emergency. I hardly felt it, half bombed the way I was, and they put me upstairs with a chap who had prostate trouble. They discharged both of us three days later. Martin came and got me, wheeled me downstairs, paid the bill with a check:

THE Lily SHOP
Lily DRESSES
Albert Hubbell



$824.57. I have no insurance. I cannot afford insurance: vodka is too dear. I thanked Martin. He cursed me and drove me to his summer cottage on the dunes, which is heated for the winter with eleven electric fireplaces. I spent the night in a room next to his suite and his pink telephone. Unable to sleep, very late I called Lady Jane, in New York—a widow a day older than me: had to give up Palm Beach, summers in Southampton, takes a parasol to the Beach Club, sips South Sides at the bar, likes me because I drink with her. Lady Jane, I say, I have been shot in the head. I am broke, you know, I say, so I went and tried to rob a bank with a withering note passed to a teller, but the teller took a gun—they are all armed nowadays—and shot me in the forehead. Oh, no, I am quite all right now—just mending at Martin's. I'll see you shortly in New York. Lady Jane says, What a bore, and hangs up. Lady Jane is easily bored.

THE man next to me on the plane is working a slide rule and making figures on a yellow pad—an engineer with a precise life. Oh, where has my precision gone? I am jelly, rolling gently in the seat over Pelham. Soon we are in Boston and the cockpit door is open and the captain has turned and is smiling and nodding as we file out, the buttons on the panel behind him most impressive. Thank you for flying Eastern, he says, but not, Have a nice stay at St. Hogarth's.

Genial Armand Montessori, my cabbie, is looking into his mirror at my forehead. What happened to your head? he says, and I say, I was bitten by a horse with two teeth, and Armand says, Oho, maybe I should take you to Mass. General instead of St. Hogarth's. Actually, St. Hogarth's is an integral distant part of Mass. General, but I say, No, the horse's teeth have scratched the very edge of my cerebellum, and there is reason to believe that I need psychotherapy as well as physiotherapy to repair the damage, and how do you like that for an answer, Dr. Armand Montessori?

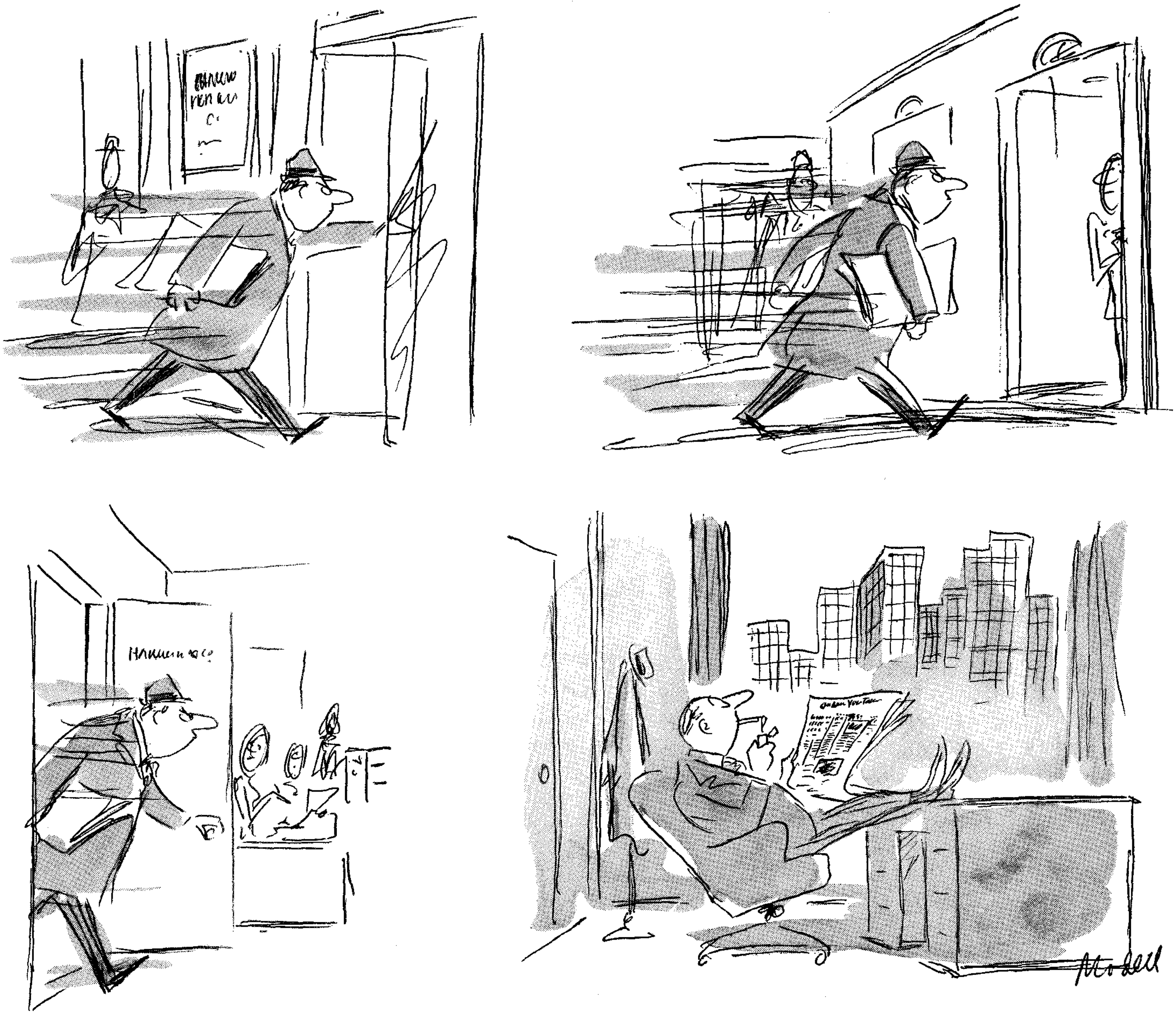
O.K., O.K., Armand says. He is not only a cabbie, he says, but a flier, too. He flies charters, he has taken a group to the Super Bowl, but don't tell the cab company, they don't know it, they would flip and end up at St. Hogarth's, too, he supposes. Through Cambridge now, where my old inamorata Melissa lives with her fourth husband. She dropped me and married him when I went bananas once, before this time. I cannot stand it, she said loyally and vaulted out of the midtown New York restaurant where we were having lunch—she an omelette, I a huge plate of French fries, which I began flipping at people seated at other tables, but without ketchup. Her new husband makes pornographic films.

Out along the Charles and in time past greening meadows blotched with preposterous houses, and on to St. Hogarth's. Weathered old red and yellow brick buildings, more like an old university full of new ideas, astride rolling countryside—eighty acres, they say. Armand stops his Checker in front of Administration. Ten dollars and twenty-five cents, here's a two-dollar tip—it's Martin's money, what do I care—and Armand thanks me. Call me up when you leave, he says. I'll fly you home, he says, and I say, Fly me to the moon. Godspeed.

THEY know I am coming—Martin called them, called them repeatedly. Before they lock me up, bearded Dr. Bagel comes to give me a physical: indignities, pushing my liver. You have high blood pressure, have you ever been treated for high blood pressure? Doors are unlocked, here is Bethlehem II. No need to show me around; I have been here before. Seventeen radios are blaring teenybop rock in this room, and five children are swinging from ceiling pipes and seven older children are sitting in chairs along one wall staring at their feet. Two old old children are pacing the hall, muttering, and two teen-agers are down in an alcove, out of sight, where a punching bag is hung and a bicycle is kept, and are having sexual congress—or so they tell me later.

She is a shoplifter from a home for delinquents, the daughter of a go-go dancer married to a truck driver who broke his leg falling on the ice drunk one night and is now in the hospital. Her friend is a young man with teeth growing out from under his nose, it appears; he is here in Bethlehem II for breaking and entering. What did you take? I ask. Nuttin, he says, I came out and closed the front door and went to the police station and turned myself in. They gave me two weeks in the can and then sent me here.

There is a school on St. Hogarth's campus. These children go to the school, but not the two old old children. Of this latter pair, one is a Boston trial lawyer who had driven himself wildly to St. Hogarth's from a Chinese restaurant where he had nine Martinis and was poking idly at the sweet-and-pungent pork before he fell headlong into the wonton soup. His wife wants to take him home, but he says no. He signed in voluntarily and tomorrow he will sign a seventy-two-hour notice and be released in three days. The doctors cannot persuade him to stay; he has high blood pressure, too, and a faulty nerve in his left leg, and jaundice—his eyes are



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yellow. The other is a securities analyst fired from his job. He could not sleep for seventeen nights in a row—his unemployment insurance, $107 a week, was running out; he has a wife and three kids. He is on Stelazine here, which gives him traumatic side effects—he is very jumpy. He goes home to spend a weekend with his family, overdoses, lands in Winchester Hospital. Where has St. Hogarth's failed?

Another patient is a young man with dirty bare feet, smelling. He offers me his hand, a fat limp rag, and I take it. It turns out that the cops picked him up in the street and brought him to St. Hogarth's. He knows not who he is or where he is. There is no room in Maximum Security, but he will go there when there is, I am told. Drugs. Delinquency. Depression among all here except the teen-agers, who posture about, feel my muscle, hang from the ceiling pipes. Depression heavy among the others, spilling all over Bethlehem II, nobody really listening to the teenybop rock.

My room has a square window in the door, for observation. I am alone—everyone else has a roommate—and hairy young people from the nurses' station down the hall come one by one and try to talk to me. There are no uniforms here. These are registered nurses, mental-health workers, and boys from the University of Rochester or M.I.T. assigned to keep order, working by the hour. I am grave with them all. Leave me alone, what do you know? What do you know, for instance, about a case of staphylococcus inflicted by a cheerful nurse at another, even more famous bin, who chased me down the hall, waving the needle cheerfully in the air, in the germs? I had staph in every organ; my temperature went so high that they plunged me in icy alcohol baths; my skin got so hard that it peeled off, all of it. I could not sue, the lawyers said—they could claim your skin had the staph, not the needle—but I never got a bill from that loony bin. I got a bill, though, from Gracie Square and from St. Vincent's (Martin paid them), but none from Central Islip State Hospital or the Suffolk County Jail, where I once spent twelve hilarious days: they were free.

And you, there, what do you know about chemotherapeutic overdosing—or is it pharmacological overdosing? Do you know that the famous Dr. Roger Fever had me on ten lithium pills a day for my mania, and I ended up in a coma, Intensive Care, and after I had come out of that Roger Fever told me he blew it? He blew it, and he would not take me back. And what do you know of losing a family, of divorce, of losing a second wife (died), losing a third wife (we split), losing jobs, going broke, owing the banks, drinking and losing weekends, losing days at work horizontal in bed at home with the electric blanket (until the light company turns off the electricity for nonpayment), and a plastic tumbler on the night table beside the bed full of good old Gordon's eighty-proof vodka—sipping, lying back, sleeping, waking. What time is it? What day is it? The phone ringing—is it Martin? He thinks I am at work; let the Japanese answering machine take the message. If I had pills, I would eat them, but then somebody would discover me in yet another coma, take me to the hospital, ten days unconscious, brain damage for the rest of my life—no, thank you. Get up, get dressed, shave with no shakes but trembling inside, take it all off like the Noxema commercial, brush teeth with Crest, rinse with Cepacol, comb hair with a dog brush (Lady Jane bought it for me, Your hair is a fright), rub bags under eyes, can't do anything about the bloat, put on a clean turtleneck, and then go see the man with the fresh eggs and buy the shotgun, fifty dollars, filling out a gun buyer's form first, saying I have never been confined to a mental hospital. Perjury?

Checks. They have me on checks every five minutes here at St. Hogarth's, peering through my square window for fear I will hang myself with a shoelace, leave me alone. I sit on my bed, the teenybop rock thudding through the door, cursing Martin, wishing I had put the muzzle in my mouth, wanting a drink. Why didn't I stop at the Ritz Bar? Where are the tulips of spring? They sit outside the door of my house on eastern Long Island, unwatched now, unchecked.

Dr. Yung comes in and sits down. What were you thinking about when you put the gun to your head? I was about to kill my cruel mother, who made me wait five minutes for the milk when I was a runt screaming for it. Dr. Yung's eyes flicker; he purses his lips like Martin in the coffee shop. Is he going to kiss me? No, he frowns. All right, then, Dr. Yung, I was about to kill my daemonium, my superego, which has terrorized me on and off for thirteen years, but then, yes, I was killing off my ego, too—my ego skulking along in the sewer of my life, floating in vodka half the time, poor ego.

Do you still feel like killing yourself? Of course. Dr. Yung gets up and leaves. I smile at his back; my smile is grotesque: the crowns in my front teeth have fallen out—from trauma, no doubt. I save the crowns in an envelope marked "Teeth." I cannot sleep, they won't give me a pill; my head throbs, all right, one Darvon, that's better, and the next day a hairy young man takes me to the clinic. Stretched out now under the lights as Dr. Hamburg, born in Austria, examines my wound. Tell them, he says—a man of humor he is—tell them you got it fencing in Heidelberg, where you were a student at the university. Hydrogen peroxide then, and they wrap me with an enormous bandage, I go back twice a day, then infection, intramuscular injections administered by nurses in Bethlehem II—ouch yelp gleep—You must go see the surgeon at Mass. General.

Anne Burgess

A HAIRY young man escorts me to Mass. General, so that I don't run off to the Ritz Bar. He points out the sights—the River Charles, the Stadium Harvard, the tall insurance building from which windows blow out, stricken by trauma or God, Beacon Hill there on the right, then the White Building of Mass. General. Dr. Farmer has a broken foot from playing touch football with his son; he hobbles over and looks approvingly at the hole in my head, has his nurse dress it: Come back in a week. Down in the elevator; Mass. General looks like Rockefeller Center. They are holding a children's Easter party in the lobby, hundreds of them; a small orchestra

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THE APPLE TREE

I remember this tree,
its white flowers all unfallen.
It's the fall, the unfallen apples
hold their brightness
a little longer into the blue air, hold the dream
they can be brighter.

We create without turning,
without looking back, without ever
really knowing we create.
Having tasted
the first flower of the first spring
we go on,
we don't turn again
until we touch the last flower of the last spring.

And that day, fondling
each grain one more time, like the overturned hourglass,
we die
of the return-streaming of everything we have lived.

When the fallen apple rolls
into the grass, the apple worm
stops, then goes
all the way through and looks out
at the creation unopposed, the world
made entirely of lovers.

Or else there is no such thing as memory,
or else there are only the empty branches,
only the blossoms upon them,
only the apples
that still grow full,
that still fail into brightness,
that still invent past their decay the dream they can be brighter,
that still
that still . . .

The one who holds still and looks out,
alone
of all of us, that one may die mostly of happiness.

—GALWAY KINNELL

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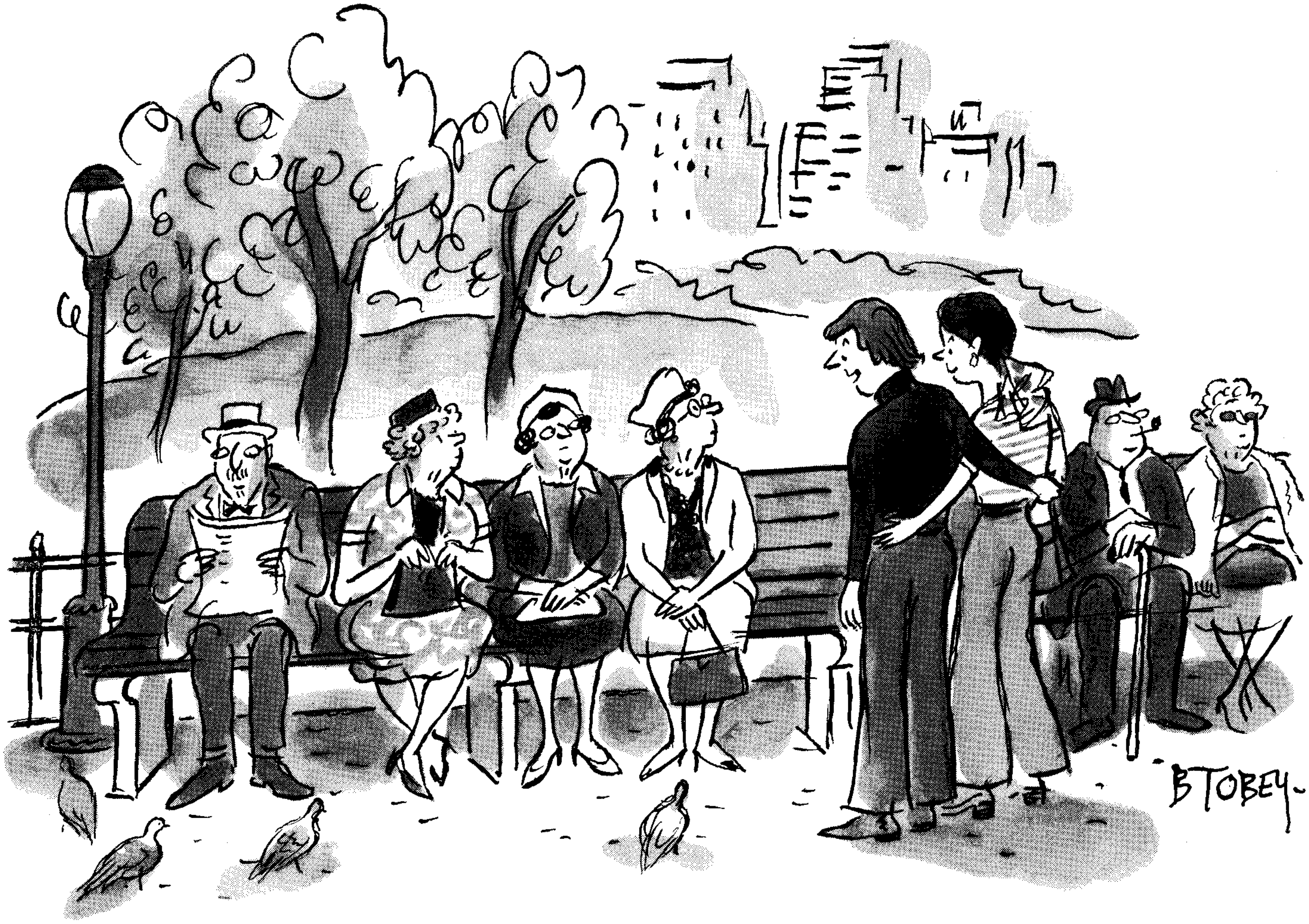

"Would you folks mind if we sat here?"

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from the hospital accompanies them, one of the hospital chaplains is leading the singing and an orderly passes out songbooks—no, thank you. We press through, I and my guardian, and then I am lost in the crowd, lost from my hairy young man.

What a chance. I bolt. The Ritz Bar glows—panelled wood and Joy Street matrons, a little drunk but it's springtime, isn't it? I order a double Russian vodka neat, like Capote. Here comes the maître d'; he is looking at my soiled orange parka and my bloodstained bluejeans and my twenty-year-old Munich après-ski boots, and the bandage around my head and my toothless grin. I look like an old worn-out hockey player (hockey is very big in Boston), and before he can shoo me out I tell him I am just back from a Bruins reunion at the Boston Garden and I haven't been inside the Ritz Bar since Yale beat Harvard in 1946—remember that one-handed catch Levi Jackson made of that punt into the wind? But he is not moved, he is no sports fan. He gently takes my elbow, and as we move toward Newbury Street I sweep my glass of vodka off the bar and break into a run, out through the revolving door, and out down the street, to find a phone booth.

I am calling Armand Montessori. Armand, fly me to the moon, or at least to the Big Apple, and pretty soon here comes Armand's Checker through the night. Hop in, he says, and off we go to Logan, where a Cessna 150 waits outside a small hangar for us. We are aloft, bouncing through the clouds, but it's clear in New York, I am cradling my glass of vodka, Armand has his gloved hands lightly on the controls. There is Worcester below, on the right, to starboard, and Providence, way off there to port through the storm, and then we are raising LaGuardia, lights winking us in, and we are landing, taxiing, stopping. Send the bill to Martin, Armand—Martin O'Phelan, he's in the *Social Register*. Goodbye and thank you, Armand. I am clutching my empty tumbler; my bandage falls off, another tooth falls out, but a cab stops. Take me to Lady Jane's, on upper Fifth.

Lady Jane and I are sitting in her kitchen in front of the stove, the oven door open, the heat turned on to Broil; for some reason, it is very cold in her apartment high over Fifth: she has a fireplace but cannot afford wood. Lady Jane is in a funk, and I want to put my head in the oven like Sylvia Plath. Lady Jane looks at my scar. Was it really a bank teller who shot you? No, I was in a car accident, in the passenger seat, I went through the windshield.

Lady Jane eyes me, rubs her cold hands. I kiss Lady Jane. Don't get overt, she says, but I'm glad you're back, let's have a drink. Still in my soiled orange parka, I walk to the refrigerator, put some ice into my Ritz Bar glass, turn to the bar, fill the glass with Smirnoff, toss it down, and start to get a refill. There is a pounding on the door. It must be Martin. More pounding. It is Martin. I know it is Martin, and we are starting all over again.

—JOHN F. MURRAY

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TRAVEL ASSISTANT INT'L SALES & operations. Good typist, knowledge picketing. Embassy, 505 5th Ave.—*Adv. in the Times.*

There's *one* mind travel has broadened.

A CAGE FOR SATAN

I

IN the forty years that Rabbi Naphtali Sencyminer had waged war against the evil spirits, he contended with imps, demons, dybbuks, and harpies, and sooner or later he vanquished them all—with incantations, with amulets, with the power of his voice, his cane, the stomping of his feet, and his curses. A single passion still consumed him—to capture one of these impure spirits, to bind it and lock it up in a cage like a wild beast. The rabbi had a cage suited to the purpose in his attic. One of his Chassidim, an iron merchant, had had it constructed for him in secret. It was made of heavy bars surrounded by thick wire mesh and had a door with two locks. On the mesh the rabbi had hung incantations written in a scribal hand on parchment, as well as a ram's horn and a prayer shawl that had once belonged to the Kozienice Preacher. On its floor lay the chains the famous saint Joseph della Reyna had used to shackle Satan. Rabbi Joseph hadn't managed to keep Satan prisoner, for he took pity on him and gave him a pinch of snuff. Two fires shot from Satan's nostrils and the chains fell from him. Rabbi Naphtali was determined to show the Devil no mercy. He planned to keep him in the dark without food or water, surrounded by the holy names of God and angels. Rabbis and even righteous Gentiles from all over the world would come to Sencymin to witness Rabbi Naphtali's triumph.

Well, but no matter how many traps Rabbi Naphtali set for Satan and his hosts they managed to elude him. One time he seized a wraith by the beard and a Lilith by its hair, but before he could imprison them they wriggled away. These fiends came back in the night to taunt the rabbi, to whistle in his ear and spit upon him. A sprite with the face of a billy goat deposited a pile of dung upon the rabbi's sacred book. It left behind the stench of galbanum.

By the time the rabbi passed his seventies, he began to despair. His wife had died. The cage in the attic was covered with spiderwebs and the chains had rusted.

But one summer night late in the month of Ab something occurred that impressed the rabbi as a miracle. It happened this way. The rabbi's beadle, Reb Gronam Getz, a patriarch who had served Rabbi Naphtali's father, fell sick for the first time in his eighty-seven years and was taken to the hospital. From the day the rabbi became a widower, Gronam Getz had stayed in the rabbi's bedroom to guard him from the spirits and their revenge. Now the rabbi slept alone; he had no faith in the young beadles. That night before he went to bed, the rabbi not only read the prayers of the holy Isaac Luria, as usual, but he recited those psalms specifically intended to drive away nocturnal trespassers. He had placed a Book of Creation under his pillow, and a long-bladed knife such as pregnant women kept under their pillows to ward off Shibta, the arch-enemy of the newly born. He also left a wax candle burning in a holder.

The rabbi slept in a white cloak belted with a sash; white stockings; and two skullcaps—one at his forehead, one at the back of his skull—as well as a ritual garment with special eightfold twisted fringes. The moment he laid his head on the pillow and recited "Thou who makest the bands of sleep fall upon mine eyes and slumber upon mine eyelids," he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in alarm in the middle of the night. The candle had gone out. He heard quiet footsteps nearby. He felt an urge to cry, "Shaddai, destroy Satan!," but it struck him that perhaps his prayers had been answered in Heaven—this might be his opportunity to capture the evil intruder. A strength that astounded him surged through Rabbi Naphtali. He leaped out of bed with such force that the slats beneath his straw pallet broke. A dark presence stood outlined against the shuttered window. He lunged toward it with the ferocity of a lion. In a flash he had seized it and pressed it to him so violently that he felt ribs snap. Only now did the spirit begin to resist. It shouted something unintelligible, but the rabbi threw it to the floor, clasped it between his knees, clamped its mouth shut with one hand and clutched its throat with the other. He could feel a jerking, hear muffled words, a gurgling. Then it ceased to struggle and was silent. The rabbi had vanquished the demon. As he bound its feet with his sash, Rabbi Naphtali trembled, slavered, and stammered incantations: "*Kuzu Bemuchzus Kuzu* . . . An arrow in the eye of Satan . . . Yahweh's war with Amalek . . . Thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it."

Although the entity of the netherworld lay quiet, Rabbi Naphtali knew its submission was a sham. Until it was shackled and confined in the cage, it could regain its powers, stick its tongue out as far as its navel, burst into mad laughter, and fly away like a bat.

The rabbi tried to stand, but his legs felt as if they had been chopped off. Sparks flashed before his eyes. His ears rang. "I dare not give in!" he warned himself. "Asmodeus and his companions are merely waiting for me to show weakness."

The rabbi would have to drag the messenger of

destruction up to the attic stealthily, so that no one in the house would learn what was going on. Had Gronam Getz been with him, he would have lent a hand—Gronam Getz was familiar with the Cabala and knew all the spells and incantations. But the young beadles slept in their own homes, and even if they had been standing guard in the courtyard the rabbi would not have trusted them to help him with a mission of such gravity.

After a while, Rabbi Naphtali revived somewhat and was able to rise. He leaned down and picked up the creature of the darkness, slung it over one shoulder, and began to move toward the anteroom and the stairs leading to the attic. He knew full well that he was overtaxing his strength, but there were times when one could not yield to the body. He crept along the corridor, praying that he would not collapse under his load, God forbid, lest its allies find out and swarm all over him. Several times he bumped against doors and walls. His cloak caught on a hook. When he reached the narrow attic stairs, he was drenched in sweat and could hear the snorting of his own nose. But he refused to take a rest. At any moment his adversary might come to and drag him away to beyond the dark regions, to the gates of Hell, to the ruins of Sodom, to Mount Seir, where Naamah, Mahalath, and Lilith reigned. The rabbi could no longer remember any psalms or conjurations—his brain was dulled and his tongue thick as wood.

By the time he had climbed to the attic, day was dawning. The blaze of the rising sun shone through the cracks in the eastern side of the shingled roof. The cage could be seen through purplish columns of dust. The rabbi stepped toward it, but he banged against a wooden box full of old books and fell back. In the second before he fainted, he caught a glimpse of the burden under which he had fallen—a boy in a short jacket, his mouth and nose bloodied. Woe is me, it's a human, I've killed him! the rabbi thought as everything went dark.

CLASS OF '76
SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS
levin

II

WHEN Rabbi Naphtali opened his eyes again, the sun still shone through the cracks in the roof, but now the light came not from the east but from the west. It took him a long time to grasp this. His bones ached, and his head hurt with a piercing pain. Next to him lay a corpse with eyes glazed, bloody mouth open, face yellow as clay. Only now did he realize what had happened—a youngster had come to rob him. Rabbi Naphtali didn't accept paper money for his services—only silver coins or gold ducats, which he kept in earthen jugs as well as in oak coffers lined in hide and bound with iron hoops. For years he had been making plans to go to the Holy Land to build a study house there, a ritual bath and a yeshiva, and to erect a tabernacle over the grave of his grandfather Reb Menahem Kintzker, who had died in Jerusalem forty years before. "God Almighty, why did this happen to me?" the rabbi mumbled. "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

He stuck out his hand and felt the body's forehead. The brightness of the sunset through the shingles soon dimmed and the attic filled with shadows. A great fear came over the rabbi. He rose with effort and began to shuffle toward the door. If at least he might have died along with his victim! But it had been decreed in Heaven that he suffer Cain's fate. At the head of the stairs he was forced to sit down. He had to consider his situation. His followers had undoubtedly been looking for him all day, but it would never have occurred to them that he might be up in the attic. There was no sound of movement in the house. They must have given up hope for him, or perhaps they assumed he had ascended to Heaven alive, like Enoch. Rabbi Naphtali had suffered many misfortunes—he had been left in his old age without wife or child—but during all his calamities he had been able to pray and to justify the harsh judgments passed upon him. This day, the first since he became thirteen, he had missed putting on his phylacteries. It was the hour to say the evening prayers, but he could not bring himself to allow sacred words to pass through the lips of a murderer. Of all possible disasters, he had suffered the worst—and at what a time in his life: on the brink of the grave!

Ordinarily, the spirits of good and

evil fought a constant battle within Rabbi Naphtali, but now both remained silent. Night fell and the rabbi sat enveloped in a gloom like that of the abyss. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" he recited. Should he do away with himself, he thought. Since he had already lost the world to come, what difference would it make? Should he go off somewhere and vanish? Well, but if the thief is a Jew he must be given a Jewish burial. A corpse cannot be left to rot in an attic without ablution, without shrouds, without a mourner's prayer said over it. . . .

The rabbi's head sank ever lower and lower. Compared to his ordeal, Job's had been a trifle. Rabbi Naphtali had but one request of the Almighty—to die. He now understood the words of the Midrash: " 'Very good'—that is death."

The rabbi had fallen asleep and was awakened by voices, noises, the sound of feet. The beadles were running up the stairs to him. The light of a lantern dazzled his eyes. They lifted him in their arms and carried him away. He heard women weeping, men shouting. Am I dead, the rabbi wondered. Is this my funeral? They carried him to a room and put him to bed. They revived him with cold water and rubbed his temples with vinegar. Everyone talked at once, but he made no response. Suddenly a new lament rose and at that instant the rabbi understood what had happened. They had found the body in the attic. Someone called out a name: Haiml Cake.

How could this be, the rabbi asked himself. Haiml Cake is no longer a youngster. Soon after, they called another name: Bentze Beetle. For all his distress the rabbi realized the connection between these names. Haiml Cake, a horse thief whom the peasants had beaten so badly that he could no longer steal horses, had become a teacher of young thieves. He must have sent out one of the gang, Bentze Beetle, to rob him. Instead of capturing Satan, he, Naphtali Sencyminer, had murdered a young burglar—perhaps an orphan besides. In the midst of the turmoil the rabbi murmured, "Satan has captured *me*."

They were the last words his followers heard from the rabbi. In the three weeks that he lingered, he did not speak to those who came to visit him. The beadles dressed him in his prayer shawl and phylacteries, and he mumbled. They handed him a book, and he glanced into it, but no one saw him turn a page. Two days before the rabbi's demise, Gronam Getz came from the hospital and he alone stayed with the rabbi until the end. The rabbi ordered him to burn his manuscripts, not to save so much as a single page, and Gronam Getz did as he was told. The rabbi also dictated a will to him, leaving his entire fortune to the community, with enough put aside to erect a tombstone over Bentze Beetle's grave, to hire someone to say the Kaddish over him, and to subsidize men to study the Mishnah in Bentze's name. The rabbi decreed that he himself be buried behind the fence, where heretics and suicides were laid to rest. He warned of severe punishment for any who defied his last wishes. Rabbi Naphtali Sencyminer had killed a human being and he had forfeited the right to lie alongside decent Jews. However, the Chassidim and members of the Burial Society dared to disregard his demands. Many rabbis gathered for the funeral, and they ordained that since Rabbi Naphtali had done what he did unintentionally and had atoned for it with a self-mortification that brought about his decease, he should be given a burial with all the honors accruing to a saint and a martyr. The eldest among them, an author of many holy books and a patriarch of eighty, said, "Those who love God more than the soul and heart can bear attempt to destroy the world. So long as there is a world there will also be a Satan."

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

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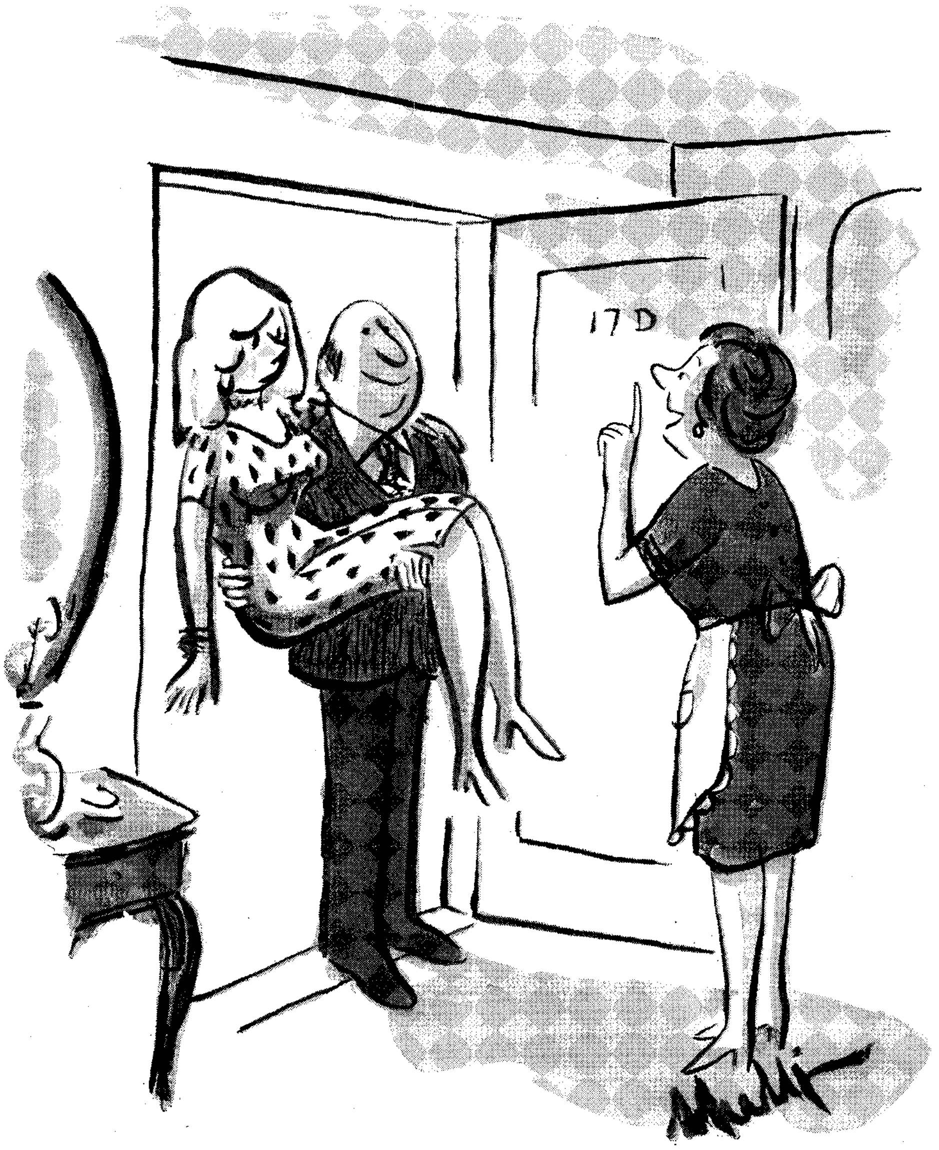


"Oh, Ted, you are an incurable romantic."

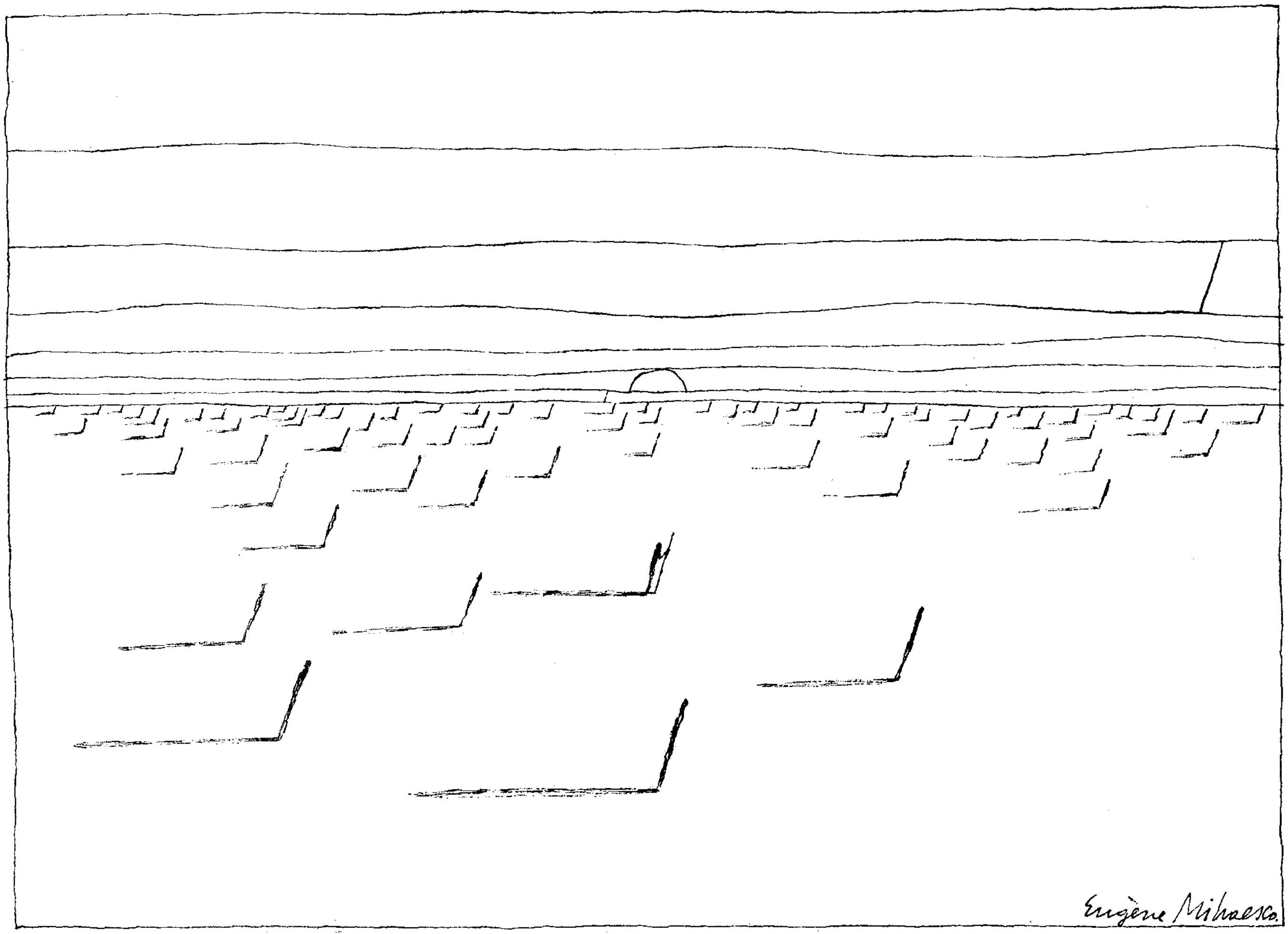
Mousing Specialist—$18,000-$25,000. Prestigious national Management Consulting firm seeks to add several Housing Program Planners/Evaluators to staff. Experienced at either (1) Local Housing Development Agency, (2) HUD, (3) another Con consulting firm required along with Masters Degree & 3-8 yrs. experience.—*Adv. in the Washington Post.*

Our cat has the experience but lacks the degree.

PROFILES

MAHATMA GANDHI AND HIS APOSTLES

III—THE COMPANY THEY KEEP



NONVIOLENCE: BRAHMACHARYA AND GOAT'S MILK

MAHATMA GANDHI writes in a celebrated passage in his autobiography:

> The dreadful night came.... It was 10:30 or 11 P.M. I was giving the massage [to his father]. My uncle offered to relieve me. I was glad and went straight to the bedroom. My wife, poor thing, was fast asleep. But how could she sleep when I was there? I woke her up. In five or six minutes, however, the servant knocked at the door. I started with alarm. "Get up," he said....
>
> "What is the matter?"...
>
> "Father is no more."...
>
> I felt deeply ashamed and miserable. I ran to my father's room. I saw that, if animal passion had not blinded me, I should have been spared the torture of separation from my father during his last moments. I should have been massaging him, and he would have died in my arms....
>
> The shame... of my carnal desire even at the critical hour of my father's death ... is a blot I have never been able to efface or forget.... Although my devotion to my parents knew no bounds ... it was weighed and found unpardonably wanting because my mind was at the same moment in the grip of lust.... It took me long to get free from the shackles of lust, and I had to pass through many ordeals before I could overcome it.

This incident occurred in 1885, when Gandhi was sixteen and had been married for three years. Kasturbai, his wife, was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, and Gandhi says he felt that this, quite apart from his father's illness, should have led him to refrain from sexual intercourse. But it was not until some fifteen years later, after the birth of his fifth child, Devadas, that he began in earnest to try to restrain his sexual needs. He did not want any more children, and he had long believed that abstinence was the only morally defensible method of birth control. He started sleeping apart from his wife and retiring only when he was utterly exhausted. Yet he was still not able to master his sexual needs. Because he was growing more and more preoccupied with what became his lifelong search for God, he resolved to take a vow of brahmacharya, or celibacy, which among Hindu mystics and ascetics is considered the ultimate act of self-sacrifice and personal renunciation—the surest way of avoiding all temptation and of finding God. But five years more passed before he actually found the strength to take the vow. By that time, he was thirty-six years old and had been married for twenty-four years. "The elimination of carnal relationship with one's wife seemed then a strange thing," he writes. "But I launched forth with faith in the sustaining power of God."

According to ancient Hindu scriptures, the conservation of semen—or "vital force," as it is called—is essential for physical, mental, and spiritual strength, and its loss is the cause of all infirmity and disease. Strict rules are set down to help a brahmachari, or celibate, keep his vow: the brahmachari must not look at women, must not sit on the same mat as women, must not take women as pupils, must not

RAINBOW

Taking its time
through each of the seven vertebrae of light
the sun comes down. It is nineteen forty-nine.
You stand in the doorway drying your hands.
It is still summer, still raining.
The evening is everywhere gold: windows, grass,
the sun side of the trees. As if to speak
to someone, you look back into the dark
of the house, call my name, go in. I know
I am dreaming again. Still, it is raining
and the sun shining . . . You come back out
into the doorway, shading your eyes. It looks
as if the whole sky is going down on one wing.
By now I have my hands above my eyes, listening.
—STANLEY PLUMLY

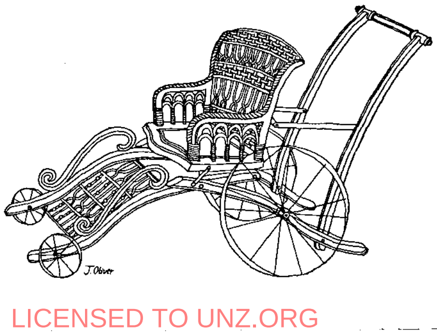
• •

allow himself any physical stimulants like milk, curds, ghi, hot baths, or massages with oil, and must avoid not just women but also eunuchs and animals. Gandhi, while accepting the basic teaching about "vital force," rejected the rules, which in his opinion made the brahmachari concentrate all his efforts on controlling his erections and seminal discharges, and so neglect the concomitant search for spiritual strength and for God. He maintained that the brahmachari who had developed complete self-control need never be afraid of mixing freely with women and of taking daily baths and massages, and that the best ways to develop such self-control were by regarding every woman as a blood relative, by exercising regularly and doing physical work, by avoiding erotic literature and indecent talk, by filling the mind with good and useful ideas, and by constantly repeating the name of God. "The full and correct meaning of brahmacharya is search for the Brahman," Gandhi writes. In Hindu philosophy, Brahman is the religious principle that involves the search for Brahma, which, in its various manifestations—Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer—is the Supreme Being, from which everything comes and to which everything, through the cycle of incarnation and reincarnation, strives to be reunited. "As the Brahman is immanent in everyone, it can be known through contemplation and the inner illumination resulting from it," Gandhi continues. "This illumination is not possible without complete control over the senses. Hence, brahmacharya means control in thought, speech and action of all senses, at all places and at all times. The man or woman who observes such perfect brahmacharya is totally free from disease and, therefore, he or she lives ever in the presence of God, is like God."

Nevertheless, Gandhi says, he found mastering his sexual needs a daily struggle, like "walking on the sword's edge." He eventually came to blame his diet for his daily struggle; like most Hindus, he believed that the palate, the source of an infant's first gratification, was the source of all pleasures. He had always been a vegetarian, and over the years he had renounced all stimulants of the palate, like spices, but, as other vegetarians did, he had continued to rely on certain animal products—milk, curds, and ghi—as the staples of his diet. He now came to believe that these were responsible for his animal passion. But, try as he might, he could not give them up. Then, in 1912, he read that some Indian dairymen were in the habit of blowing hot liquid through a pipe into a cow's uterus, somehow enabling them to extract the last drops of milk, and his compassion for the cow at last gave him the strength to take a vow that he would never drink milk again. But doing without milk did not bring him relief from his struggle. He continued to have sexual dreams and an occasional illness. In 1918, when he was in Ahmedabad, he had a severe attack of dysentery. He writes in his autobiography about a visit from a doctor:

> He said: "I cannot rebuild your body unless you take milk. If in addition you would take iron and arsenic injections, I would guarantee fully to renovate your constitution."
>
> "You can give me the injections," I replied, "but milk is a different question; I have a vow against it."... Kasturbai was standing near my bed listening all the time to this conversation.
>
> "But surely you cannot have any objection to goat's milk then," she interposed.
>
> The doctor too took up the strain. "If you will take goat's milk, it will be enough for me," he said.
>
> I succumbed.... For although I had only the milk of the cow and the she-buffalo in mind when I took the vow, by natural implication it covered the milk of all animals.... The memory of this action even now rankles in my breast and fills me with remorse, and I am constantly thinking how to give up goat's milk.

Although, in efforts to find a substitute, Gandhi experimented with groundnut oil, soybean oil, and coconut milk, he was not able to give up goat's milk. He continued to feel guilty about his shortcomings as a brahmachari, and blamed them on one occasion for his coming down with appendicitis and at other times for seminal discharges, one of which particularly disturbed him, because at the time he was sixty-six years old and was unwell. Gandhi finally came to believe that if he was ever to grow into a perfect brahmachari—achieve universality and union with God—he must, like some Hindu brahmachari mystics, become physically and spiritually more like a woman, or, rather, embrace in his person both male and female attributes. The nineteenth-century Hindu mystic Ramakrishna was thought to have identified himself so closely with women that he was able to "menstruate" by having periodic discharges of blood through the pores of his skin. Describing the perfect brahmachari, Gandhi writes, "Even his sexual organs will begin to look different.... It is said that... impotent [men] ... desire erection but they fail to get it and yet have seminal discharges.... But the cultivated impotency of the man whose sexual desire has been burnt up and whose sexual secretions are being converted into vital force ... is to be desired by everybody." In Gandhi's view, women were altogether nobler than men. Their interest in sex was submissive and self-sacrificing. (Gandhi assumed that women got no pleasure from sex.) Their love was selfless and motherly, stemming from the demands of child-bearing and child rearing. They were more virtuous than men, because they had a greater capacity for suffering, for faith, and for renunciation—in fact, for nonviolence. They were therefore better qualified than men to teach "the art of peace to the warring world." They were the incarnation of ahimsa and the natural leaders of satyagraha.



Ahimsa—"love-force," or "non-

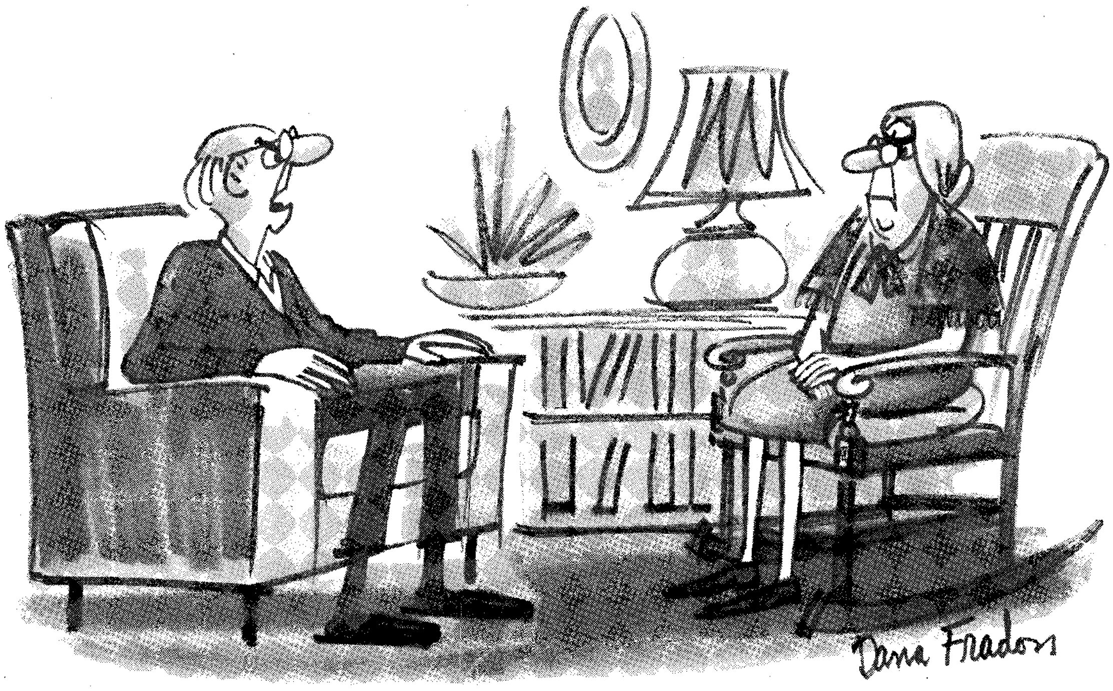
ELECT
LEADERSHIP
STEVENSON

"Well, at least we can say he's not a media candidate."

violent force"—involving reverence for all life, is a notion with a long religious history and has been interpreted to mean either that men and women should avoid evil by withdrawing from the world or that they should fight evil by doing good deeds in the world. For Gandhi, "ahimsa . . . is not merely a negative state of harmlessness but . . . a positive state of love, of doing good even to the evil-doer." He believed that only love, or nonviolence, would conquer evil wherever it was found—in people or in laws, in society or in government. The notion of satyagraha—"truth-force," or "soul-force"—was Gandhi's own and came to him spontaneously, he says, about a month after he took his vow of brahmacharya. According to Gandhi, a satyagrahi, or votary of satyagraha, is governed by the belief that the soul can be saved from evil in the world, and so helped along in its search for Brahma, by truth and truth alone. The satyagrahi practices ahimsa truthfully at all times and cheerfully accepts whatever suffering may result from his truthfulness. Gandhi felt that a brahmachari, being without worldly desires and attachments, was best equipped to practice ahimsa and satyagraha. For Gandhi, the vow of brahmacharya was not a form of emasculation but the greatest source of inner strength. "In India there is not only no love but hatred due to emasculation," he wrote in 1917. "There is the strongest desire to fight and kill side by side with utter helplessness. This desire must be satisfied by restoring the capacity for fighting. Then comes the choice. . . . Immediately you cease to fear, you are ready for your choice—to strike or to refrain. To refrain is proof of awakening of the soul in man; to strike is proof of body-force. The ability to strike must be present when the power of the soul is demonstrated. This does not mean that we must be bodily superior to the adversary." Yet it is hard to imagine that he didn't see some connection between nonviolence and the absence of masculinity, for why else would he have considered the submissive and self-sacrificing character of women better suited than the "brute" and selfish character of men to the practice of nonviolence?

Although truth and nonviolence were the forces governing all Gandhi's civil-disobedience campaigns against injustice, oppression, and religious strife in South Africa and India, his belief in their power was put to its most severe test in 1946 in Noakhali, a remote, swampy rural district lying in the delta formed by the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers, in what was then Indian East Bengal and is now Bangladesh. At the time, eighteen per cent of Noakhali's population of two and a half million was Hindu and eighty-two per cent Muslim, but a small number of Hindus owned three-quarters of the land, and most Muslims were little better than serfs. In October of that year, Muslims started torturing and killing Hindus, raping and kidnapping Hindu women, looting and burning Hindu shops and dwellings, smashing temple idols, and forcing Hindus to recite the Koran and to slaughter and eat their own cows. It was one of the most brutal outbreaks of the religious rioting that accompanied the partition of India and the creation of Pakistan, and it marked the first time that the religious violence had reached into a rural area. This was especially alarming to Gandhi. He had always taken pride in his knowledge of India's villages—where most Indians lived—and he now thought that if he could get the Noakhali Hindus to go back to their villages and could persuade Muslims to accept them and love them as brothers he might have a hope of preventing and containing violence, and so prevail on India to stay united in religious toleration. Therefore, with a band of disciples and dedicated volunteers, he set out for Noakhali on a mission of peace and reconciliation, despite his age (he was then seventy-seven), and despite warnings from the Indian authorities and some of his followers that the Noakhali Muslims, always orthodox, had turned fanatic, and that he would almost certainly be assassinated—an event that would engulf the entire subcontinent in the very violence he hoped to quell. "I am prepared for any even-

MAY 24, 1976



"Fact is, we'd both be happier if I'd married Carole Lombard and you'd married Clark Gable."

• •

tuality," he wrote his cousin Narandas Gandhi from Noakhali. " 'Do or Die' has to be put to the test here. 'Do' here means Hindus and Mussalmans should learn to live together in peace and amity. Otherwise, I should die in the attempt."

CHARU CHOWDHURY, a Bengali Hindu brahmachari, who made most of the arrangements for Gandhi's tour through Noakhali and was at his side during much of it, is, like most of Gandhi's disciples, old now. More than a quarter century after Gandhi's pilgrimage, he still lives not far from Noakhali—in Dacca, the capital of Bangladesh. He makes his home in the Ramakrishna Mission, which is the principal Hindu cultural and educational institution in the predominantly Muslim country. The mission is situated in a sort of compound off a narrow, crowded lane lined with dingy shops. In the compound are rows of low white barrackslike buildings, each with open doors on two sides; an evil-smelling, stagnant pond; a few banana trees; and a large white temple, inside which a man is just visible in the late-afternoon light, sitting in the Hindu lotus position and lost in meditation in front of an altar.

When I arrive at the mission, it's four o'clock in the afternoon. I am shown into a small room in one of the white buildings. The room has white walls, a gray concrete floor, and a single window with brown wooden shutters over it, and it is crammed with objects. There are two beds, a wooden cupboard with wire-mesh doors, two wooden straight chairs, a green wicker armchair, a table covered with a green cloth, a large, shallow wicker basket, a burlap bag, and a gray water jug. Clothes hang on a line over the two beds, and on shelves behind one of the beds are some dusty bedrolls, old suitcases, old biscuit tins, and bags of food. Piles of books and papers are everywhere. There is no fan, and the air is thick with large, heavy-bodied, vicious mosquitoes.

Two men—who prove to be fully dressed—peep out from under the covers on the beds. One of them greets me warmly, bids me sit down, gets up, and goes out with the water jug. He soon returns, and gives the jug to the other man, who now goes out with it, and the first man draws a chair up to the table and sits down. He has a square face with heavy jowls, a bulbous nose, rather thin lips, discolored teeth, short, thinning dark-gray hair, and small, parched, wrinkled hands. He is dressed in a kurta and lungi (a saronglike garment) of white khadi (homespun), has a white khadi scarf around his neck, and is wearing glasses with heavy black frames. He looks to be about seventy. He is Charu Chowdhury—or Charu Babu, as he is more generally known, Babu being an honorific title in Bengali.

"When Bapu was in Noakhali, Muslims used to come and harass him at prayer meetings," Charu Babu says. Gandhi was universally called Bapu—meaning "father"—by his disciples. "They would ask him such questions as 'Why are you here in Noakhali when Muslims are dying in Bihar and in Delhi? Why don't you go there with your peace mission?' Then, one day, when Bapu had been in Noakhali for about four months, he actually received a message from the government of Bihar saying, 'You come to Bihar at once and talk peace here.' I went with him as far as Calcutta and put him on a train for Bihar. As I bowed goodbye, he said, 'What are you going to do?' I said, 'You are not taking me to Bihar. What more have I got to do?' He said, 'You go back to Noakhali and carry on my work until I come back.' He never came back—he was shot in Delhi. But I stayed on in Noakhali, through all the changes. First it was Pakistan. Then it was Bangladesh. But I stayed on. That's what Bapu told me to do."

I ask him about Gandhi's tour through Noakhali.

"I had been working for Bapu for many years in his Constructive Programme, for the development of khadi and village industries in Bengal, when Bapu decided to go to Noakhali. Some of my friends and I went there immediately, as an advance party, to make arrangements for him. The monsoon had just ended, and streams and canals were overflowing with water and sludge. In some places the water was knee high, in other places breast high. It was almost impossible to get around. But Bapu came. I remember Bapu walking through village after village. I remember the broken glass, brambles, and filth sometimes deliberately strewn in his path. Yet Bapu always went barefoot. He said it was part of his penance. I remember Bapu wading through water, trudging through bogs, sometimes crossing canals in boats that had to be pushed and punted through weeds. Bapu saw the Hindu refugees—thousands of men, women, and children, all crying uncontrollably. Bapu saw the streams and canals filled with human and animal bodies. Bapu saw the burned and rotting crops. Bapu saw the ashes of huts and shrines. Bapu went from village to village collecting testimony of individual sufferings and assessing the amount of food and money needed for rehabilitation. Bapu tried to strengthen the Hindus spiritually, so that they would be prepared to sacrifice even their lives in order to bring about a change of heart in their Muslim persecutors. Bapu begged the Hindus to return and rebuild their villages. He tried to get the Muslims to rediscover the goodness that was within them. He begged the Muslims to stop persecuting their Hindu brethren. He fasted for the Hindu-Muslim violence. But neither Hindus nor Muslims had any use for him or his nonviolent methods. Then, one damp, chilly morning, after Bapu had been in Noakhali less than two weeks, he gathered all of us around him in our camp in the village of Kazirkhil. Bapu had decided to leave us all and go and live in Srirampur. Srirampur was a small, ravaged village four miles away, from which almost all Hindus had fled. He said, 'All the while I have been looking for the light in Noakhali, I have been groping in the dark. I know now what I must do. It's time for yajna—for yet another kind of penitential sacrifice. Father and daughter, brother and sister, husband and wife must part company and work alone. We must all renounce each other.' We protested, and said we would all be killed if we didn't stay together. But Bapu insisted that only by being more on his own could he find his bearings and test his faith not just in truth and nonviolence but also in God. He counselled us to do the same—to go and live in riot-torn villages, too, and work for our own salvation and that of Noakhali and Mother India. We said a short prayer; we sang a hymn; we wept."

A boy servant comes in with tea, and Charu Babu strokes the boy's chin.

"Of course, Bapu wasn't completely alone in Srirampur," he continues, taking some tea. "He did have three attendants with him. But he wasn't happy there. He seemed to feel that he was not making any progress in his solitary quest, and so he decided to resume his tour of the devastated Noakhali countryside. He was old, restless, weak, and dispirited, and not able to walk much at a stretch, so we arranged for overnight stops in villages a few miles apart, to make it possible for him to go from one village to the next as his morning walk. Since all the paraphernalia he needed—the buckets, the bathtubs, the commode, the syringes, and whatnot—had to come with us, it was no easy task getting from village to village."

Charu Babu is a sociable, irrepressible man, and he holds my hand as he talks. Like other brahmacharis I have met, he seems to feel the need to touch, as if the austere practice of brahmacharya were insupportable without some form of physical communion.

"Does anyone in Noakhali remember Gandhi today?" I ask.

"No," he says. "There are no monuments to Bapu anywhere in this region, except for a Gandhi ashram in the village of Jayag, in Noakhali—and there's little enough of that. The ashram's four custodians—they were Hindus—were butchered by the Pakistanis in 1971, during the struggle for the independence of Bangladesh. I would have been butchered, too, if I hadn't been in prison at the time. I was considered Pakistan's Enemy No. 1 and spent twelve years in a Pakistani jail. But I was treated well, because I was a model prisoner and spent my time reading and tending a garden, just as Bapu would have done. I was very proud of my garden."

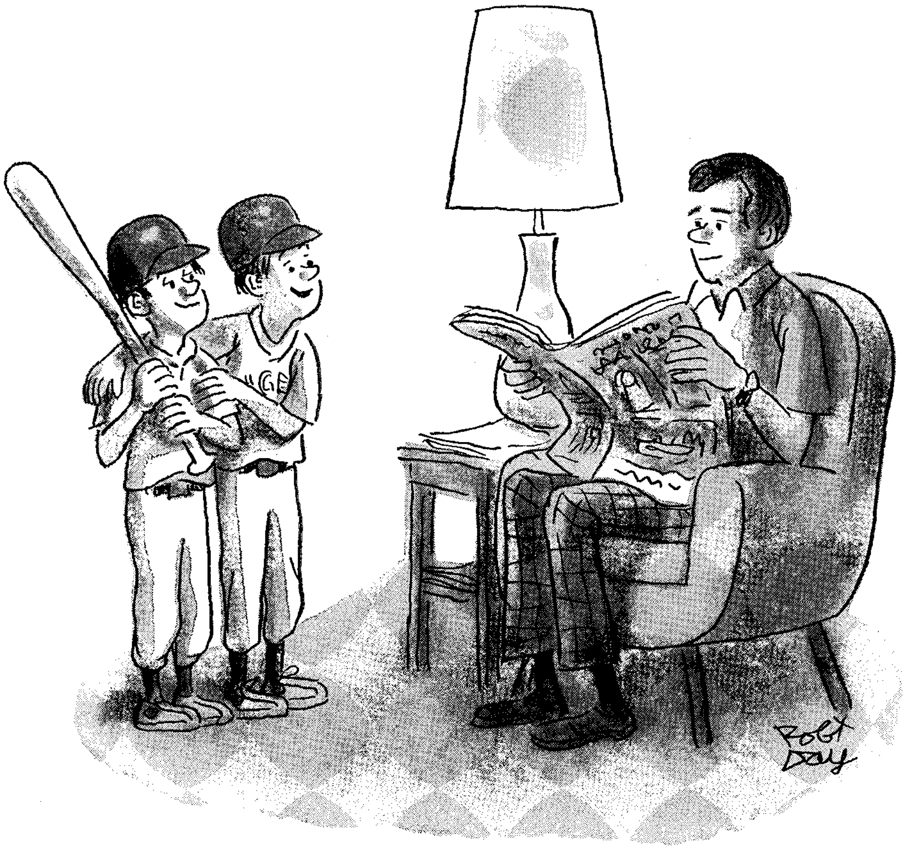
The other man returns, puts down the water jug, and silently begins sorting some papers. He is about forty, gaunt, with shoulder-length curly brown hair going gray and a small beard and mustache. He has heavy-lidded eyes and a wary expression, and wears a white khadi lungi, a white khadi kurta, and, around his elbow, a chain hung with tiny metal prayer drums and other charms.

"This is my friend, and he was considered Pakistan's Enemy No. 2," Charu Babu says, as though that were the man's name. "We were in jail together. He owned textile mills and was a millionaire before all his property was confiscated by the Pakistani government."

An old man with a boyish face, short white hair, large eyes, and few teeth now joins us. He carries a large umbrella and is also dressed in white khadi.

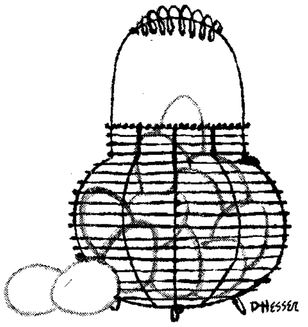
"This is Pakistan's Enemy No. 3," Charu Babu says cheerfully. "Bapu lit a little lamp here and we 'enemies' have tried to keep it burning through all the years of Pakistani persecution. Now, thank God, we have Bangladesh. The new state doesn't think of us as 'enemies'—not yet, anyway."

WITH Charu Babu as my guide, I drive in a jeep to the house of M. A. Abdullah, who was one of the few Muslims in Noakhali to take Gandhi's message of religious toleration to heart and, after the partition of India, to give hope to the "enemies of Pakistan" that Gandhi's pilgrimage would one day bear fruit. At the time of Gan-



"This is Ronnie Lawson, Dad. Ronnie has a .310 lifetime batting average."

dhi's pilgrimage, he was Superintendent of Police in Noakhali, and was therefore responsible for protecting Gandhi's life. "Mr. Abdullah rose to be Deputy Inspector General of Police of all of East Pakistan," Charu Babu tells me. "He would have been named Inspector General if the Pakistani government had not suspected him of being a Hindu sympathizer. After they retired him, although he was in his fifties, he became a student, qualified as a lawyer, and devoted his energies to the betterment of the poor. He's been a bachelor all his life and as good as a brahmachari. He's really one of us."



We drive for what seems like hours down a narrow main street, which must originally have been designed for horse carts and is now one long traffic jam of buses, lorries, cars, bicycle rickshaws, and wooden wagons loaded with sacks of flour and drawn by ghostly men covered with flour from head to toe. Hundreds of tiny shops are packed together, and merchants, children, cows, mules, and goats jostle for whatever space they can get.

The jeep stops abruptly, and Charu Babu hails an impressive-looking, large-boned, wizened old man wrapped in a long blue shawl who is walking along the street. "This is Munindro Bhattachary," Charu Babu says. "He's a true Gandhian, and he's carrying on the work of Gandhi's pilgrimage all by himself. He walks at least twenty miles a day, all over Dacca, preaching nonviolence and brotherly love."

Munindro Bhattachary launches into what turns out to be a speech that Gandhi gave on satyagraha in 1920. He has a squeaky voice but is something of an orator. He recites the speech in its entirety and then, without another word, stumps off.

Abdullah lives on the ground floor of a large old yellow house off a narrow alley in the noisy, congested center of Dacca. He is lying propped on one elbow on a charpoy without any bedclothes, in the middle of a large, open, but musty room, which smells of sickness. He is sixty-seven but looks older. He is bald, with small eyes, and has an enormous growth on his forehead, and a funguslike skin disease on one foot. He wears a white undershirt and dhoti. In the room are several trunks, a dusty radio, clothes hanging on a line, a bicycle leaning against a wall, and books and yellowing papers all over, on shelves and on the floor. Through the open door, an immense and menacing black beehive can be seen hanging from a branch of a large tree in the courtyard.

"Partition was caused by hatred," Abdullah says. "Hatred was of this world. Gandhiji was of the other world. Common men could not put his ideals into practice. I never thought of myself as a Muslim, a Hindu, a Christian, or a Parsi—only as a policeman."

Abdullah's voice is indistinct and hesitant; he seems to be in pain and talks with his eyes closed. (I learned later that he was dying.) "There is no position I can lie in comfortably," he says. "The whole of my insides shake and rattle when I breathe."

"What was it like trying to protect Gandhi in Noakhali?" I ask.

"I had a good number of policemen to help me do the job," he says. "And the government of Bengal had also assigned eighteen or twenty armed soldiers to protect him. We all moved along with Gandhiji from village to village, but Gandhiji had no use for us and moved freely in hostile crowds. Any madman could have assassinated him at any time, but we all took it for granted that no one ever would, so in a way we were all responsible ultimately for his assassination."

Abdullah probably shouldn't be talking at all, but during his reminiscing his voice becomes animated. "Noakhali is a long story, and it will take a long time to tell," he says. "Leave me your address, and I'll write to you."

AT the time Gandhi decided to leave his followers and go and live in Srirampur, he wrote, "Truth and ahimsa by which I swear and which have to my knowledge sustained me for sixty years, seem to fail. . . . To test them or, better, to test myself, I am . . . cutting myself away from those who have been with me all these years, and who have made life easy for me. . . . I do not propose to leave East Bengal till I am satisfied that mutual trust has been established between the two communities and the two have resumed the even tenor of their life in their villages. Without this there is *neither Pakistan nor Hindustan*—only slavery awaits India, torn asunder by mutual strife and engrossed in barbarity." Gandhi had lost his will to live, lost all hope for a united, free, and peaceful India, lost confidence in his ability ever to become a perfect instrument for the practice of satyagraha and ahimsa, and therefore of brahmacharya. He was often heard to mutter, "*Kya karun? Kya karun?* [What shall I do? What shall I do?]"

The most reliable firsthand account of Gandhi's personal crisis in Noakhali is to be found in a book entitled "My Days with Gandhi." It was written by Gandhi's Bengali interpreter, Nirmal Kumar Bose, who accompanied Gandhi even to Srirampur and lived there with him. Bose was unique among Gandhi's attendants in that he was not a longtime disciple but a left-wing intellectual, who had taken a leave of absence from a teaching post at the University of Calcutta in order to accompany Gandhi to Noakhali as his interpreter. He was consequently a more detached observer than any of the other attendants. In Noakhali, Bose says, Gandhi was apt to wake up in the middle of the night shivering. He would ask the attendant sleeping next to him—usually a woman—to hold him for five or ten minutes, until the shivering stopped. "He sometimes asked women to share his bed and even the cover which he used," Bose reports, "and then tried to ascertain if even the least trace of sensual feeling had been evoked in himself or his companion." In Gandhi's view, such contacts with women were "experiments in brahmacharya," an essential part of his aspiration to become "God's eunuch," as he put it, but in Bose's view they were a form of exploitation, however unconscious, since the women being used in the experiments were in a sense being treated as inferiors. He says he noticed that each woman around Gandhi considered herself to have a special relationship with him and was so jealous of her place in his affections, so fearful of losing it, that the slightest sign of rejection from him made her "hysterical." Bose remarks, "Whatever may be the value of the *prayog* [experiment] in Gandhiji's own case, it does leave a mark of injury on the personality of others . . . for whom sharing in Gandhiji's experiment is no spiritual necessity." When Bose confronted Gandhi with what he considered the unhealthy results of the brahmacharya experiments, Gandhi replied that the women had assured him that holding him or sleeping next to him had no ill effect on them. Gandhi maintained that his brahmacharya experiments were a crucial test of his renunciation of sex, a necessary part of his yajna for the violence of Noakhali. He charged Bose with "unwarranted assumptions" concerning his relationship with the women. Bose became so troubled about the issue that he abruptly left Gandhi's service and returned to Calcutta, but the argument continued through correspondence, which Bose reprints in his book. Gandhi wrote to him:

> I do not call that brahmacharya that means not to touch a woman. What I do today is nothing new for me.... I am amazed at your assumption that my experiment implied any assumption of woman's inferiority. She would be, if I looked upon her with lust with or without her consent.... My wife was "inferior" when she was the instrument of my lust. She ceased to be that when she lay with me naked as my sister.... Should there be difference if it is not my wife, as she once was, but some other sister? I do hope you will acquit me of having any lustful designs upon women or girls who have been naked with me. A or B's hysteria [Bose omits names] had nothing to do with my experiment, I hope. They were before the experiment what they are today, if they [are] not less of it.

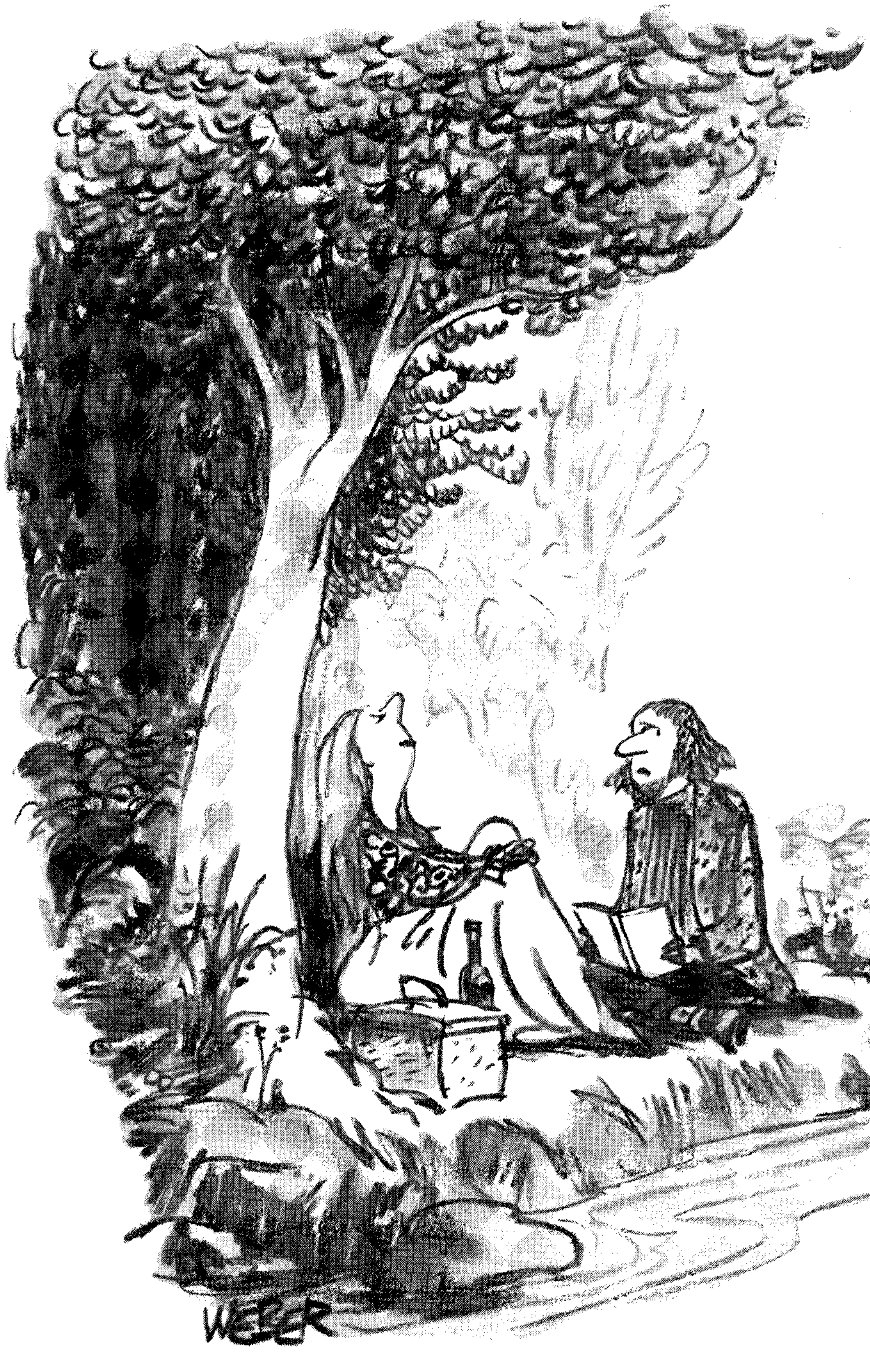
Bose was anything but convinced, and wrote back that, according to Freud, "we . . . are often motivated and carried away by unconscious desires in directions other than those to which we consciously subscribe." Gandhi replied that he didn't know anything about Freud or his writings, and that he had heard the name mentioned only once before, and then, too, by a professor. Gandhi said he wanted to know more about Freud, but Bose apparently never pursued the matter with him.

Bose is seventy-two years old at the time of my visit, and although he is convalescing from an operation for cancer, he is eager to see me and talk about Gandhi. The taxi taking me to his house, in the old part of Calcutta, plunges off a major thoroughfare into a gully, or narrow lane, and winds through several more gullies, past once elegant but now dilapidated private houses. We pass a dead horse lying on its side, its mouth fixed in agony, and pull up in front of a beige stucco house with louvred shutters. A hammer and sickle has been stencilled on the wall. There is a gate leading into a lovely inner courtyard filled with large tropical potted plants, and a delicate wrought-iron spiral staircase ascends from the courtyard to Bose's apartment, which has a wrought-iron balcony supported by Corinthian columns.

A young, plump, dark-skinned servant boy with a shaven head and wearing only a green lungi opens the door and shows me into Bose's study, which has French windows; the calls of hawkers rise from the street below. In the study are a table stacked with books in Bengali, a couple of armchairs, and a large writing desk, which has on it the Concise Oxford Dictionary, Fowler's "Modern English Usage," "How to Teach Yourself Assamese," an alarm clock in a cardboard box, a small bronze turtle, a pink plastic letter opener, and a pot of glue, along with polished stones used as paperweights—a Gandhian trademark—and a calendar with Gandhi's picture on it. One wall is covered with well-stocked bookshelves, and another is lined with tall metal cupboards.

Bose comes in, attended by a pretty young woman, and they sit down together at the desk. He has large, weary-looking brown eyes and yellowish pale skin. He is slender and clean-shaven, with short, wispy gray hair, a straight nose, and very fine-boned hands. He is wearing a white khadi dhoti and a short-sleeved white khadi shirt buttoned down the back. The young woman has long, curly black hair and is wearing a white sari with pastel stripes.

"This is my niece," he says, adding wryly, "She looks after her bachelor



"I really shouldn't be here. I should be out trying to get funded."

"ROUND UP EVERYBODY!"

• •

uncle in the Gandhian tradition of secretary-nurses."

"Were you Gandhi's secretary-nurse as well as his Bengali interpreter?" I ask.

"Yes, of course," he says. "As a student, I had read a lot of Tolstoy and Kropotkin and other political anarchists, and thought of myself as one of them. Then I came upon the writings of Gandhiji. I felt that he was in the same anarchist tradition but that he was also a heroic figure, like Socrates or Jesus, prepared to lay down his life for truth as he saw it. I was very excited, and started compiling an anthology of Gandhiji's economic and political writings. In 1934, a friend introduced me to him, but my interest in him remained academic until 1946, when he asked me to go with him to Noakhali and act as his Bengali interpreter. I went, although I was sure we wouldn't come out alive. In no time at all, I was doing everything for him—nursing him, massaging him, bathing him. Wherever he was, he kept rigidly to his daily routine. He was so much preoccupied with the physical details of his daily life because mastering his physical self was part of his program of mastering his spiritual self. I remember once during the morning walk we came upon a child suffering from fever lying in the sun outside a hut. Gandhiji examined the child and told the parents that he would be back with a syringe to administer a saline enema. I said to Gandhiji, 'You must let me do it. If it gets into the papers that I allowed you to administer an enema to a child when I was with you and could have done it, I would lose face wherever my name is known.' So Gandhiji wrote out for me the whole prescription—how much salt to use, how much water, what the temperature of the water should be, and so on. It is preserved with the rest of my papers, which are now in the archives of the Asiatic Society here. I printed it in 'My Days with Gandhi'—which, by the way, I published at my own expense, because after Gandhiji's death everyone wanted to suppress all further discussion of the brahmacharya experiments." (Bose says in the preface to his book that when he submitted the manuscript to the Navajivan Press, which owns the copyright to all Gandhi's writings, and which functions both as the center of the Gandhi industry and as an arbiter of what is written about Gandhi, its managing trustee wrote back, "I am of opinion that you be better advised to leave out of the book Bapu's experiments in sex or brahmacharya and reconstitute the book to say about Bapu's great work in Noakhali.")

"Have you told all you know about the brahmacharya experiments?" I ask.

"I was never able to find out very much," he says. "None of the girls would talk to me—I'm considered an apostate. Anyway, the wish to be truthful died in our country with Gandhiji. It was never very strong, even among his disciples. Since Gandhiji never had any privacy—and in the camp everyone slept in one room—there could be no question of impropriety. Once, when he had been pestering the girls about how they felt about holding him during his shivering fits, I asked him, 'What's so special about hugging an old man of seventy-seven to comfort him in the night?' He gave me the standard reply that he wanted to be so pure that he would be above arousing impure thoughts in anyone else."

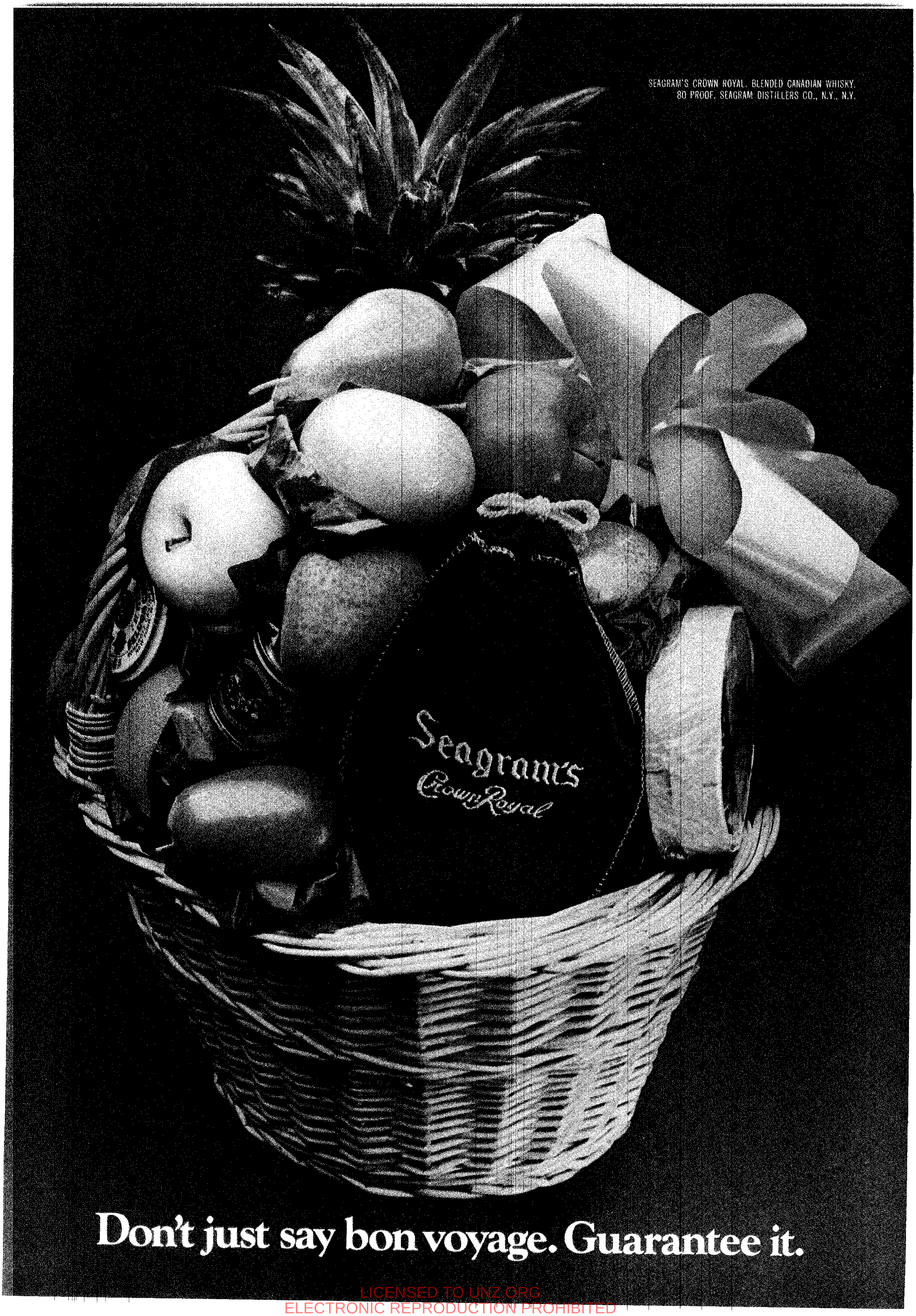
"Why didn't you pursue the subject of Freud with him?" I ask.

"Gandhiji died about a year after I left Noakhali," he says. "And, anyhow, I was far from being an authority on Freud."

"Do you think Gandhi ever succeeded in becoming completely sexless? Did he ever, in your opinion, become a perfect brahmachari?"

"I don't think he succeeded in identifying completely with women—in reaching the bisexual state of, say, a Ramakrishna. If he had, I don't think he would have been so concerned about what the women who lay next to him were feeling. I do think, however, that there was something saintly, almost supernatural, about him."

Bose motions weakly to his niece, and she leaves the room, returns with a key, unlocks one of the metal cupboards, and takes down a book. It is Vincent Sheean's "Lead, Kindly Light." She opens it at a certain page and hands it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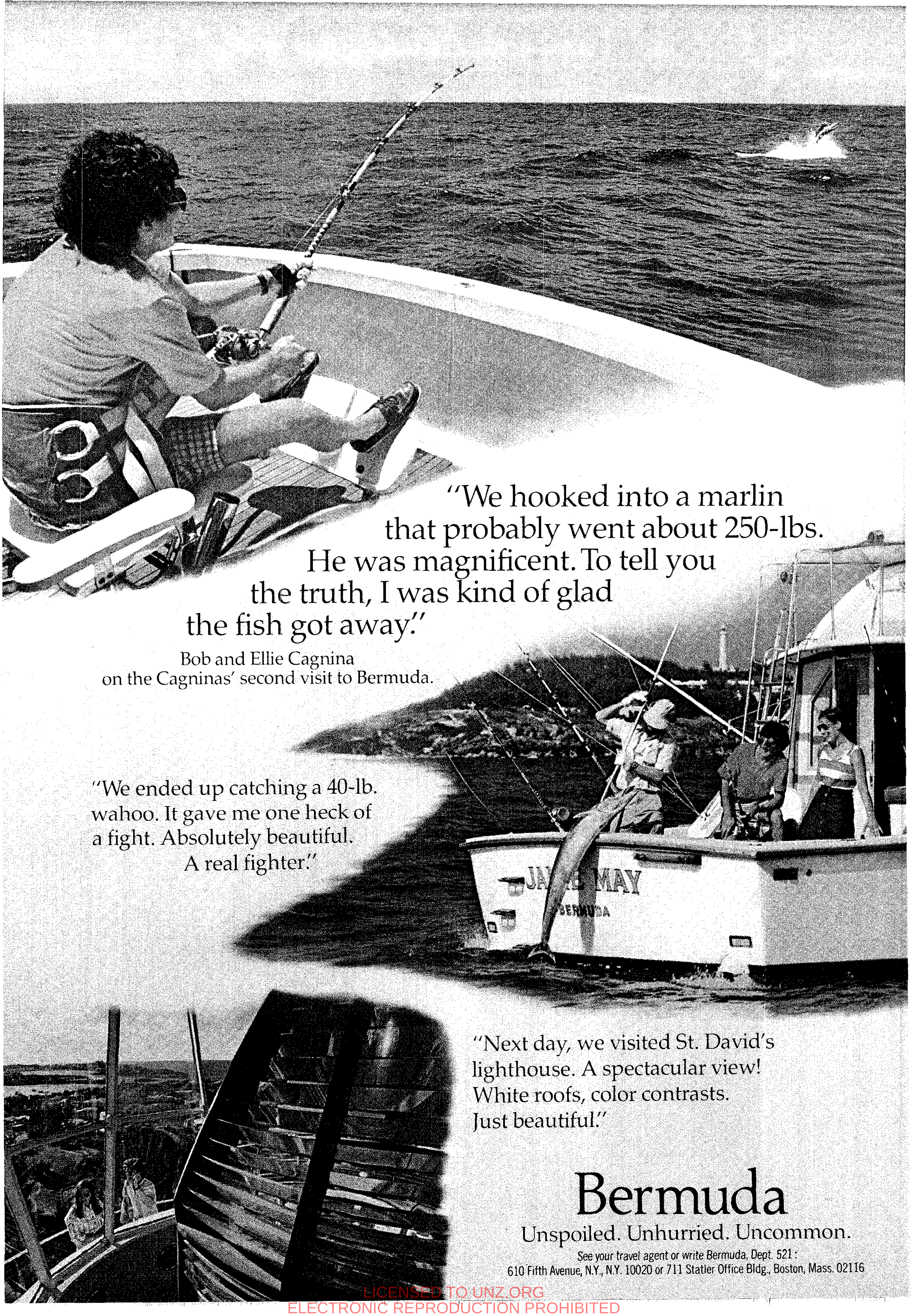

"We hooked into a marlin
that probably went about 250-lbs.
He was magnificent. To tell you
the truth, I was kind of glad
the fish got away."

Bob and Ellie Cagnina
on the Cagninas' second visit to Bermuda.

"We ended up catching a 40-lb.
wahoo. It gave me one heck of
a fight. Absolutely beautiful.
A real fighter."

"Next day, we visited St. David's
lighthouse. A spectacular view!
White roofs, color contrasts.
Just beautiful."

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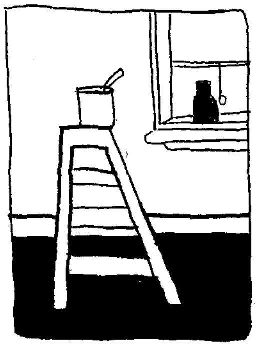
to him. The passage he reads, which concerns Gandhi's assassination, strikes me as Sheean at his most sentimental, but Bose seems genuinely affected by it. Bose reads:

> Inside my own head there occurred a wavelike disturbance which I can only compare to a storm at sea—wind and wave surging tremendously back and forth.... I recoiled upon the brick wall and leaned against it, bent almost in two. I felt the consciousness of the Mahatma leave me then.... The storm inside my head continued for some little time.... Then I was aware of two things at once, a burning and stinging in the fingers of my right hand and a similar burning and stinging in my eyes. In the eyes it was tears, although of some more acid mixture than I had known, and on my fingers I did not know for a while what it was, because I put them in my mouth (like a child) to ease the burning.... I looked at my fingers. On the third and fourth fingers of my right hand blisters had appeared. They were facing each other, on the sides of those fingers which touch. The blister on the third finger was rather large and was already filled with water. The blister on the fourth or little finger was smaller. They had not been there before I heard the shots.

IN Noakhali, Gandhi publicly disclosed the fact that he had been taking naked girls to bed with him for years but had tried to keep the practice secret in order to avoid public controversy. He said he believed that his secrecy, which amounted to untruthfulness, had been a serious error—an impediment to his becoming a perfect brahmachari. He is even reported to have boasted that if he could just be successful in his brahmacharya experiments, just prove how potent—physically, mentally, and spiritually—he had become through seminal continence, he would be able to vanquish Muhammad Ali Jinnah himself, the father of Pakistan, through nonviolence, and foil Jinnah's plans for partition. Orthodox Hindus had always condemned Gandhi for his unorthodox brahmacharya practices, such as his long daily baths and massages, often administered by girls, and his daily walks with his hands on the shoulders of girls, saying that they set a bad example to other brahmacharis, "offended the accepted notions of decency," and were "a cloak" to hide his "sensuality." Nor had they been convinced by Gandhi's protestations that there was no privacy about his baths and massages, during which, he said, he often read or fell asleep; that he considered himself a parent to the girls who served him and walked with him; that his brahmacharya vow had nothing to do with orthodox laws and therefore he was free to frame his own rules as he went along, provided they did not violate his principles. His public revelations, in the name of truth and nonviolence, about his brahmacharya experiments shocked not only orthodox Hindus but also some of his closest disciples, who, like Bose, attacked him and parted company with him on account of them.

Gandhi, however, continued his brahmacharya experiments through what were to be the last months of his life, in Noakhali and in the suburbs of Delhi, as he tried to stem the tide of religious violence and turmoil, of retaliation and counter-retaliation spreading through the entire subcontinent. He continued to defend his brahmacharya experiments with such statements as "I have called my present venture a yajna—a sacrifice, a penance.... How can there be that self-purification when in my mind I entertain a thing which I dare not put openly into practice?" And "My meaning of brahmacharya is this: 'One . . . who, by constant attendance upon God, has become . . . capable of lying naked with naked women, however beautiful they may be, without being in any manner whatsoever sexually excited.'" And "When the *gopis* [milkmaids] were stripped of their clothes by Krishna, the legend says, they showed no sign of embarrassment or sex-consciousness but stood before the Lord in rapt devotion." And "The whole world may forsake me but I dare not leave what I hold is the truth for me. It may be a delusion and a snare. If so, I must realize it myself."

Whatever the spiritual source of Gandhi's brahmacharya experiments, Bose, for one, maintains in his book that their psychological source was "repression of the sexual instinct," prompted by a self-imposed penance for "having proved untrue to his father during the last moments of his life" and for not having nursed his father as a mother would have. Erik Erikson, in his book "Gandhi's Truth," agrees, and, in his discussion of the brahmacharya experiments, goes on to develop the theme of Gandhi's maternalism:



> The whole episode, as Bose brilliantly recognized at the time, points to a persistent importance in Gandhi's life of the theme of motherhood, both in the sense of a need to be a perfect and pure mother, and in the sense of a much less acknowledged need to be held and reassured, especially at the time of his finite loneliness. In this last crisis the Mahatma appears to have been almost anxiously eager to know what those who had studied the "philosophy" of that doctor in Vienna might say about him, although he probably could do little with the interpretation offered by one of his friends, namely that his shivering was an orgasm-equivalent....
>
> As to the Mahatma's public private life, all we can say is that here was a man who both lived and wondered aloud, and with equal intensity and depth, about a multiformity of inclinations which other men hide and bury in strenuous consistency. At the end, great confusion can be a mark of greatness, too, especially if it results from the inescapable conflicts of existence. Gandhi... had wanted to purify his relationship to his father by nursing and mothering him; and he had wanted to be an immaculate mother. But when, at the end, he was defeated in his aspiration to be the founding father of a united India, he may well have needed maternal solace himself.

The women who may have given and received this "maternal solace" have, with one exception, passed into the Gandhi biographies and memoirs as no more than letters of the alphabet, and everyone, including Erikson and Bose, has assumed that the story of the experiments will never be fully told. The exception is Manu Gandhi, a distant cousin, who wrote a little memoir of her own, entitled "Bapu—My Mother," in which she tells how Gandhi tried to be both a father and a mother to her. It seems that in 1940, when she was twelve years old, her mother, who was dying, asked Kasturbai to be a mother to Manu, and Kasturbai took her in. When Kasturbai was on her deathbed, four years later, she asked Gandhi to be a mother to the girl in her place. Gandhi took Kasturbai's last wish very seriously. He came to have a motherly interest in the girl's physical development, and in the minutest details of her life. He told her how to wash her hair, how to wear her clothes, what, how much, and how often to eat. He took charge of her religious education, teaching her the Bhagavad Gita and the pronunciation of the difficult Sanskrit words. She cooked for him and served him his food. She washed his feet and massaged him. She read him the newspapers, and kept a diary in which she recorded the minutest details of *his* life. At first, she slept by his pallet, and doesn't seem to have minded when he woke her up in the middle of the night to talk. When she was about nineteen, she started sleeping in his bed, and that, she implies, happened in Noakhali. But, discreetly, that is all she does say about the brah-

"Jack is telling me the General Motors philosophy."

• •

macharya experiments in "Bapu—My Mother."

Manu died young, in 1969, but Abha Gandhi—the wife of Gandhi's grandnephew Kanu—who was about the same age as Manu, and who many Gandhians say in private was even closer to Gandhi than Manu was, is still alive. Gandhi liked to call the two girls his "walking sticks;" toward the end of his life he was almost invariably seen walking with his hands resting on their shoulders—as he was when he was assassinated, on the terrace of Birla House, in Delhi. Abha is in Ahmedabad visiting her elder sister, Mrs. Vina Patel, who lives in one of the old houses connected to the Sabarmati Ashram, one of Gandhi's two ashrams—the other was Sevagram. At the time I stop by the house, some women are sitting sewing on a large wooden swing on the veranda while at their feet two boys are shelling a large pile of peanuts.

One woman gets up and comes forward to greet me. She is short and plump, with black curly hair pulled back in a bun but straying loose, and has a round face with large eyes behind spectacles with black half-rims. She is wearing a white sari with a hand-stitched blue border and a white choli sparsely scattered with mirror-work, and she has a red bangle on each wrist. She has small feet and hands, and her voice is light and sweet. She is Abha.

Sewing in hand, Abha takes me inside, to a room that has exposed rafters supporting a high tiled roof. A few of the tiles are made of opaque glass and act as small skylights. There is a divan with a muted gold-and-purple cover, the colors set off by bright-green cushions; a table spread with a sheet of plastic; and a built-in cupboard holding a large old radio, dishes, a Staffordshire dog, and other knickknacks. On the walls are pictures of various Hindu gods and goddesses and swamis, and one photograph of Gandhi spinning.

"My husband and I now manage the Kasturbai Ashram, some distance from here," she tells me in colloquial Hindu, going on with her sewing. "We started the ashram in 1956, in the summer residence of the Raja of Rajkot, with the help of the Gandhi National Memorial Trust. The summer residence is one of the places where Ba was imprisoned for her part in the satyagraha campaigns. It's one of the few memorials to her." Kasturbai was known to those around Gandhi as Ba, or Mother.

Abha presents me with an ingenuous leaflet about her ashram:

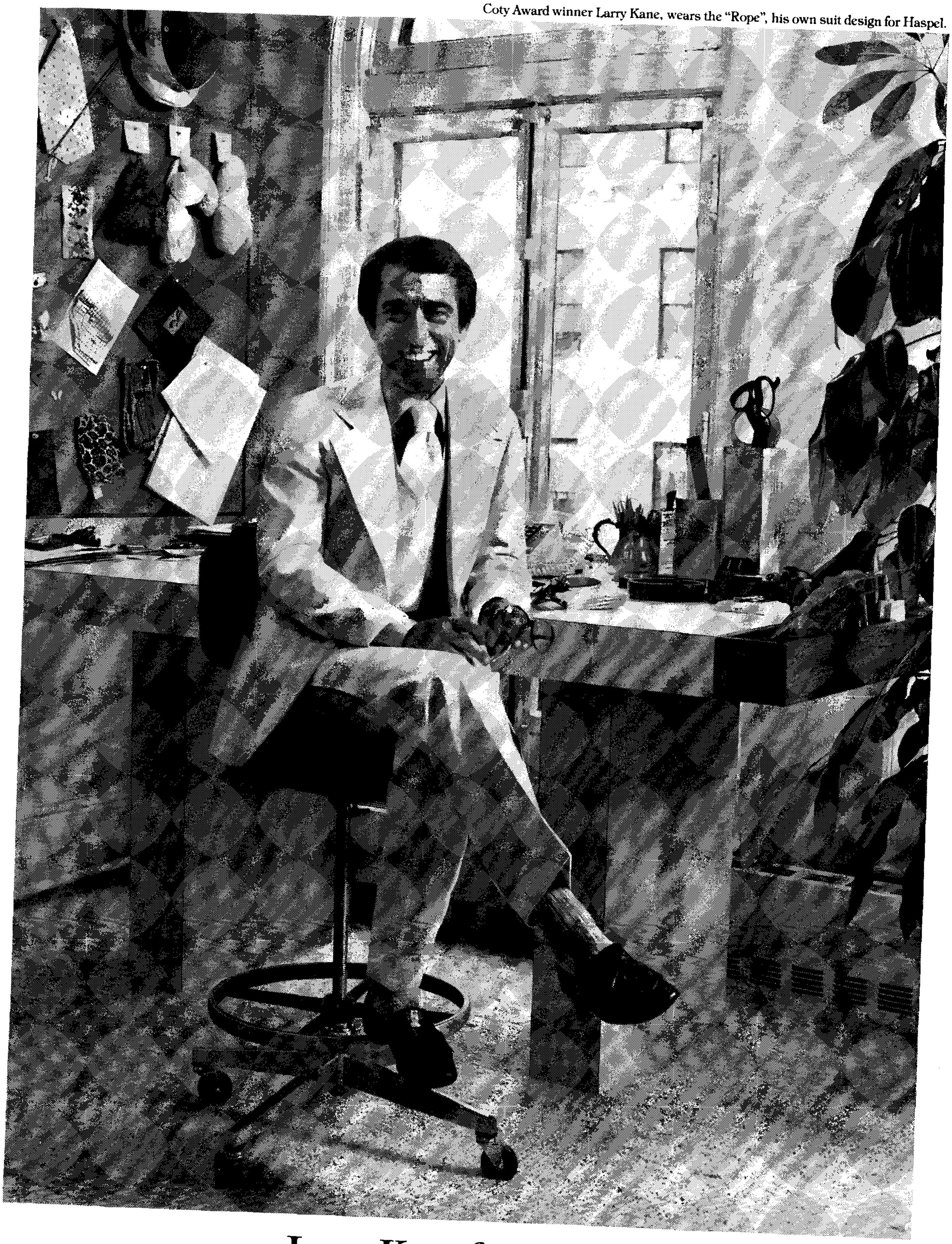
> AT PRESENT ONE CAN SEE
> the summer-resort of a Native Ruler
> is changed into an
> 'ASHRAM'
> DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
> RURAL UPLIFT
> AND AMONGST ITS OTHER
> MANY-FOLD
> ACTIVITIES IT INCLUDES THIS
> KASTURBA AROGYADHAM
> (HEALTH CLINIC)
> which endavours day and night
> *for*
>
> Physical, Intelectual, Educational, Economical, Social & Cultural uplift of the Villages and especially for the Prevention and Eradication of diseases from Villages through Medico-Educational Programme and serves the surrounding 30 Villages since 6 years through:
>
> - Maternal & Child Health Centre
> - T. B. Clinic (With X-Ray plant)
> - Indoor 8 bed Hospital
> - Mobile Health Unit for villages
> - General out-door patient department
> - Opthalmic department.

"When Bapu was taken away from us forever, all I could think about was dying," she says. "After he was shot in front of my eyes, I couldn't speak for six months, but I went back to Noakhali and threw myself into his work. One day, a child came up to me and asked me something, and suddenly I found I could talk again. But it was some time before I was able to talk easily. No one can give me the love Bapu gave me. I think of him all the time."

"How did you become Gandhi's constant companion?" I ask.

"Through my father," she says. "He originally became interested in Bapu's career through the newspapers and took up wearing khadi and the Gandhi cap." The Gandhi cap is a simple cloth cap—shaped something like a rowboat, but with points at front and back—that his followers wore as a symbol of their adherence to Gandhian principles. "One day, he wore his Gandhi cap to work—he was a jailor in Calcutta—and his superior upbraided him. He resigned. That was in 1930. We all went back to our village in Bengal to live. It was very difficult for us to make ends meet. There were eight of us children, and my father took part in Bapu's civil-disobedience campaign against the British salt laws, in 1930, and was arrested—he had to spend some time in jail. All along, my father had been corresponding with Bapu, and when Bapu came to Bengal for a conference in 1940 my father took us all to meet him. My

Coty Award winner Larry Kane, wears the “Rope”, his own suit design for Haspel.



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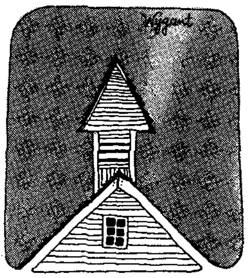
father told Bapu that he wanted to send me to the Sevagram Ashram for my education. Bapu inspected me and agreed. I was twelve at the time. In the ashram, I noticed that Bapu always used two children as his walking sticks. I wanted to be a walking stick, but I used to lag behind, because I was shy. Bapu saw through my shyness right away and called me to his side and started using me as a walking stick. Eventually, I was doing everything for him, but if Manu or any of the other sisters were there, we divided the tasks."

I ask her how the sisters got along together.

"We took pains to keep up good relations," she says. "Also, we were good at doing different things. Manu was good at taking notes for him; I was good at cooking and washing. Bapu never wanted his clothes ironed, but I kept them washed and neatly folded. I loved taking care of him—it gave me a lot of happiness, of the kind that a mother gets from tending her child. Bapu often said, 'You are like a mother to me.' Once, I was bathing him and he asked me to hurry up. He had an appointment. He told me to hurry up three times, and I said, 'You are a renowned mahatma and yet you are so impatient, like any other common mortal. What does it matter if you're a little late?' Bapu laughed. 'I like your spirit,' he said. 'Only a mother would dare talk to her child the way you talk to me. They call me Rashtra Pita; they should call *you* Rashtra Mata.' " Rashtra Pita means "nation's father," and Rashtra Mata means "nation's mother." Gandhi used to refer to Kasturbai as Rashtra Mata. "I was so childish then. When I think of it now, I feel very bad. Bapu and I used to quarrel all the time."



"What did you quarrel about?"

"We often had clashes of will. Bapu left me behind in Noakhali to carry on his work, and I got a very bad case of dysentery. No medicine seemed to help, and Satish Chandra Das Gupta, who was looking after me, wrote to Bapu and said he was sending me to Calcutta for treatment. When I got there, I received a letter from Bapu saying that he felt responsible for my condition, because he had taken me to Noakhali, and that if I wanted to I could go to him in Delhi. I wrote back, 'The question is not what *I* want to do but what *you* want me to do.' He answered, 'All right—you win. *I* want you to come to Delhi. You are a very willful girl.' I went. How sad he was in Delhi! Noakhali had disturbed his peace of mind along with his routine. I said to him, 'I'm with you all day long and you don't so much as smile, and then in the evening Jawaharlal Nehru comes and you laugh with him the whole time.' Bapu said, 'You're such a foolish girl to be jealous of Jawaharlal. Don't you understand that I laugh and joke with him so that we won't cry?' "

I ask her about the brahmacharya experiments.

"It was common knowledge that Sushila Nayar often slept next to Bapu. He first asked me to sleep next to him when I was sixteen. I thought he just got cold at night and wanted me to sleep with him to keep him warm. So I did now and again, with my clothes on. But two years later, in Noakhali, I began sleeping next to him regularly."

"Did you still wear your clothes?"

She hesitates, and finally says, "He did ask me to take my clothes off. But, as far as I remember, I usually kept my petticoat and choli on."

"But what about him?"

"I don't remember whether he had any clothes on or not. I don't like to think about it."

"How did you feel about it?"

"It was nothing."

"Didn't your husband mind your sleeping with Gandhi?"

"He did mind, and he went to Bapu and told him that if he wanted someone to keep him warm, his—Kanu's—body was warmer than mine. He said that he had more vitality, more energy—was healthier all around."

"What did Gandhi say?"

"I think he said he wanted me as much for the brahmacharya experiments as for the warmth. He said our sleeping together was a way of testing that he was as pure in mind as he was in body, as free from lustful thoughts as he was from physical desire. There was a lot of hubbub among the men about the experiments, and Kanu and the other men met with Bapu and said, 'Bapu, you are a renowned mahatma. There is no need for you to test yourself in this unseemly manner. Anyway, such a test would be more appropriate for a virile young man.' Bapu heard them out but said nothing and continued with his experiments."

"What did Kanu say?"

"What could he say? I had always spent all my time looking after Bapu, and Kanu took care of himself. He was Bapu's typist and photographer, and he kept himself very busy. God has given Kanu a strong constitution. He's never needed much looking after."

DR. SUSHILA NAYAR, who is the younger sister of Gandhi's official biographer, Pyarelal, was Gandhi's personal physician. Although she received training in Western medicine and served for five years—between 1962 and 1967—as the country's Minister of State for Health, she is one of Gandhi's most orthodox disciples, espousing such causes as legal prohibition, and abstinence as the only morally acceptable method of birth control. She lives in a rather bleak suburb on the outskirts of Delhi. She turns out to be a short, stout, round-faced woman of about sixty. She has graying black hair with reddish tints, and she is dressed in a crumpled white khadi sari with a yellow border and a white khadi choli with a faint green print. Her combined living room and dining room, where we sit and talk, is lined with glass-fronted cupboards in which miscellaneous china, dolls, statues, and books are crammed. In one corner is an old refrigerator, with a very loud motor. There is a woodcut of sandalled feet, probably Gandhi's, on one wall, and numerous photographs of Sushila all around—with Gandhi, with Nehru, with a statue of Buddha.

"I believe, as Bapu did, that if you are a brahmachari and live in harmony with the laws of nature you will not fall sick," she says. "If you do fall sick, you should first use natural, simple remedies—nature cures. A good night's sleep for high blood pressure, fasting for dysentery and flatulence. That's what Bapu did. If you get desperately sick, however, and the simple, natural remedies don't work, then it is all right to experiment with modern medicines. Bapu was not above taking a little quinine when he was down with malaria. But I wasn't just Bapu's doctor. I was his masseuse, his travelling companion, his secretary. If I was in Bapu's hut and he was talking to a visitor, I took down the conversation. All the secretaries there did—he sometimes had three or four of us—and afterward Bapu picked for publication the version he considered most accurate. He once picked my version over Bose's. I was just a student at the time, and Bose fancied himself a distinguished scholar. He never forgave me and sought every opportunity to malign me after that as 'a hysterical, jealous woman who re-

THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

Even as you read this, somewhere in America—perhaps rounding a tight curve or passing a long truck on a high-speed expressway—there is a man who controls thousands of people and millions of dollars struggling to maintain control of his own automobile.

Could it be that, in their headlong race to supply the utmost in luxury, the luxury car makers of the world have forgotten that eventually a car must be driven?

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While conventional luxury sedans may reach their performance peak sitting in the driveway, a BMW is designed for long trips on high-speed expressways and twisting mountain roads.

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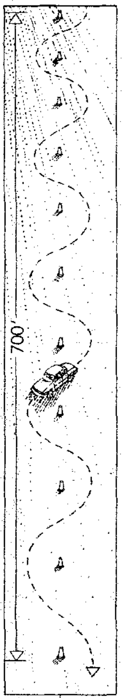
Road holding—driver control—is largely the function of a car's suspension system.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW suspension is fully independent on all four wheels.

And, this combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition. Smoothly and precisely.

The 700 Ft. Slalom Test designed by Road & Track magazine to measure lane changing capabilities. The BMW 530i ran the course at a remarkable 51.6 mph.



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THE INTERIOR: A VICTORY OF THE FUNCTIONAL OVER THE FRIVOLOUS.

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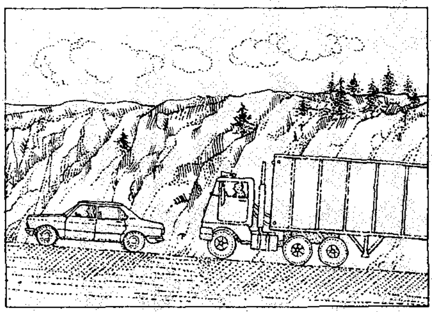

40-60 mph, 4.8 seconds. "It is better than many sportier cars and something completely unexpected in a luxury sedan," say the editors of Motor Trend magazine of the BMW.

All instruments are clearly visible; all controls are readily accessible.

Intelligent restraint? Yes.

Yet no less a connoisseur of opulent motorcars than the automotive writer for Town & Country magazine was quoted after having driven a BMW as saying, "I came away with new parameters to measure other cars by."

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The ultimate driving machine.

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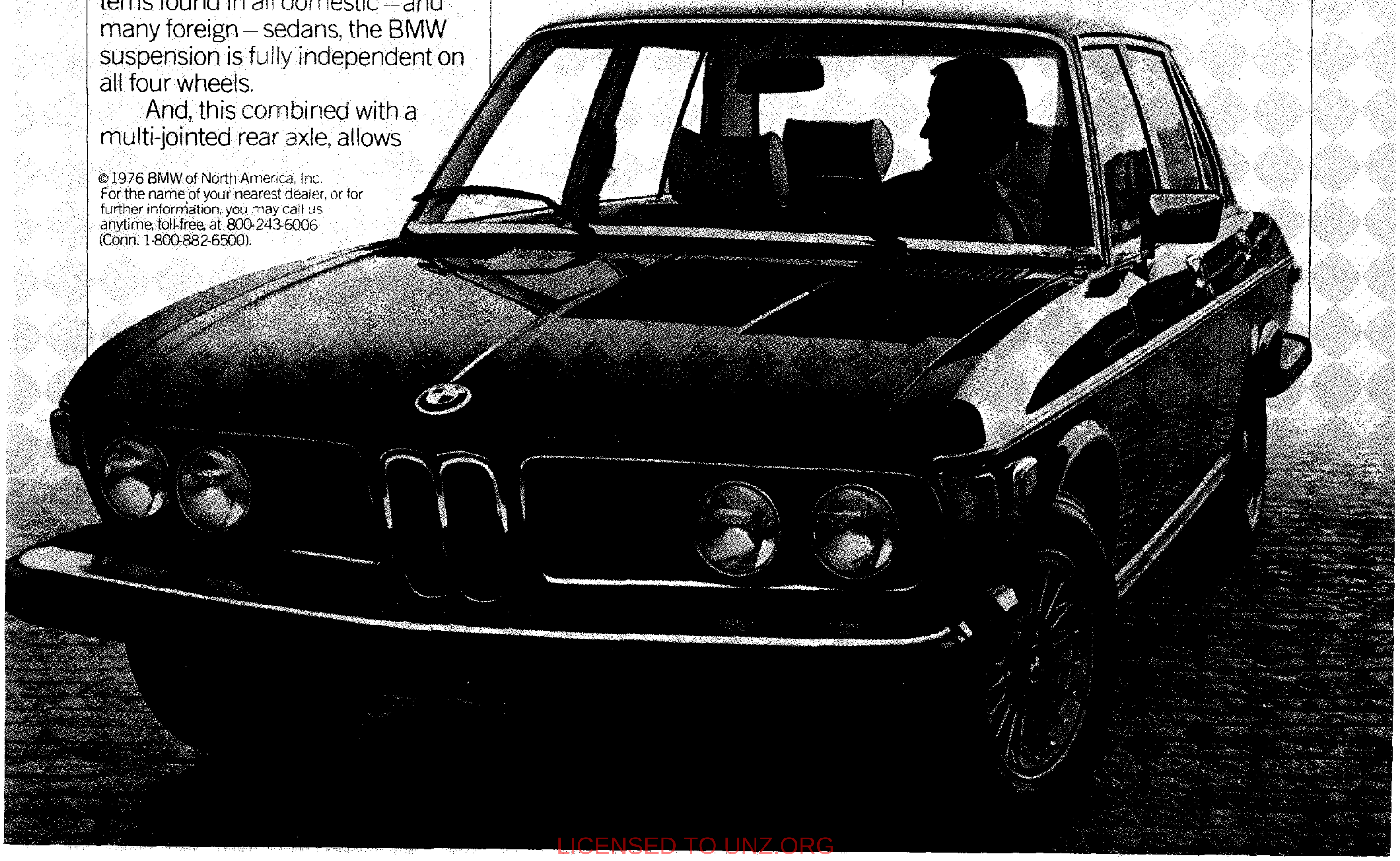

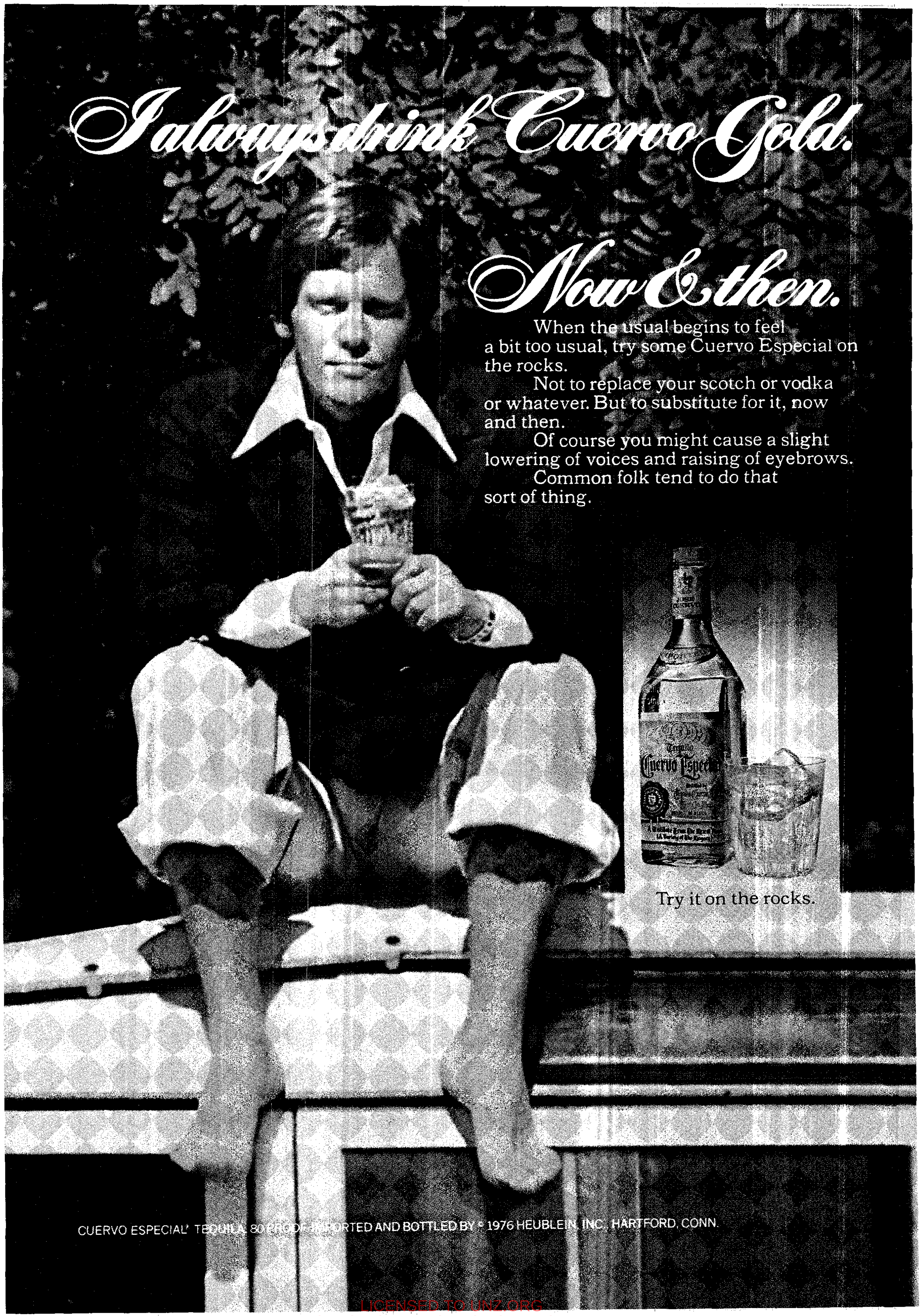
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Not to replace your scotch or vodka or whatever. But to substitute for it, now and then.

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garded Bapu as her private possession.' "

I ask her if she knows how and when the brahmacharya experiments got started.

"There was nothing special about sleeping next to Bapu. I heard from Bapu's own lips that when he first asked Manu to sleep with him, in Noakhali, they slept under the same covers with their clothes on, and that even on the first night Manu was snoring within minutes of getting into his bed. Sometime later, Bapu said to her, 'We both may be killed by the Muslims at any time. We must both put our purity to the ultimate test, so that we know that we are offering the purest of sacrifices, and we should now both start sleeping naked.' She said, 'Of course,' and I heard from Bapu's own lips that neither he nor she felt any sexual desire whatsoever. Manu wanted to serve Bapu in Noakhali because it was the worst place possible, full of mortal danger. But long before Manu came into the picture I used to sleep with him, just as I would with my mother. He might say, 'My back aches. Put some pressure on it.' So I might put some pressure on it or lie down on his back and he might just go to sleep. In the early days, there was no question of calling this a brahmacharya experiment. It was just part of the nature cure. Later on, when people started asking questions about his physical contact with women—with Manu, with Abha, with me—the idea of brahmacharya experiments was developed. Don't ask me any more about brahmacharya experiments. There's nothing more to say, unless you have a dirty mind, like Bose."

A man comes in. He has a pear-shaped head, heavy jowls, short white hair, and white stubble on his chin, and is wearing a white khadi kurta and dhoti.

"That's Lalaji," Sushila says. "He lives with me, answers my telephone, and helps around the house."

Lalaji cackles in agreement, but he doesn't say anything.

I ask Sushila why she, like many other women who spent their youth around Gandhi, has never married.

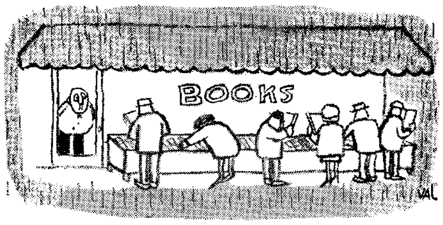
"I don't know about the others, but I was once engaged to Dattatreya Balkrishna Kalelkar's son," Sushila tells me. "He wanted to marry right away, but I wanted to wait, and first serve Bapu and the country. Then he said something very nasty. He said 'All you Gandhiites profess these ideals about service, but you really just can't tear yourselves away from your lord and master. You all bask in his reflected glory. Well, go bask in his reflected hell.' That was the end of our engagement, and I never wanted to marry anyone else."

Lalaji cackles but again doesn't say anything.

"But then, for me Bapu was everything," Sushila goes on, ignoring Lalaji. "He was a god. I have always been drawn to the supernatural." She fingers a gold locket around her neck, and adds, "I recently became a devotee of Satya Sai Baba." Satya Sai Baba, who claims to be God incarnate, is enjoying a great vogue in India these days, especially among the well-to-do. One of his favorite miracles is to produce out of thin air twenty-two-karat-gold lockets with his picture inside, which his devotees wear as talismans.

JUST how Kasturbai felt about being a brahmachari wife is not known. She left no record herself, and there is very little written about her, but Gandhi often speaks of their quarrels and periods of estrangement in the early years of their marriage. Gandhi, who was his own best prosecutor, says that in those years he could be quite brutal to her in pursuit of what he believed was virtue. In the later years of their marriage, he says, she conquered what he considered to be her willful, obstinate nature and adapted herself completely to the demands of his life and work. "What developed the self-abnegation in her to the highest level was our brahmacharya," he wrote after her death. "From 1901, Ba had no other interest in staying with me except to help me in my work. . . . As a woman and wife she considered it her duty to lose herself in me ever after."

GANDHI believed that sexual intercourse was a religious duty purely for the purpose of procreation but that service to society was a higher religious duty than procreation. He therefore advocated that his married disciples take a vow of brahmacharya as soon after they had completed their families as they could—which was what he had done—and that those who had never married and wanted to dedicate themselves totally to service to society eliminate sex and marriage altogether. Some of Gandhi's brahmachari disciples, however, met and fell in love in the course of their service and, without abjuring their vows of brahmacharya, started living together in what they called a "spiritual marriage" or "spiritual family," insisting that they were carrying out, in Gandhi's tradition, further experiments in the practice of brahmacharya—further explorations of the purity of sacrifice. From a Western point of view, such connubial arrangements may seem bizarre, but they are not uncommon among Hindus.



J. B. and Sucheta Kripalani are perhaps the most eminent of Gandhi's disciples who entered into a brahmachari marriage. (Sucheta is also known to have participated in Gandhi's own brahmacharya experiments.) When I meet them, Kripalani is in his late eighties and Sucheta is in her late sixties. They live in a new gray concrete house near Qutab Minar, the old Moghul tower on the outskirts of New Delhi. The house is built in the boxy modern style typical of New Delhi but has cleaner, more elegant lines and is beautifully furnished in the best of Indian contemporary design, accented with carefully selected pieces of folk art—old statues, pottery, wall hangings. It could be the home of a wealthy, sophisticated young couple.

"The house belongs to the missis," Kripalani tells me quickly, as if he were merely a guest. "It was furnished this way against my wishes. I try to keep to as many of my old ashram habits as I can. I don't use a fan, but now I do allow my clothes to be washed and my food to be cooked. In the old days, I did everything myself, but now the missis pampers me." His voice is rather weak, but his manner of speaking is emphatic. Like Gandhi, he wears nothing but a simple white dhoti. His body is withered and emaciated. He has a sunken chest sprinkled with a few white hairs, and elongated breasts. His head is rather delicate, with thin, fine grayish-brown hair worn somewhat long, and he has small eyes with large pouches underneath, and a nice smile. He seems to have all his teeth. He gives an impression of frailty but is actually quite spry.

"I have a brother who is a fairly well-known artist and designer," Sucheta says. She is a plump woman with graying black hair in a short, businesslike cut, and has a round face with large eyes and a small nose. She is wearing glasses with brown frames, and a white khadi sari with a patterned blue border. "He designed all our furniture. We were able to afford good things because Kripalaniji inherited a considerable amount of money from his family and we were able to save quite a lot of the money I earned. I also managed to make some wise investments."

I ask them if they were brahmacharis before their marriage, and, if so, how they came to marry and whether they have continued to be brahmacharis throughout their marriage.

"We've always been brahmacharis," Kripalani says. "When we married, in 1936, I was in my late forties and Sucheta was in her late twenties, so she was not exactly a child bride. In fact, she had already been a professor for six years at the Hindu University at Benares."

"I haven't taught for many years now," Sucheta says. "We were both members of Parliament from 1946 on. We were originally elected on the Congress ticket, but Kripalaniji left the Congress in 1951 to form what became the Praja Socialist Party, which I then joined. But we have both long since retired from politics, and I'm just an administrator. I run a clinic and a school for poor girls."

Kripalani puts on thick glasses and starts reading a book, which he holds close to his face.

"We met through Bapu," Sucheta goes on. "I was one of Bapu's volunteers in Bihar after the earthquake there in 1934. So was Kripalaniji, but he had been working for Bapu for fourteen years before that. For me, it was love at first sight. I felt that Kripalaniji's gentle personality and my forceful, idealistic nature would make a good combination. When Bapu heard of it, he said, 'If you marry him, Sucheta, you will break my right arm. You must give him up. His life is dedicated to our struggle, and you wouldn't want him to be diverted from it, would you?' I said, 'Why do you think our marriage would take him away from your work? Our marriage will simply enrich your work. You will have two dedicated workers instead of one.' We had this argument again and again over several months. I was a very stubborn woman, but Bapu was a very persuasive man, and I finally gave up any idea of marrying Kripalaniji. But then Bapu insisted not only that I renounce Kripalaniji but that I marry someone else. That was too much, so Kripalaniji and I got married after all. Bapu gave his consent grudgingly but withheld his blessing."

"I get the impression from what you say that Gandhi mostly pressured you, rather than Kripalani, against the marriage," I say.

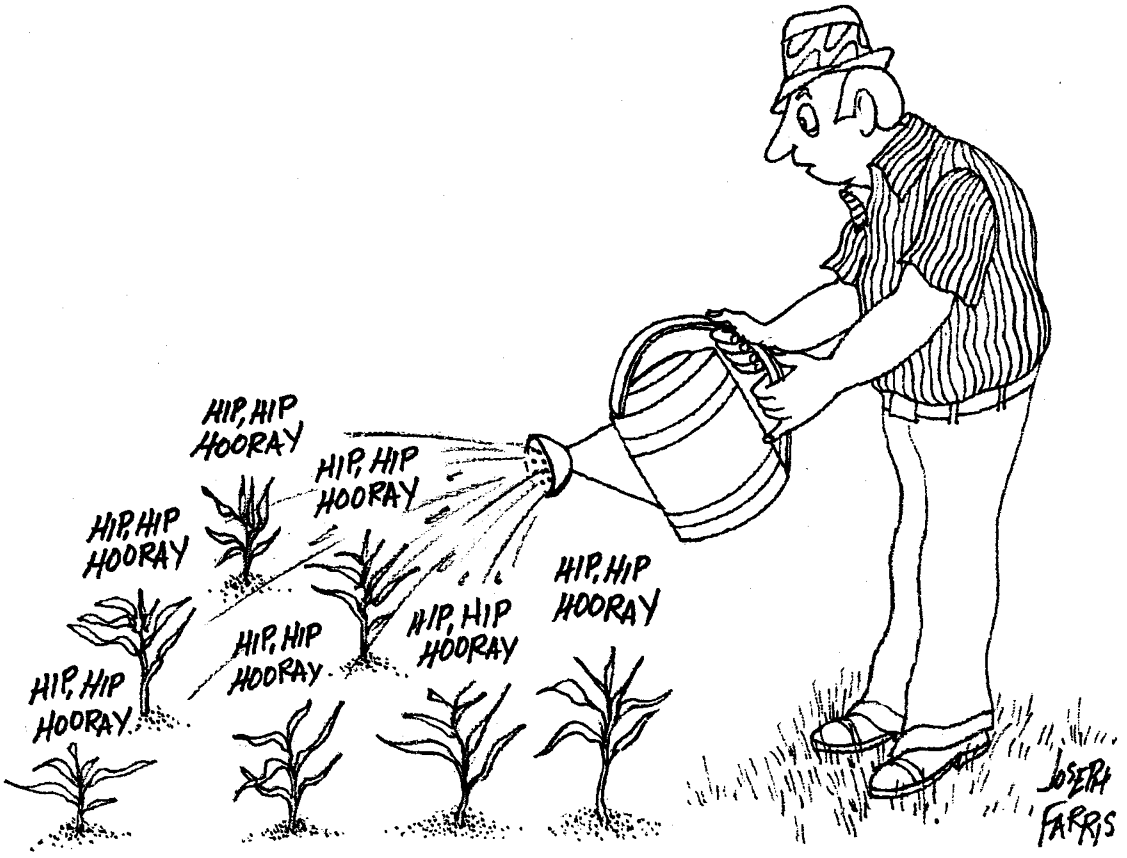
"Bapu thought that Kripalaniji was a confirmed bachelor and that I was the one goading him into marriage," she says. "He wanted all his close associates and workers to be brahmacharis, because he felt that married people could not be intensely single-minded about the Constructive Programme and the freedom struggle, about our service to society. We agreed. So even though we got married, from the very beginning we continued to be brahmacharis, as Bapu wanted us to, and lived like companions—like brother and sister."

"If you were both going to be brahmacharis, why did you want to get married at all?" I ask.

"We wanted to live together, and we knew that if we weren't married, this would cause a great scandal," she replies. "We've been relatively happy, but in some brahmachari marriages I know, the wives have really suffered. Some went half mad with frustration. But I kept busy in the freedom struggle."

Suddenly, Kripalani puts aside his book and launches into a tirade against the present-day rulers. "There's no difference between the British and their Indian successors. More than twenty-five years after independence, the poor are worse off than they were before. When Bapu talked about service to the country, better conditions for the poor, he didn't mean TVs, radios, and cars for the middle classes. He was talking about the basic requirements for physical life—two square meals a day, clean clothes, and shelter. What was the use of brahmacharya and the freedom struggle and all our going to jail?"

RAIHANA TYABJI, a disciple of Gandhi who is herself a famous brahmachari, has also become famous in India as a self-styled psychological consultant and spiritual healer for brahmacharis, among others. On occasion, because she had a haunting, soothing voice, she was the solo hymn singer at Gandhi's prayer meetings. By birth and upbringing she is a Sufi Muslim, and by inclination and choice a Vishnuite Hindu. In the foreword to a small book she wrote called "The Heart of a Gopi," published in 1936, she says that for three feverish days she became a *gopi*, "possessed" by the spirit of Krishna, who is the voluptuary incarnation of the Hindu deity Vishnu, and who often appears in the guise of a cowherd playing a flute and dallying with milkmaids. She claims that during those three days she wrote the entire book, in English, in a fit of automatic writing. As the story opens, it appears that the world is at war and that the narrator, one Princess Sharmila, is Raihana herself. For her safety, she has been



Soap and water:

Should you use it after 25?

When you were little, you washed your face with soap and water, and that was that. Except for the times you got a little unwanted help from your overly enthusiastic mother, your face felt pretty good afterwards. Clean. Fresh. Remember?

But once those first dry patches and little wrinkles appear after 25, it's natural to start wondering whether soap isn't a little too drying. Well, is it?

It is true that your skin's own oil production processes diminish as you get older. The important thing is not to deplete them even further.

Yet, even when you're grown up, many dermatologists believe there is no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. Certainly no combination of creams and fresheners ever leaves your skin *feeling* as clean and fresh.

However, certain soaps can be villainous robbers of your skin's own natural resources.

What soap do doctors recommend? Many dermatologists, allergists and even plastic surgeons recommend Neutrogena® Soap, because it is uniquely suited to the care of sensitive skin.

Why? Because clear, amber Neutrogena never will do anything to your skin but *clean* it. It is not a so-called "deep-pore cleanser." So it won't de-fat, deterge, or denature the skin. Its mild "heavy-molecular" triethanolamine-base formulation is chemically balanced to remove surface dirt and makeup without penetrating and robbing the sub-layers of the skin.

Neutrogena dissolves easily — on purpose — so that there's never a soap "film" residue left on your skin after rinsing to alter your skin's pH balance and keep it from returning to normal. This solubility is your guarantee that your face won't have that tight, dry feeling you sometimes get from some other soaps, which leave potentially irritating soap film.

Tested as carefully as a prescription drug, Neutrogena Soap meets standards of quality and purity far beyond the usual cosmetic. Its quality ingredients meet USDA Food Grade requirements, which means they're safe enough to eat. NASA used Neutrogena Soap for Skylab experiments because of its mild, non-irritating qualities. (Imagine an astronaut in outer space with a skin rash and you'll see how important a soap can be.)

And in numbers of medical tests, Neutrogena Soap has been used for cleansing where other soaps could not be tolerated.

You can safely enjoy true soap-and-water skin care again. That wonderful clean feeling you remember can still be yours, even if you have very sensitive skin. Just choose the right soap. Neutrogena Soap. Scented or unscented. Made by the people who've specialized in sensitive skin care since you were a child. At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. **Neutrogena® Soap**

given in marriage to an actual cowherd, who takes her to his home in Krishna's mythical dominion, on the banks of the sacred River Jumna. There she is swept up into the romantic world of Krishna and his milkmaids. She becomes alienated from her husband as her senses are gradually awakened and excited by visions of Krishna. Krishna plays with her. He lurks behind every bush. He steals her clothes and her milk vessels. He is the air she breathes, the ground she walks on, the river she bathes in, the sari she wears. She writes:

> Near that great tree with flame-colored blossoms I stopped, my feet weighted down so that I could not lift them, my senses swimming. Then said a deep, golden voice, "Sharmila!"... It seemed a blue sun arose in the heavens.... And before my eager eyes stood a form celestial—so beautiful, so unutterably beautiful.... And then, before my eyes that incarnation of divine beauty began to shine with greater and with greater brilliance, until there stood before me a Form made, from head to foot, purely of dazzling blue light, like blue lightning chiselled and molded to the semblance of the human body. Whereat mine eyes closed, and my breath left me, and I sank quivering to my knees, my arms upflung before my aching eyes. "Enough, enough. Oh thou Marvellous One, Oh Thou Uttermost of beauty and of light!" I cried. "Mine eyes are dazzled, my heart broken with Thy blinding, blinding loveliness! Have pity, Lord, or I shall die, here, at Thy Feet, slain by unendurable ecstasy!"

In the end, Sharmila persuades herself—and her alarmed husband and in-laws—that love for a god need not interfere with love for a man. It is not so easy for her to persuade the reader, because she describes her mystical passion mostly in the language of earthly passion, even though she does attempt to make her outpourings seem innocent by portraying her Krishna as a ten-year-old boy.

It is hard to know what Gandhi thought of the book. He makes only one tantalizing reference to it, in a letter to Raihana's father, saying, "Please tell Raihana I began Gopi's diary." He did, however, have a special fondness for Raihana and for her singing. He once wrote, in reply to a letter in which she asked if she could stay with him at Sabarmati Ashram, "I should prize your presence even if you had not that rich melodious voice. What I prize is your goodness, which can act without speaking. It is like the fragrance of a sweet flower. It does not need any movement and yet the fragrance is all pervading and unmistakable, and it survives for a while even after the flower is withdrawn. How much longer must the fragrance of goodness last even after the body is withdrawn?"

Although Raihana has been in seclusion for many months, she has agreed to see me. She is in her seventies when I visit her, and lives in a gray concrete house near Gandhi's Cremation Ground, in New Delhi. The front yard is a tangle of weeds and bushes. On the front door is this sign:

Ma in retirement
No Entry
No Appointment

(Holy women are often known as Ma.) I walk around to the back of the house and come upon a youngish man and an old woman, both bent over inspecting a cornstalk. As soon as the old woman sees me, she makes off for the house.

I introduce myself to the man, who says, "I'm Shamsi. I came to Ma with neurotic complaints. She cured me and adopted me as her spiritual son." He has a shock of dark-brown hair, cut short and standing straight up from his head, and large eyes in a round, boyish face, and he is wearing a tan cotton kurta and white pajamas. He takes me into a stiflingly hot room, filled with Muslim and Hindu artifacts and smelling of burning incense and rotting guavas, where the old woman now reclines on a wooden bed. She gives a high, cracked laugh, jumps up, and embraces me. "I am Raihana," she says, and adds, to my surprise, "In my last incarnation, we were lovers—I danced to your violin throughout Europe. But now we meet as mother and son. Come and tell me about your researches on Bapu."

She lies back on the bed and takes snuff. She is small, potbellied, and rather forbidding. Her mouth is sunken and toothless, her nose large, and her chin pointed. Her eyes are dark and bulging, seemingly all pupil, her hair is gray and unkempt, and her skin is startlingly white—the result of the pigment deficiency known as leucoderma, which has ravaged her whole body. She wears a short blue sari knotted at the shoulder over a shapeless gray khadi dress.

"I could tell you things about my various incarnations that would make your flesh crawl," she says. "My leucoderma was the result of my recklessly indulging my sexual appetite in previous incarnations."

"*La ilaha illal 'lah, Muhammad Rasul Allah* ["Allah is one God, and Muhammad his greatest prophet"]," Shamsi murmurs as he kneels down, stands up, bows, squats, and prostrates himself, striking his forehead on the floor. "*La ilaha illal 'lah, Muhammad Rasul Allah.*"

"My devotional calling in this life is to treat neurotic patients of all kinds—brahmacharis who have neurotic problems and non-brahmacharis who have neurotic problems," Raihana continues. "But too many patients were coming. Their consciousnesses were assaulting my consciousness, and retarding the beating of my heart, and disturbing my stomach. Two years ago, I developed a most ferocious pain in my left leg. It was then that Lord Krishna appeared to me and said, 'Raihana, the pain in your leg is the result of your sitting cross-legged all these years late into the night listening to neurotic patients. The wind in your stomach has been denied its natural channel and has got trapped in your leg. But this is your final pain, the last payment for the sins of your past lives. You can now enter death consciousness.' I immediately went into seclusion, and I've been lying in this room ever since. All I know about life consciousness is that I eat and I sleep. I'm told, my son, that I eat chapattis and mushrooms and lentils and rice and toast and butter and cheese and porridge and sweet halvah and savory patties. But I taste nothing. I'm told, my son, that I sleep by day and am awake by night. That must be so, but I cannot tell."

At the first opportunity, I ask her about her relationship to Gandhi.

"I met Bapu at a grand dinner given by a cousin of mine, in Bombay, just after he arrived from South Africa. I was in my teens. I caught a glimpse of him in the midst of silks and brocades, frills and sparkling jewels. He was dressed in a coarse khadi dhoti and looked like a small-time tailor who'd wandered in by mistake. I lost my heart to him. He became my father, my mother, my girlfriend, my boyfriend, my daughter, my son, my teacher, my guru."

"*La ilaha illal* . . ." Shamsi intones.

"When I was getting ready to go to his ashram, he sent word that he could imagine that I was not used to squatting over a trench latrine without a proper seat, so I should be sure to bring my own pot and commode. When I got off the train at the railway station, the biggest thing I had with me was this commode, and I arrived at the ashram in a tonga with the commode prominently—I might say royally—perched on top of my luggage. It ex-

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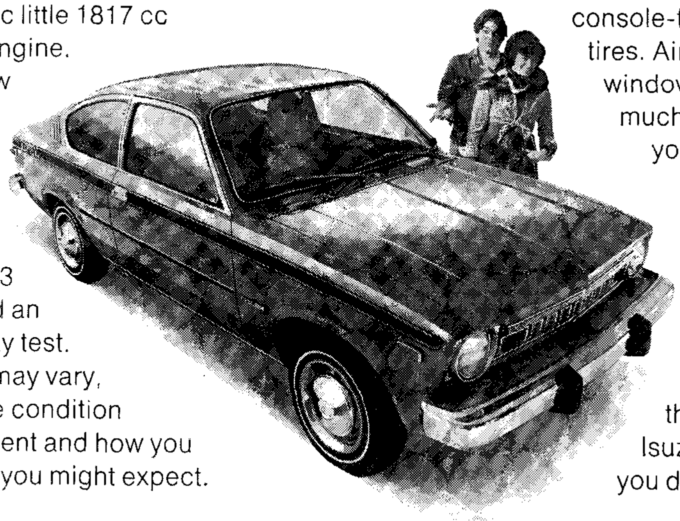

With that uncanny combination, according to EPA tests, an Opel Isuzu delivered an estimated 23 mpg in the city test. And an estimated 36 in the highway test.

Of course, your mileage may vary, depending on the road, the condition of the car, the equipment and how you drive. Which is as you might expect.

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Opel Isuzu.

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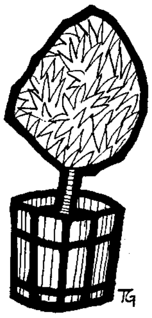
GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

hibited my latrine problem for everyone to see, and I became known as the lady with the commode. You can imagine how silly I felt—how chastened. Bapu had assigned Bibi Amtus Salaam to clean my pot. One morning, she didn't turn up. I waited and waited, and finally decided to do it myself. For a Tyabji to carry a pot of filth—my son, my son! Bibi Amtus Salaam saw me and came running after me. 'What are you doing? What do you think you're doing? You are a Tyabji.' She grabbed hold of the pot, and we struggled over it for a while. 'Bapu will be very angry,' she said. 'He's told us that we must do it until you become spiritually attuned to the holy task.' I let go. I really didn't like ashram living, but because of Bapu I learned to go anywhere, sleep anyplace, eat anything. Sex was another matter. Bapu wanted a standing army of brahmachari volunteers pledged to ahimsa and satyagraha. He insisted that if a brahmachari developed his consciousness far enough, sexual desire would disappear. Yet Bapu's brahmachari soldiers were mostly virgins or newlyweds, and the more they tried to restrain themselves and repress their sexual impulses and fill their consciousness with the satyagraha movement, the more oversexed and sex-conscious they became. I often told Bapu that there was a great difference between repressing libido and outgrowing it, and that the only way to outgrow it was to give free rein to it—to indulge it and satiate it. But he wouldn't listen. Because of my sexual indulgences in previous incarnations, I was, of course, as sexless as a stone. Bapu knew that, but he still worried about the extent of my brahmacharya experiments with men, even though they are in the ancient yogic tradition. He scolded me once for sleeping naked with one of my patients. The patient had lost his wife, and his sexual desire had reached such a feverish pitch that he lusted after his own daughters. I slept with him naked continually for a week, with wonderful results—he was completely cured. Later on, Bapu himself tried brahmacharya experiments with women, and he, too, had wonderful results."



"*La ilaha illal 'lah, Muhammad Rasul Allah.*"

She closes her eyes and murmurs, "Lord Krishna is speaking to me. What a dashing figure you were in your previous incarnation! Your violin virtuosity would have inspired Paganini. But because you recklessly broke the hearts of us passionate, romantic girls, you are now saddled with your present tawdry incarnation."

LIVING in the same house as Raihana are two other Gandhians—Raihana's brahmachari "spiritual sister" Saroj Nanavati, and their well-known brahmachari "spiritual father," Dattatreya Balkrishna Kalelkar. Like many of Gandhi's disciples and brahmachari converts, Kalelkar had had a violent past. As a student at Fergusson College, in Poona, from 1904 to 1907, he had belonged to several clandestine revolutionary organizations working to overthrow British rule, and he had eventually been forced to take refuge from the British police in the nearby princely state of Baroda, where he became headmaster of a secondary school. The Maharaja of Baroda closed the school down in 1911 for "seditious activities." The Maharaja was eager to get back into the good graces of the British authorities, who had viewed him with suspicion since the Delhi Durbar earlier that year, when he refused to walk backward, in the manner of other Indian princes, in obeisance to George V. From Baroda, Kalelkar went to the Himalayas. He abandoned his revolutionary career and began a search for moksha, or salvation from the bondage of finite existence. When he returned to the plains, after reportedly walking for three years, he was taken for a holy man. He proceeded to Santiniketan, the school founded in Bengal by Rabindranath Tagore, in order to further his studies in Hinduism. It was there that Kalelkar met Gandhi. In 1917, he became a brahmachari and went to live for a time with Gandhi in his ashram, becoming one of his chief disciples. He has been engaged in the Constructive Programme for more than fifty years.

I find Kalelkar, who is now in his late eighties, lying on a cot in a musty closed room adjacent to Raihana's, his head propped up by two pillows. He has silvery hair hanging almost to his shoulders and forming a prominent widow's peak on a wide, furrowed forehead. He also has a long beard, reaching the middle of his exposed chest—for, except for spectacles, he is wearing just a dhoti. His face is bright, and there is a rakish air about him. Saroj, a maternal-looking woman with a beatific smile, is slowly massaging his feet.

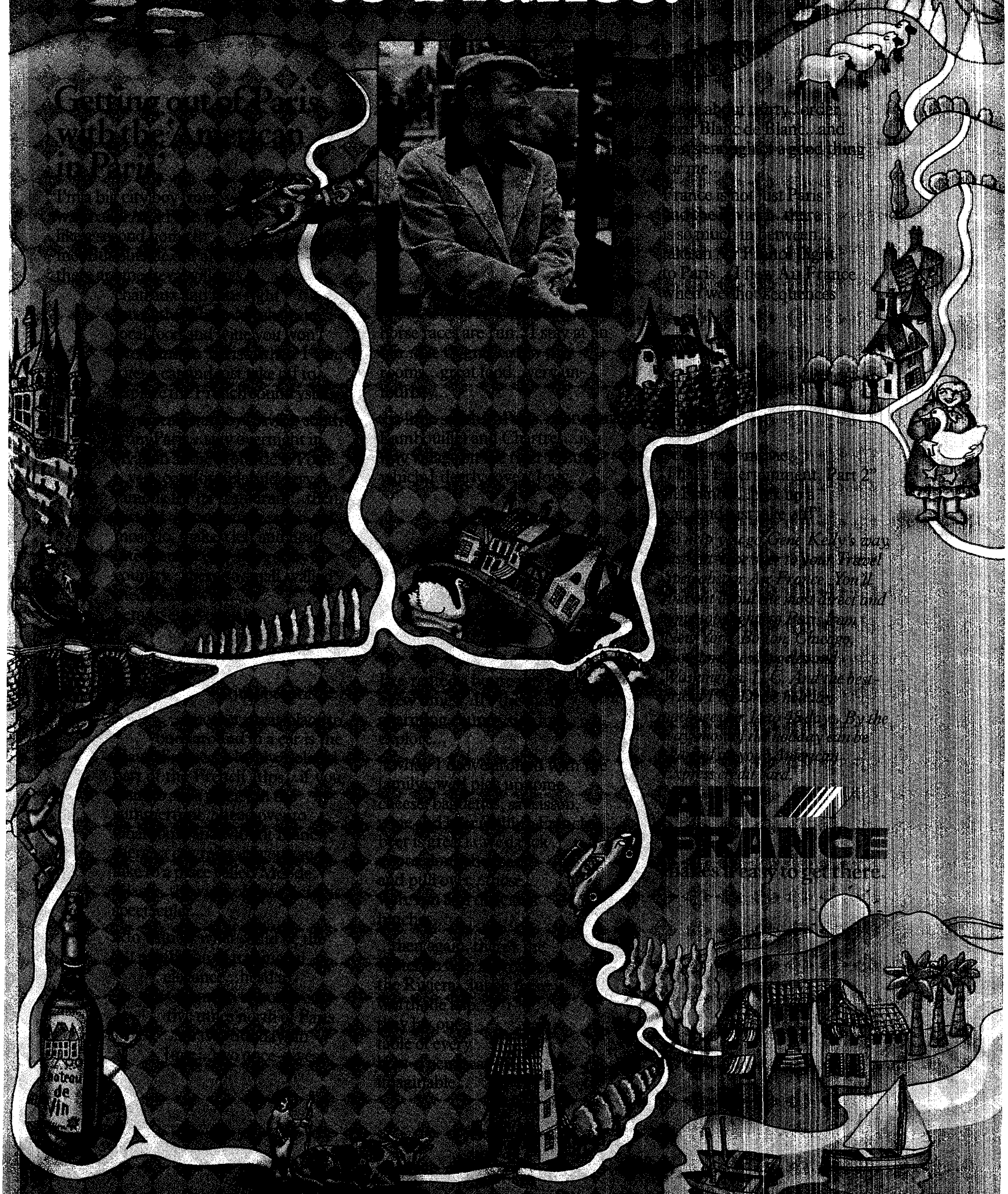
"I met Kaka-Saheb through Sister Raihana," Saroj tells me, referring to Kalelkar. Kaka-Saheb means "honored uncle." "Kaka-Saheb used to travel to Baroda on Bapu's work and always visited Sister Raihana's father. Sister Raihana and I both came from very good families and we were very close. Sister Raihana's father was a judge, and my father was in the Indian Civil Service. After Kaka-Saheb had finished talking business, Sister Raihana would catch hold of his hand, take him to her room, and sing *bhajans* [hymns] to him. The *bhajans* were about Krishna making merry with his milkmaids, and came to her spontaneously. I sometimes joined them. My father died in 1922, and I began having a recurring dream in which Kaka-Saheb came to me and said, 'Saroj, I am your father. Be with me always.' I told Sister Raihana about the dream, and she said, 'He is our father. Let us both accept him as our guru and go with him.' Sister Raihana had just lost her father, too. That's how the two of us came to live with Kaka-Saheb in his spiritual family."

Kalelkar has been listening good-humoredly, and now he says, "There's nothing unusual about such arrangements among Bapu's brahmacharis. They're quite common, in fact, though many brahmacharis also go on living with their wives. I was married and had children before I became a brahmachari. One of my sons was once engaged to Sushila Nayar. I continued to sleep with my wife until she died, some years ago. I embraced her, I kissed her, I fondled her, but I had to deny her the ultimate satisfaction of sexual intercourse. 'The greater the temptation, the greater the renunciation,' Bapu always said. I have to admit that I myself often felt torn between my duty to my wife and my duty to my vow of brahmacharya, because part of me believes that sex is an appetite, like eating, that should not be denied."

"It seems that the more a Gandhian tried to get away from sex, the more he was trapped by it," I say.

"I don't agree," he says. "Bapu used to tell a story about a European girl in South Africa—I forget her name. She was young and was living with Bapu as a member of his family. She suffered from headaches, and no medicine seemed to help. When she told this to Bapu, he said to her, 'You must be constipated. I'll give you an enema.' As he was preparing the syringe, she undressed and came up to him and embraced him. Bapu asked her, 'Do you take me to be your father or your paramour?' She blushed with shame and backed away. Bapu was not the slightest bit disturbed in body or mind,

Gene Kelly's Guide to France.



Getting out of Paris with the 'American in Paris.'

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France is not just Paris [illegible]

[illegible] Gene Kelly's way [illegible]

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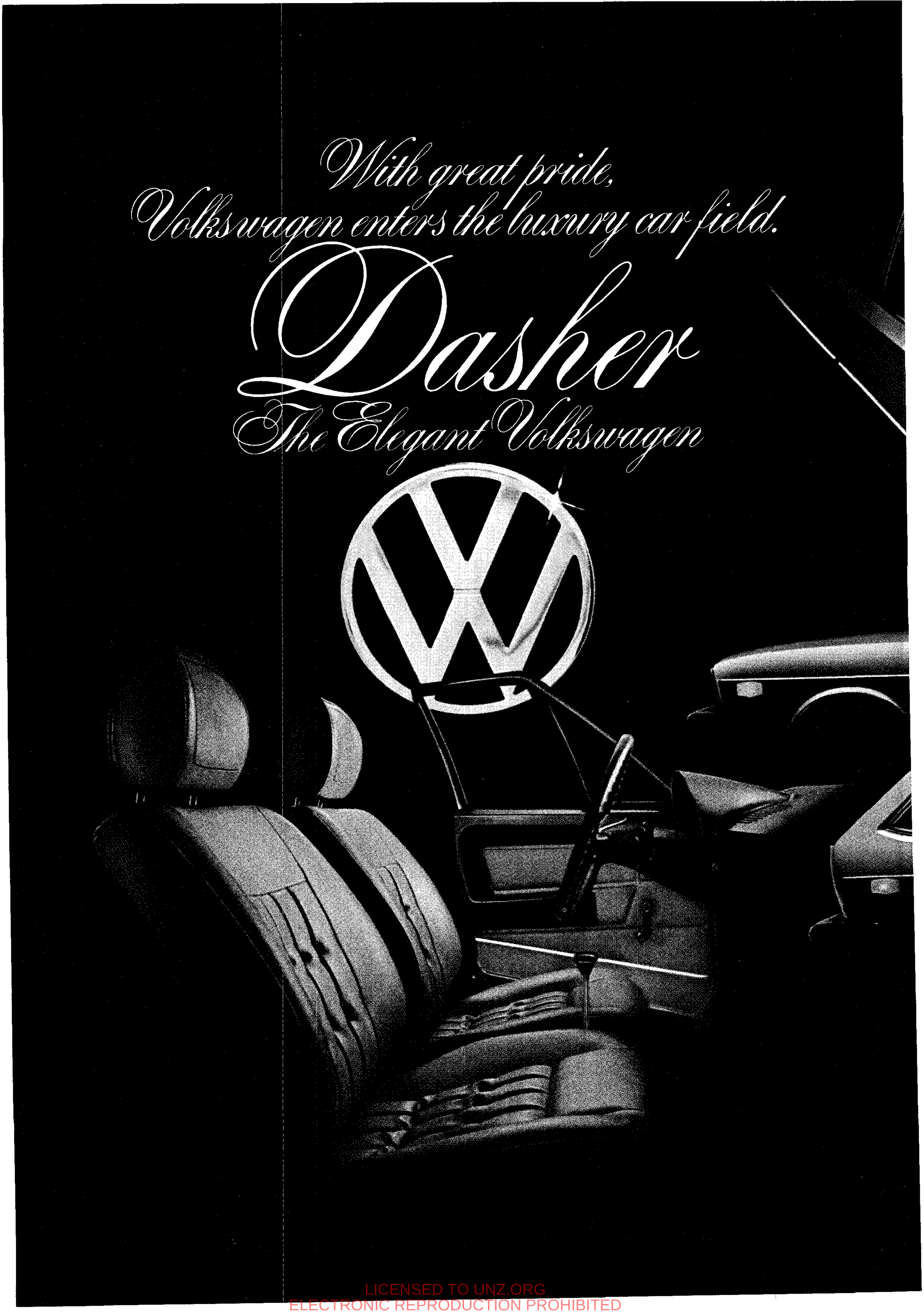
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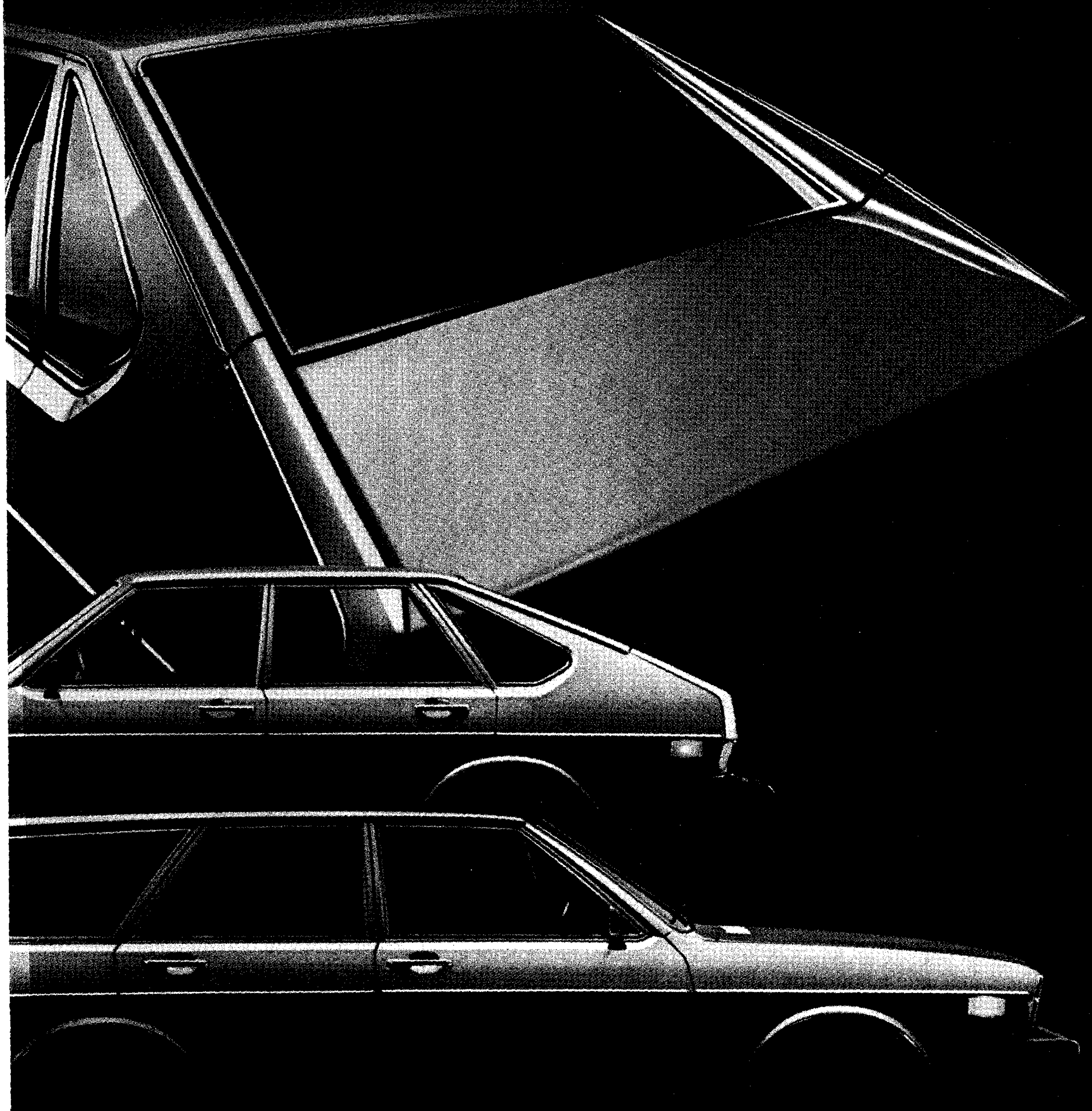

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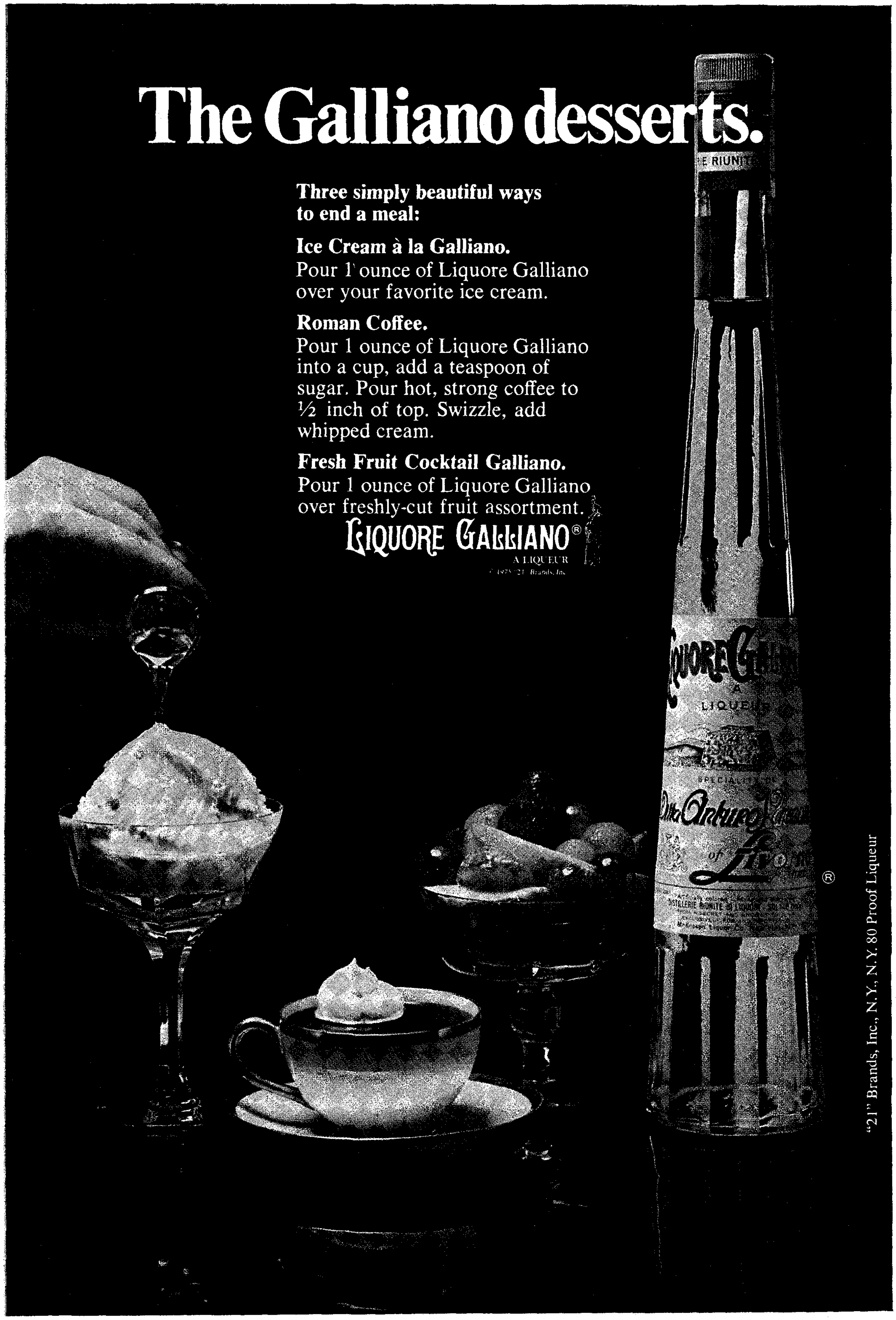

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"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof Liqueur and proceeded to give her the enema. Then he made her confess her transgression to friends and family, and saw to it that they respected her for her truthfulness. The few times in his brahmachari life when he did feel sexual excitement, he felt that public confession was the only way to expiate his sense of sin. I myself completely approved of his brahmacharya experiments, although I never agreed with him that sleeping with Manu in Noakhali was the ultimate test of his purity, because Manu was like a granddaughter to him. But then he didn't really need to experiment, to test himself, because his relationships with women were, beginning to end, as pure as mother's milk.”

REVOLUTION: THE CONSTRUCTIVE PROGRAMME AND ITS MAHATMAS

THE editor of “The Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi,” K. Swaminathan, recently told a visitor that Gandhi had no use for government as it is conventionally defined. “If Gandhi had wanted to run the government, he could have done so for the asking at independence,” Swaminathan said. “But he handed over the country to Nehru, who was an aristocrat, who had never lived in a village, who knew nothing about farming, so that today Gandhian ideas are completely forgotten by our government and society at large. Gandhi felt that ninety per cent of our people didn't need to be governed. The only people who needed to be governed were the top five per cent, made up of the avaricious, the hoarders, and the black marketeers, and the bottom five per cent, made up of the common thieves, the murderers, and the gangsters. The rest were fit to manage their own affairs in the villages, because they were godly men and women, the custodians of ancient Indian wisdom, of India's morality and religion.”

Gandhi put all his emphasis on agrarian rather than industrial development, to achieve social and economic regeneration at the grass-roots level through such simple self-help measures as growing cotton and spinning yarn. This was his Constructive Programme—his revolution. Thousands of Constructive Workers, in all parts of the country, dedicated themselves to it, each in his or her own fashion. Many of them are still alive. What kinds of people are they? How do they reflect Gandhi's work and spirit? What kind of lives do they lead now? Seeking answers to questions such as these brings me to the last leg of a journey that has turned out to be somewhat reminiscent of Captain Marlow's in Joseph Conrad's story “Heart of Darkness”: “To him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.”

G. RAMACHANDRAN was recently made the chairman of the Khadi and Village Industries Commission, which had been established by the central government in 1956 to foster the production of khadi, and which is the most important part of Gandhi's Constructive Programme being carried on in India today. Ramachandran is in Delhi, staying in one of the guest rooms of the Gandhi Peace Foundation.

When I go up to his room, a dishevelled man with a striped towel thrown around his neck peeks out through a crack in the door. He is Ramachandran.

“As they say in French, you catch me deshabilly,” he says. He lets me in and quickly retreats to the bathroom. His room, which has gray walls, a bed covered with a paisley spread, a built-in desk with bookshelves, assorted chairs, and a Formica-topped card table with a copy of Speer's “Inside the Third Reich” on it, could be straight out of a college dormitory. Ramachandran reappears wearing a freshly laundered khadi dhoti and a long white khadi kurta with close-fitting sleeves. He is a rather short and heavy man in his late sixties, with a fringe of white curls above large ears. He has a high, rounded forehead, small eyes with heavy lids, a long, pointed, bumpy nose, a tiny, bristly mustache, and a small, somewhat prim mouth.

“Except for khadi work, our government has rejected Gandhi's Constructive Programme as unsuited for modern, industrial India, but my wife and I are trying to keep it alive in all its multifarious aspects in South India, in Madurai,” he says. “How I wish you and I could have met there. We set up a model Gandhian village, Gandhigram, in 1953, and now we have our own schools, a university, medical services, a coöperative farm, and a bank—all based on Bapu's principles.”

I ask him how he became one of Gandhi's Constructive Workers.

“I was a young fellow of seventeen,” he says. “The princely state of Travancore, where I was living, was convulsed by revolutionary activity. It was the early twenties, when Bapu

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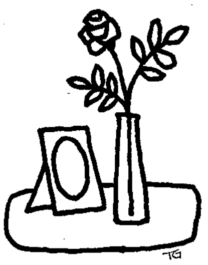
and his Constructive Workers were lighting fires everywhere, and in Travancore the lowly, downtrodden untouchables suddenly started walking on roads that for centuries had been reserved for high-caste Hindus. The Maharaja arrested hundreds of them. Bapu arrived, and the untouchables organized a rally to hear him speak. My parents wouldn't give me permission to attend it, but I slipped out of the house without their knowledge and got my first look at Bapu from a distance through a tremendous crowd. That was enough."

"What impressed you so much?"

"The crowd was chanting '*Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!*' but as soon as Bapu raised one finger they fell silent. He could control vast crowds, sometimes numbering millions, just by raising his finger. The magic of the man's finger was what affected me."

Ramachandran, who has small, nervous hands with thin fingers, raises his right hand and holds up his forefinger. "The crowd expected Bapu to attack the Maharaja, but practically the first thing he said was 'I've come here on a pilgrimage to help the Harijans [untouchables] gain their self-respect, but I've also come here to pay my respects to your great Maharaja.' You could see that the people were stunned and were beginning to turn hostile. They would have stoned him, but Bapu was able to control them with his magic finger. Within a few days of the rally, Bapu had persuaded the Maharaja to allow the untouchables to walk on the roads. That's my favorite fable for our times. But no one listens to me."

It's hard to know just what he has in mind as the moral of his story, but as he talks on, it becomes clear that, at a time when most people see more virtue and value in the soft, mill-made cloth now sold throughout the country, he, as chairman of the Khadi Commission, devotes his energy to travelling from city to city lecturing on the virtues and values of making and wearing homespun.



Maurice Frydman is a Polish-born engineer who lived and worked with Gandhi off and on in the Constructive Programme and became known for his research on Gandhian, or village-centered, economics—for working on such inventions as the perfect spinning wheel and the most enduring mud hut, and for writing such pamphlets and articles as "Micro-Technology and Micro-Energetics," "Sound Money: Wheat Money," and "Right Eating." He now lives in an old building in a pleasant residential area of Bombay. Wooden stairs leading to his flat, on the second floor, smell of disinfectant. From a sign on the door it appears that Frydman is not the principal occupant but shares his quarters with a variety of people and organizations, in his own version of an ashram. It reads:

Hiralai B. Pitit
Maurice Frydman
Bharatananda
Magdalene A. Pinto
Indo-Polish Library
Kh. and Village Industries
Tibetan Refugees
Pascual Fernandez
Martha Gois
Rita Pinto
Lawrence Pinto

When I knock on the door, I think I hear a voice bid me enter, and I walk into a large, stuffy, noisy, cluttered room. There is no one to be seen, but from behind a wooden partition come the sounds of people laughing, singing, and whistling, along with the strains of Bach's Double Concerto, the clatter of a sewing machine, and a boyish voice with a strong English accent saying, "I l-l-l-love you. I l-l-l-love you." The room contains two large Indian-Victorian settees with khadi cushions, an ornate dining table with seven chairs around it and a crystal chandelier hanging over it, some intricately carved wooden screens, and two marble statues of little girls—one demurely reading a book and the other coyly holding up her skirt.

"Hello!" I call out. And a small, thin old man with a slight hunch, a large head, thick white hair, and eyeglasses with clear frames shuffles into the room from behind the partition, followed by a short, heavy old woman with close-cropped white hair, thick glasses with black frames, and a big cane. He is dressed in a white khadi kurta and matching trousers with black shoes and white socks, and she in a waist-length white choli and a yellow sari worn Gujarati-peasant style—coming over the right shoulder from the back and tucked in at the waist. The man walks toward me and says, over the din, "I'm Maurice Frydman. Bharatananda is my Hindu name. And this is my lady companion, philosopher, friend, guide, and benefactress, Miss Pitit. You must have heard of the Bombay Pitits—the Pitit Library, the Pitit Institute, the Pitit Hospital, the Pitit Parsi Girls' Orphanage, the Pitit this,

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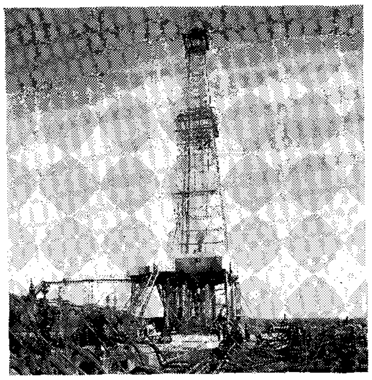

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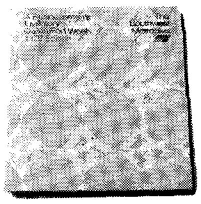

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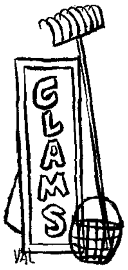
the Pitit that. She's that family. It all started with a little Parsi ship chandler and a French sea captain who called him 'Petit.' The name stuck, but with a little change in the spelling."

I ask Frydman about the other names on the door.

"It tells the world who we are, what we're interested in, and who stays with us," he says, with a mysterious air.

Miss Pitit, who has not been paying much attention, rouses herself to say, "Mr. Frydman talks too much."

"We're perfect complements," Frydman goes on. "I'm a talker. She's a doer of good deeds. She also happens to be a marvellous medium, you know. If you like, she can make contact with Gandhi for you, and you can talk to him directly. But I should warn you she always thought I wasted my time with Gandhiji. He wasn't spiritual enough for her"—a crescendo from Bach almost drowns him out—"but she's a very obstinate miss. I've been trying to marry her for years, but she's not much interested in that."



Miss Pitit abruptly leaves the room. The din beyond the partition continues unabated.

I ask him how a Polish engineer became an Indian Constructive Worker.

"That's a long story," he tells me. "I was born in Poland in 1901, into a poor family. I never knew my father—he died before I was born—but my mother managed somehow to put me through a university, where I studied electrical and mechanical engineering. During the Depression, I went to Paris in search of work. One day, I happened to be at the Gare de Lyon. A crowd had gathered, and I joined it to see what was happening. A train pulled in, and a little half-naked man, all luminous and shiny like burnished gold, got off. The police tried to hold people back, but this remarkable, godlike man stepped right into the thick of things, greeting and blessing everyone. It was my first glimpse of Gandhiji—Gandhiji in action. It was a rapturous experience. I might say a mystical experience. I subsequently learned that he was on his way home from the Second Round Table Conference in London. My sweetheart and I came to India a couple of years later in search of mystical experiences. She contracted typhoid and died within three months. I stayed on, and studied philosophy with the Yogi Ramana Maharishi, in South India. Miss Pitit and I were fellow-disciples—that's how we met—and she's been my benefactress ever since. I went to Gandhiji's ashram in search of more spiritual enlightenment, and he asked me if I could build him a light, portable spinning wheel. I made a simple eight-spindle spinning wheel. He said that it looked too complicated—that he needed something much simpler for Indian villagers. 'But a simpler spinning wheel wouldn't give you the output,' I said. 'I don't care about the output. I want everyone to be employed,' he said. He believed that the work available in any society was limited and static, and that if one person produced more than his share, it would cut into the work of another person. I, as an engineer, had a dynamic view of work and society. We didn't see eye to eye on practical matters, although I embraced him as my guru."

"But you go on working on Gandhian projects?"

"Yes, when I'm not busy with spiritual matters. Just now, I'm trying to convert the mountains of cornhusks that Indians throw away into food for children. I've already published a paper on food from watermelon waste." He falls silent and seems to listen for the finale of the Bach.

After the record has finished, I ask him if he misses Europe.

"Not at all. When I see European faces now, they seem bleached and full of anxiety. They don't have the Indian spiritual heritage."

As I'm leaving, he calls after me, "Do come back if you want Miss Pitit to arrange an interview for you with Gandhiji!"

GANDHI had a long succession of foreign disciples, the best-known being Albert West, Henry Polak, Hermann Kallenbach, C. F. Andrews, Verrier Elwin, and Madeleine Slade. Madeleine Slade, the daughter of an English admiral, is about eighty when I visit her. She says in her autobiography, "The Spirit's Pilgrimage," which was published in 1960, that she was a solitary child, whose chief companions were animals, trees, and plants. When she was about fifteen, her father brought home an Angelus pianola and some rolls of music. None of the music made any impression on her until she happened to listen to a Beethoven sonata (Opus 31, No. 2), after which Beethoven became her chief companion: she spent her time listening to every Beethoven sonata she could get hold of. She writes:

> Though I have never had any musical training whatever, yet I *heard.* I was finding something far beyond the music

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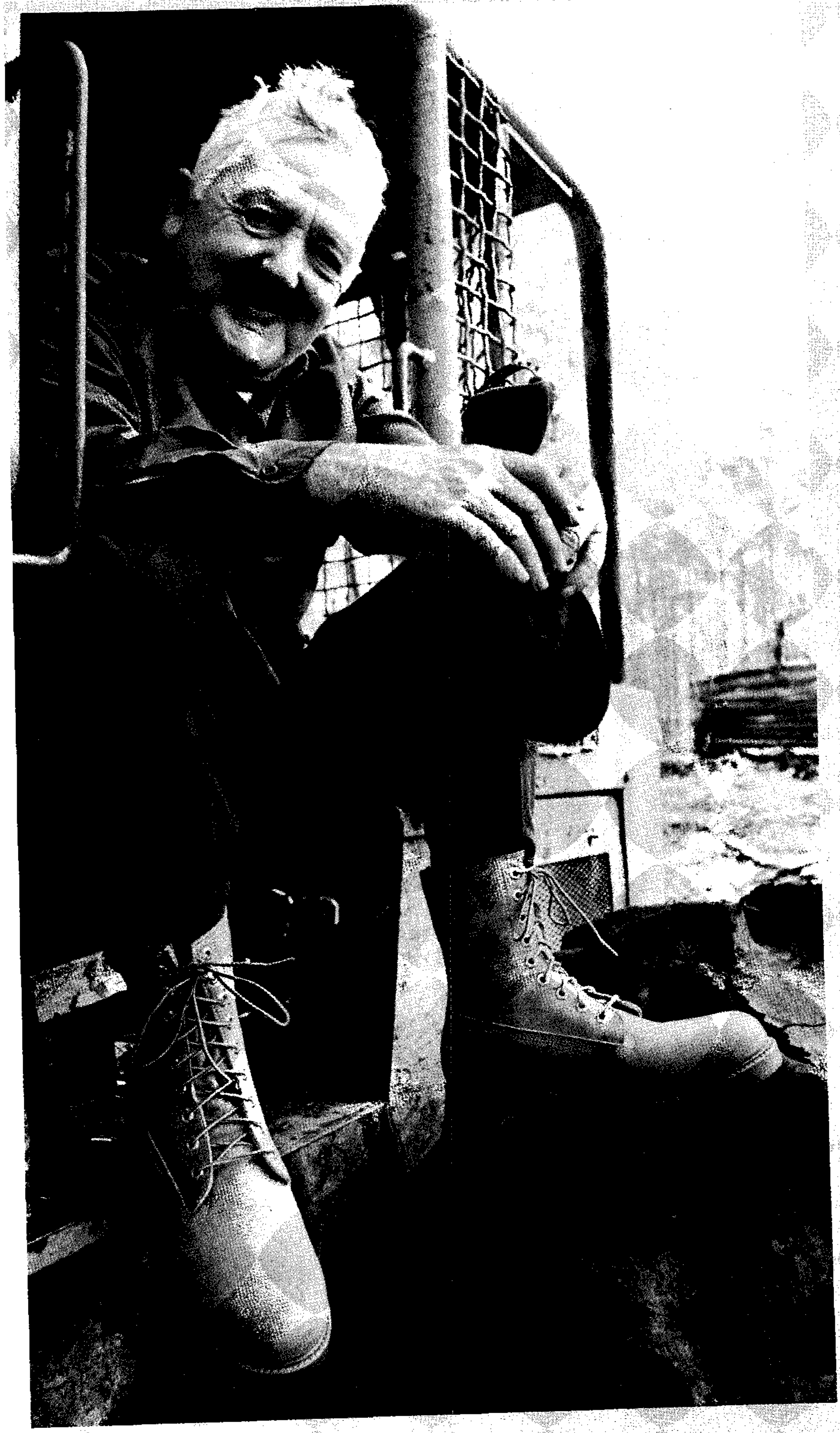

It was two of those fellers from the city come up the road in a big green car, asked me if I wanted some new boots. I didn't. Already had boots, had 'em for seven years. But they talked and we drank some, and then we looked at the boots some, and I tried 'em on. Now, I have to say, they did seem to have my size. So I walked 'em about for maybe a week, and once I went over and stood in Orville Wade's creek, just to see if they were waterproof, which they were. When those boys came back from the city, this is what I said. One, I said thank you for the fine boots, which are warm and dry as a hen's bottom. Two, I'd like a pair of 13-wides for Cousin Luther, double-wide on the left foot where the tractor run it over."

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as such; I was contacting the spirit speaking through sound, the spirit of Beethoven. . . . I threw myself down on my knees in the seclusion of my room and prayed, *really* prayed to God for the first time in my life: "Why have I been born over a century too late? Why hast Thou given me realization of him and yet put all these years in between?"

In 1909, the year she turned seventeen, her father was posted to India, and she and her sister Rhona lived there with their parents for two years. The India they saw consisted of balls and formal dinner parties. It made no particular impression on Madeleine, and she considered her time in India a mere interruption of her infatuation with Beethoven. Back in England, she continued trying to learn to play the piano, which she had begun studying in India, but she had no aptitude for it. She prayed ardently for guidance on the best way of serving Beethoven, but none was forthcoming. Finally, after the First World War, she sought inspiration on the Continent, where she visited Beethoven's birthplace, in Germany, and his grave, in Austria. She says that in those sacred places she felt a throb of "infinite longing" but came away no wiser on how best to serve Beethoven. She organized concerts of Beethoven's music in London. She went to France to learn French so that she could read a much talked-about novel by Romain Rolland, "Jean Christophe," which was based in part on Beethoven's life. She tried to meet its author, and eventually, in 1924, caught up with him in Switzerland, only to be told by Rolland about a new book of his, on a man called Gandhi, whom Rolland regarded as "another Christ." Later, when she read the Gandhi book, it struck her that all the time she had been destined not for Beethoven but for Gandhi—that Beethoven had simply been God's way of bringing her to Rolland, so that he could point the way to Gandhi. She resisted her first impulse, which was to rush off to India and find Gandhi at once. Instead, she decided to spend a year training herself for a life in India with him—sitting and sleeping on the floor, wearing frocks of khadi, studying translations of Hindu scriptures, taking language lessons, working at the spinning wheel, eating vegetarian fare, abjuring alcohol, faithfully reading *Young India*, an English-language weekly put out by Gandhi. During that time, she wrote to Gandhi, and he replied that if after her year's training she still felt she wanted to come to him he would be glad to have her do so.

Some months later, she arrived at Gandhi's hut at Sabarmati Ashram. She was thirty-three. "A slight brown figure rose up and came toward me," she writes of her first meeting with Gandhi. "I was conscious of nothing but a sense of light. I fell on my knees. Hands gently raised me up, and a voice said: 'You shall be my daughter.' " She was accepted as a member of the ashram and given the name Mirabehn, or Sister Mira.

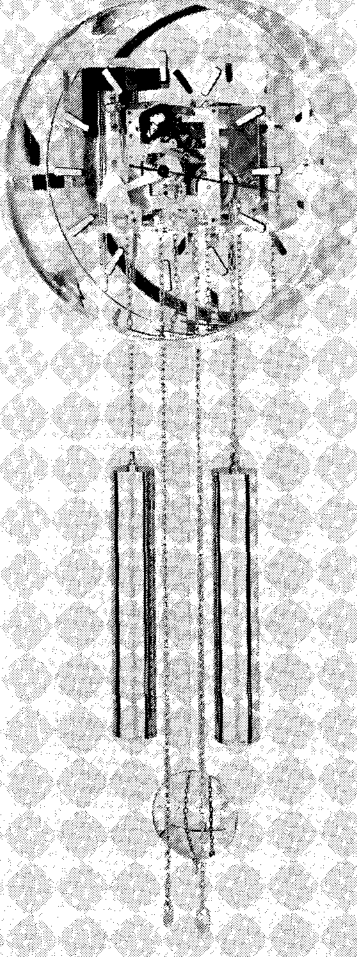
The finest feature of her appearance was her hair, which was long, thick, and dark. As a mark of her devotion to Gandhi and to the ascetic life, she decided to have it all cut off. The women residents were shocked at the suggestion. They themselves had never contemplated such an extreme step, and they told her that with a shorn head she would only succeed in making herself more conspicuously different from them than she already was. But Mirabehn was adamant, and Gandhi did the job. "Bapu quite simply cut off my hair with his own hands, and gave me a loving slap on the back when I bowed down at his feet for blessings," she writes. Mirabehn's zeal, however, soon got on Gandhi's nerves—or so it appears from letters he wrote to her at this time—and within a year he found an excuse to send her away to Delhi, ostensibly to learn Hindi. From that time on, she mostly lived away from him, staying in other ashrams and serving as a Constructive Worker in schools and villages in various parts of India.

He says in a letter to her that whenever she went back to stay with him her mere presence irked him, and, no matter what she did and no matter how hard he tried to control himself, they always quarrelled. After one such stay, he wrote to her:

> All the time you were squandering your love on me personally, I felt guilty of misappropriation. And I exploded on the slightest pretext. Now that you are not with me, my anger turns itself upon me for having given you all those terrible scoldings. But I was on a bed of hot ashes all the while I was accepting your service. You will truly serve me by joyously serving the cause. "Cheer boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow."

In other letters, he admonishes her "to be a perfect woman . . . to shed all angularities"—her nervousness, her shyness, her dependence on him. He is solicitous about her weight and the regularity of her bowel movements. He says he is "haunted" by her in his sleep, and invites her to write to him about matters she would not mention to anyone else. She does just that. For exam-

See what makes it tick.



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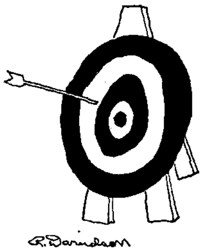
ple, she writes to him about encountering discrimination from orthodox Hindus during her menstrual periods. She says that she is revolted, because in the ashram in which she happens to be staying she and the other women are expected to live in rags, in miserable quarters, during menstruation. They are considered unclean and, for all practical purposes, untouchable, so they are not only segregated but also forbidden to go near places where food is being prepared or served. He sympathizes with her complaint, and agrees that women should not be treated in such a manner. Yet he tells her, "It should not be 'revolting' to you to accept such untouchability. On the contrary, you should impose it on yourself or accept it with grace and cheerfulness without thinking that the orthodox party is in any way unreasonable." He feels that the tradition of "this monthly untouchability" arose because of "man's inability to curb his beastly lust." But she insists that she is neither lustful nor the object of anyone's lust. After all, she is a virgin. They reach an impasse, and all that Gandhi can say is that such untouchability has never been compulsory in any of his communities and that anyway she will soon be leaving her orthodox ashram.



Gandhi's American biographer Louis Fischer writes:

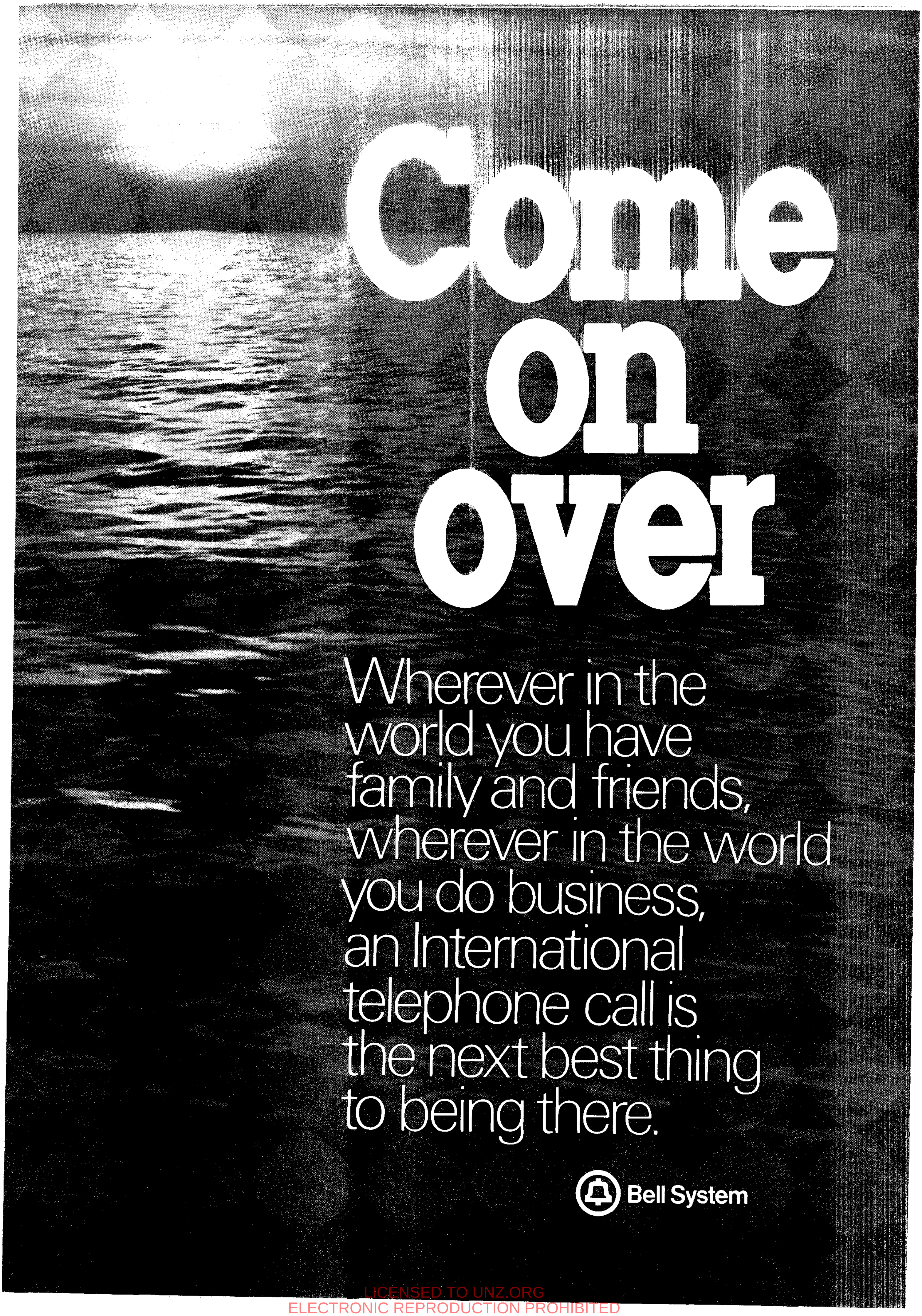
> The women in the Mahatma's entourage . . . loved Gandhi, and he loved them. It was a father-daughter relationship of more than usual warmth and interdependence. Miss Slade became physically ill on a number of occasions when she was separated from Bapu or when she was worried about his health. Her bond with him was one of the remarkable platonic associations of our age. He often said to her, "When this body is no more there will not be separation, but I shall be nearer to you. The body is a hindrance."

On the whole, Mirabehn bore the vicissitudes of Indian life at that time stoically, although when she was away from Gandhi she felt restless and unfulfilled. She was ravaged by disease—malaria, dysentery, typhoid—and spent a total of three years in jail for her part in the satyagraha campaigns. Eventually, Gandhi gave her money to found her own ashram, which she did at the end of 1944. She set up a sort of laboratory for experiments in agriculture and animal husbandry on ten acres of land in what were then the United Provinces, in northern India, but after a couple of years she turned the land over to the government and moved the animals farther north, into the hills by the Ganges, where she founded a second ashram, naming it Pashulok, or "animal world." She spent some time travelling through the neighboring forest on the back of an elephant, looking for open grazing land and collecting old, decrepit bulls and cows and buffaloes and taking them to Pashulok.

After Gandhi's death, Mirabehn felt that the government and people of independent India, even the other Constructive Workers, completely forgot what Gandhi had stood for, including his insistence that the first task of any truly democratic government was to help the people feed and clothe themselves. She therefore left a third ashram, which she had founded in the early fifties, and tried to revive his memory single-handed. She took a horse and for months at a time rode through the countryside speaking to villagers about Gandhi and his Constructive Programme in her limited Hindi or through inexperienced interpreters, only to be confronted with incomprehension and unresponsiveness.

One day, completely broken in health and spirit, she found herself once again reading about Beethoven, and once again it was a book by Rolland, "Beethoven—Les Grandes Époques Créatrices," which, she says, had remained forgotten and unread in a trunk. "Yes—it was the spirit of him from whose music I had been separated for over thirty years that I heard and felt, but now with new vision and inspiration," she writes. "I became conscious of the realization of my true self. For a while I remained lost in the World of the Spirit, and when I finally came back the former tension and restlessness had passed out of me." So it was that in 1959, eleven years after Gandhi's death and thirty-four years after she had arrived at Gandhi's ashram, she left the country, to find rest and repose in the more temperate climate of Europe and to follow what she once more regarded as her true calling—serving Beethoven.

In order to meet Mirabehn, who is now, in a sense, Madeleine Slade again, I go to Austria, where she has been working on a biography of Beethoven almost continuously since she rediscovered him. She is living in Vienna when I visit her, with the Indian Ambassador to Austria, Vishnuprasad Chunilal Trivedi, and his wife, Devika. The Ambassador's residence is a solid-looking house on Spitzergasse, with rosebushes and lime trees in the front garden. The door is opened by Miss Slade's Indian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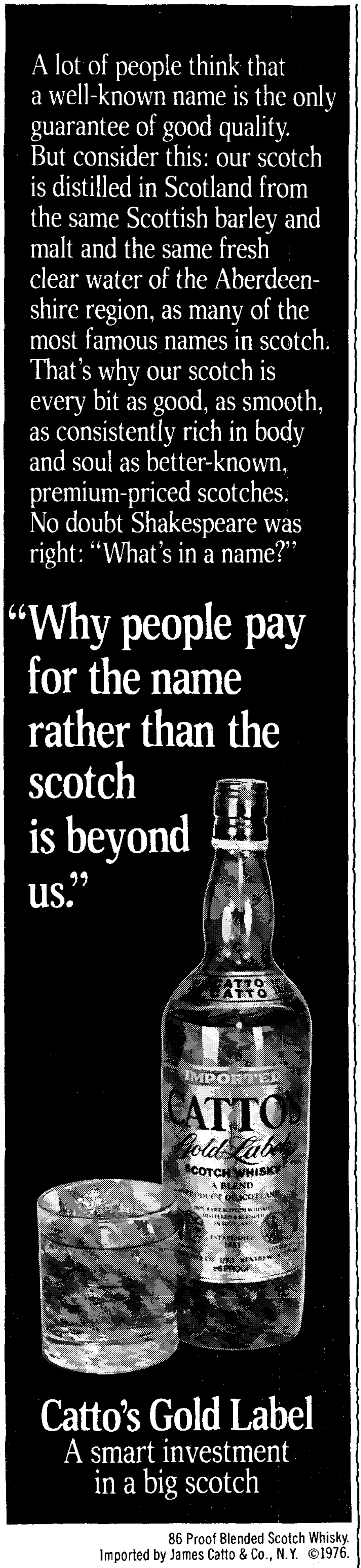
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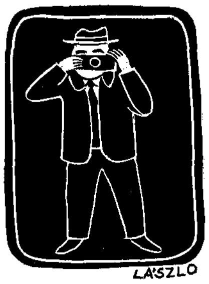
servant, Brahmachariji (her name for him), whom I feel I know from the description she gives of him in her autobiography. He is a rugged-looking man in his middle forties with a black beard, and still looks "as if he had stepped out of a painting of the Apostles," in Miss Slade's words.

Brahmachariji falls at my feet, coughing repeatedly and muttering in broken English, "Sahib, I having a wife and four children back in my village. Must seeing them. Please help. Memsahib saying I am attaching to her because of karma, but already spending twenty-one years in Memsahib's service. Now, must seeing family. Help, please!"

It seems that Brahmachariji sees in every Indian visitor he meets a chance to get home, but at the same time it seems that he is resigned to the idea that nothing will come of his plea, because immediately after making it he gets up and without more ado leads me upstairs and into a little room where a tall, imperious-looking woman with severe features and a defiant expression is sitting on a narrow bed strewn with papers. She has shoulder-length gray hair, and wears glasses and a black wool dress. She gets up, picks up a walking stick beside the bed, and comes forward to receive me somewhat reluctantly, as if she didn't like to be bothered.

"I fell," she says, holding up her right arm, which is in a cast. "I don't see very well, because I've had cataracts for the last few years." Her voice is upper-crust English.



She sits down on the bed again and busies herself with tea, which Brahmachariji has brought in on a tray, with some little cakes, and put on the bedside table.

The room is simply furnished, with a couple of wooden armchairs and a large table covered with a blanket, on which are a typewriter, a fat English-German dictionary, a copy of Plutarch's "Lives," a copy of "Beethoven—Les Grandes Époques Créatrices," and a book of Beethoven's letters. On the walls there is only one picture—a small portrait of Beethoven. Birds fly in and out of the room and feed on birdseed that has been set out for them on the windowsill.

"The birds come and peck at the manuscript," she says. "I like their company. In fact, I have always preferred the company of birds, horses, and cattle to that of my fellow-men, who are busy despoiling our planet."

I try to draw her out on the subject of Gandhi, but her answers are vague. She speaks of him in the most general and abstract terms as a great hero of history, comparing him to Socrates, Christ, and Beethoven.

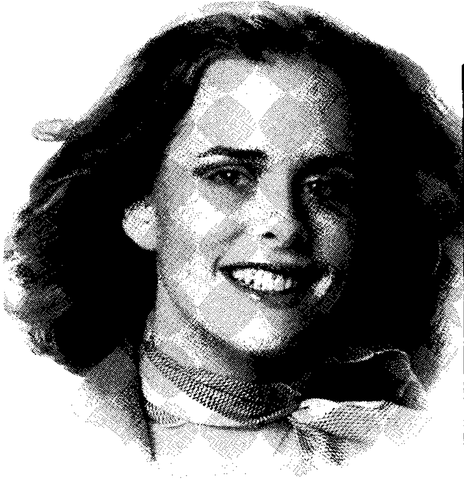
"How is it that you were so readily able to substitute Gandhi for Beethoven and Beethoven for Gandhi?" I ask. "Surely what distinguishes the hero from the rest of us is his extraordinary individuality?"

"They were much more alike than anyone supposes," she says. "My book on van Beethoven will show that. They both believed in God. They both had great spiritual power. And don't think that van Beethoven wasn't political. He read the newspapers and followed Parliamentary debates in England. Please don't ask me any more about Bapu. I now belong to van Beethoven. In matters of the spirit, there is always a call. After my years in India, I came to Vienna in search of van Beethoven and visited every house in Vienna in which he had done anything at all. Then I realized that I could find my inspiration to write about him only where he had found his most important inspiration—in the forest. They still have forests here and understand that forests are necessary for man's well-being. I went to Gaaden, a village deep in the forest, mentioned in a note of van Beethoven's, and lived alone in a farmhouse there for next to nothing. It was very primitive. There was no running water, and a pigsty some distance away was the only sanitary facility. I soon realized that I couldn't do all the chores alone and devote myself to van Beethoven's music, so I sent for Brahmachari. We had nice times together. We fetched water, cut down trees, and chopped wood. We went for long walks and gathered mushrooms and flowers. For the first five years, I didn't write a sentence. I just listened to van Beethoven's music—I had brought along my gramophone—and wandered around the forest waiting for inspiration. Then I wrote and wrote and wrote, and now I have hundreds of pages. But no one wants them. All the publishers say that my kind of inspirational writing is out of style. Will you have one of these little cakes?"

Brahmachari brings in some hot water and skulks away.

"Brahmachari and I stayed in Gaaden for nine years. The Trivedis heard about us, and when they saw the conditions we were living in they offered us a room in their house. That was

Dad's severest critic? His teen-aged daughter!



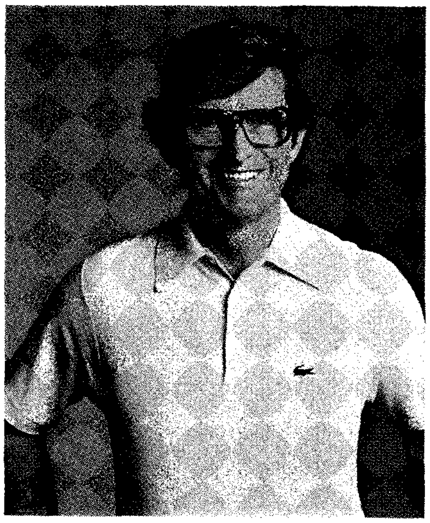
Lacey Ford, 19 years old

Jerry Ford, President of Ford Model Agency

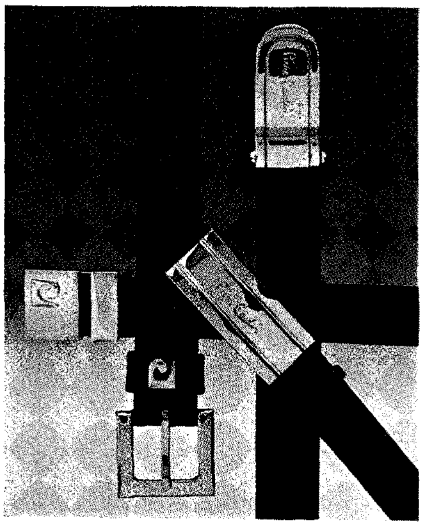
Dad? If you really want to hear about it, he's a marvelous dresser. Really. I mean, you'd never see him in those outfits some fathers wear. You know, tie-dyed jeans that are nothing but big blotches, really gross. Dad's an elegance freak. He has a terrific feeling for quality. Classic, but unusual. Look, this kind of stuff...

See the sleeve? Raglan cut. Very different. Multi-striped shirts in blue, green or wine. Nice fit because it's really tapered. And easy care because it's poly/cotton. Hathaway's Patch II shirt for Dad, #A1, $19. And Christian Dior's Honan silk Insignia Tie in navy, maize, lt. blue, rust, brown, bottle green, wine, camel or white. #A2, $10.

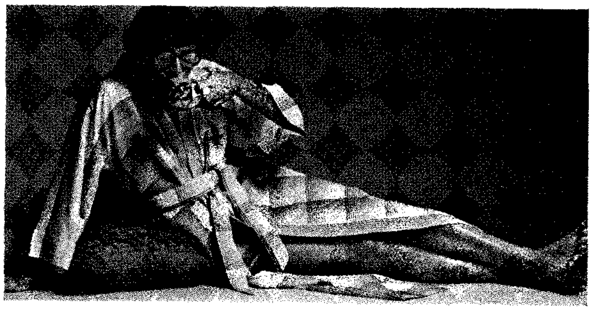
Gold-tone aviator frames are neat. But Change Abouts, interchangeable 4 in 1 lenses, are extra-special. Polarized brown to grey for day, gradient brown to grey for evening. One size. Square frames, too. #A3, $16.the set.



A winner's shirt. All cotton chemise Lacoste. The original, with a banded sleeve and a longer tail that even stays in place when his smash is spectacular. Ylw, brwn, copen, nvy, wht, red. Izod, of course. #A4, $16.50.



Distinguished belts by Pierre Cardin. #A5, PC buckle, 1¼", blk, brwn, wht, tan. $13.50. #A6, PC initial, 1½", tan, blk. $16.50. #A7, Signature, 1¼", blk, brwn. $17.50. #A8, PC tab, 1¼", brwn, blk. $15. All, 30-42.



For Sunday mornings. Christian Dior's Ultressa Kimono. A spiffy CD logo. Wht/blue, wht/red. One size. #A9, $45. Sleep shorts to match. S,M,L,LX. #A10, $12.

Real leather—there's nothing like it. A zippered attache with handles that recess. Slim and very sophisticated. Made in Italy of absolutely gorgeous brown leather. #A11, $60.

She knows exactly what he needs and precisely where to find it. A Perfect Father's Day. Where else but at

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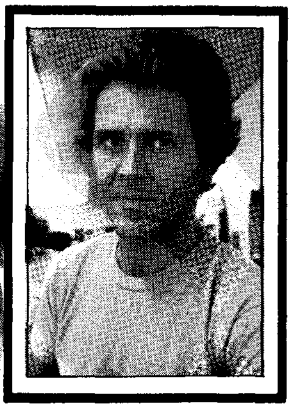
Dad's severest critic? His teen-aged daughter!

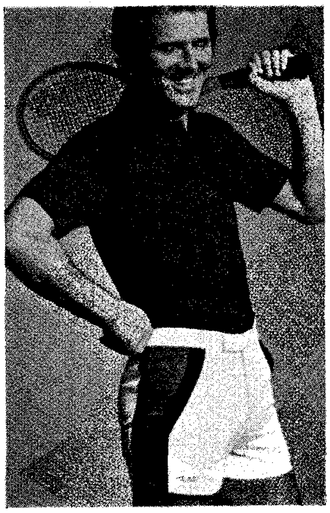
Paula McGregor, 13 years old



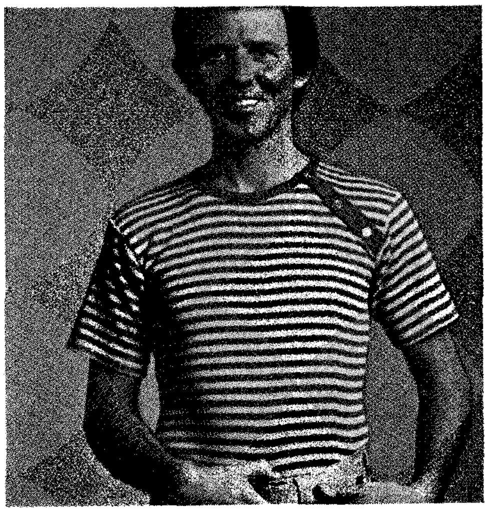
Paul McGregor, Owner, McGregor's Hair Salons

Dad's super casual. Never dresses up. He likes doing things, not just watching. I steal his tee shirts, so he always needs more. I'd absolutely die if he ever wore those bathing suits that look like balloons. He owns a lot of jeans. Plays tennis a lot and stuff like that. So, he's interested in cut, and comfort, too. An easy fit, I mean. Mainly, he wears cool clothes, like these...

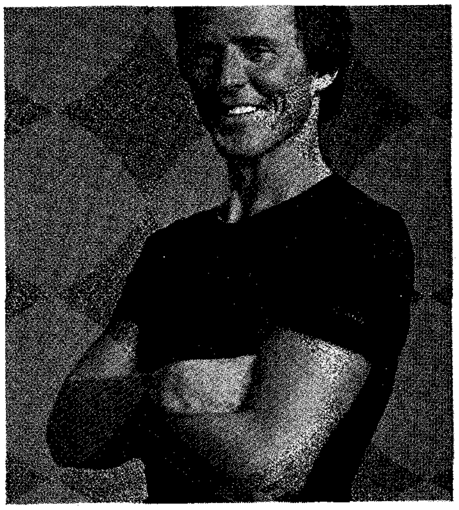
Great pockets. The hood is cool. A great look for summer. Poly/cotton, so it's carefree. Neat colors, too. Wht/nvy/red. Nvy/ylw/wht. Or khaki/wht/blue. The Trylon summer set. Top, S,M,L,XL. #B1, $32.50. Trunks, 30-38. #B2, $16.50.



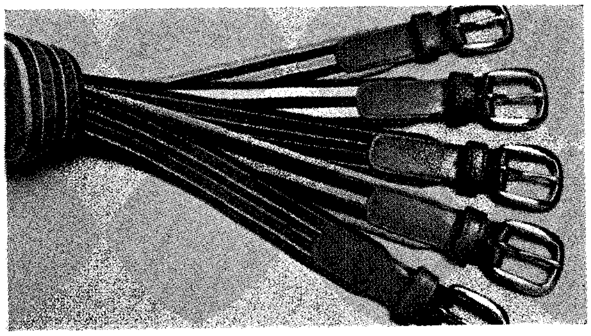
Ohhh. HEAD tennis stuff. A cotton/poly shirt: blue, wine, wht, dk grn. S,M,L,XL. #B3, $14. And poly shorts: bl&wine, dk grn & blk. Both on white. 28-38 #B4, $26.



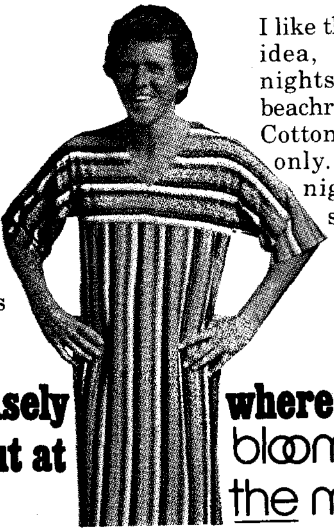
A shoulder-buttoned French tee shirt? Now that's really groovy. Different, you know, especially the striped trim. And what nice colors. Rust/cream, dk grn/lt grn, navy/cream. Comfortable, and soft, as only cotton can be. #B5, $15.



Look. There, on the left sleeve...see the 'Jones'. Nice, not too heavy. A great tee shirt. Classic-like. Navy, brown or red. Splurge. Take three. Of course, it's cotton. It's Jones New York. #B6, $12.



Snappy. All cotton elastic. Stripes: nvy/ ylw/ wine. Brwn/ nvy/ wht. Tan/red/nvy. Tan/red/grn. Tan/wht/wine. Whew! Terrific. Brass buckle, leather tabs. Dooney & Bourke's Regimental belts. #B7, $8.50.



I like the stripes. A great idea, an ankle-length nightshirt that's also a beachrobe. Or vice versa. Cotton/poly. This stripe only. Lord Berkleigh's nightshirt. One size. #B8, $25.

She knows exactly what he needs and precisely where to find it. A Perfect Father's Day. Where else but at

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Dad's severest critic? His teen-aged daughter!

Lynn Baker, 15 years old

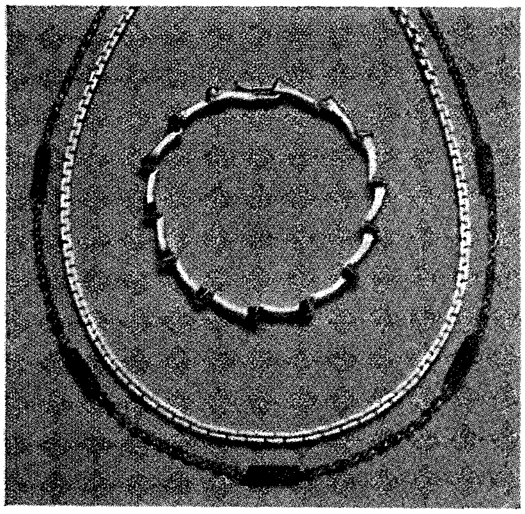
Ken Baker, President of the Classic School

In his everyday clothes, at work, I mean, he looks terrific. And his ski stuff is cool. His hanging around clothes aren't too great. Like he's very outdoorsy but the things he wears when he's not really doing anything look uncomfortable. He needs more tee shirts. Ones that really fit. Things with more color. Fun clothes, you know. Here, look at these...

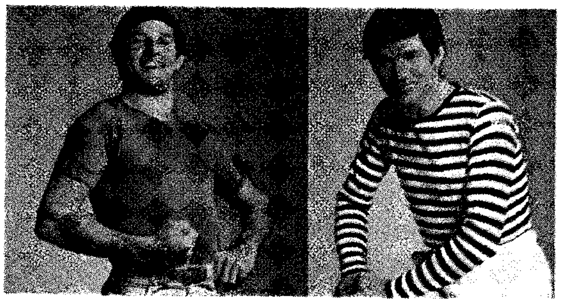
Fantastic. Color, shape, stripes, everything about it. And, surprise! Because this poncho is terry-lined. Take it off, turn it inside-out and it's a beach towel. Can you believe it? And...a zip-pocket front. Trylon's cotton/poly poncho. With an all-cotton terry lining. One size fits all. #C1, $40.

The Engineered Stripe...on a stippled background. Very unusual and new. See how it fits? Really close to the body. John Henry's chest stripe, all cotton shirt. Blue/brwn,navy/red. S,M,L,XL. #C2, $20.

Wow! Like Crayolas.® Red, ylw, pink, tan, grn, maroon, wht, lt. blue, orange, brwn, olive, taupe, aqua, melon. French cotton squares. Pocket/neck. #C3, $4.50.



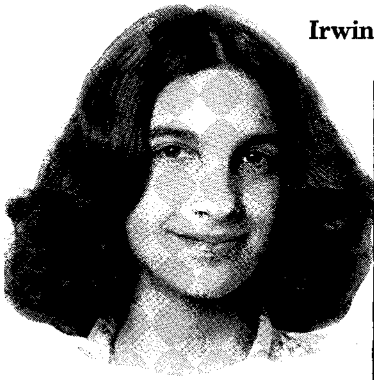
Pierre Cardin sterling silver jewelry? I think it's really great! Especially with a summer tan. A Roman nail bracelet, #C4, $60. The neckchain, #C5, $48. The neckchain punctuated with stones of jade, tigereye, ivory or sodalite, #C6, $30.



French cotton Tee. Red, ylw, wht, nvy, melon, blk, rust, orange, rose, jade, aqua, mint, lt. bl, med. bl. #C7, $9.50. Polo's tee shirt. The best stripe: nvy/white. Polo's logo on Rugby cloth. #C8, $21.

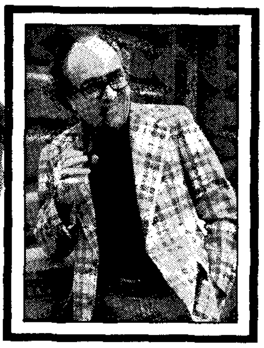
Teddy-bear soft. Stretch terry warm-up suit, from Diplomat. Cotton/poly. And a blue-sky color. Run with it. #C9, $30.

She knows exactly what he needs and precisely where to find it.
A Perfect Father's Day. Where else but at bloomingdale's the men's store

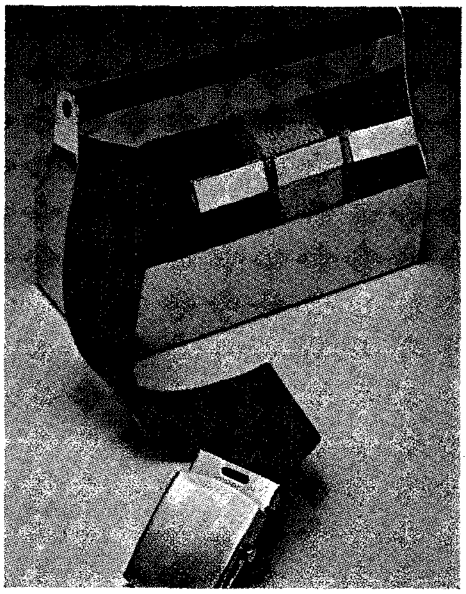


Michelle Block, 13 years old

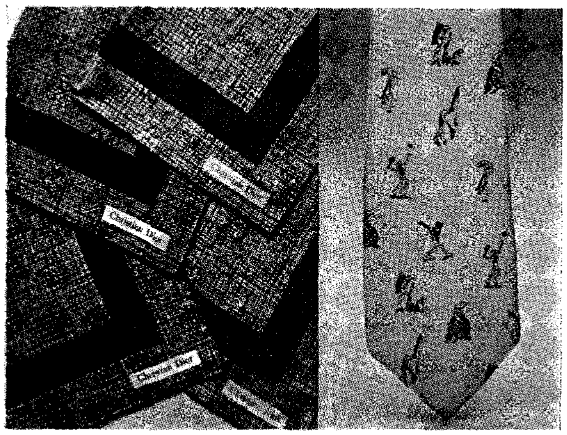
Irwin Block, Adv. Director, pharmaceutical firm.



My dad's regular, you know? His jokes are really funny. He wears glasses and the frames are cool. But his clothes…some stuff he buys is pretty conservative. His shirts are usually great. But I tell him not to wear 'high waters'….too short pants, I mean. He's much better at accessories. Now, if he could only get it together…



Belts say a lot about how he looks. Classy. These are Great Belts. Four cotton webs that easily connect with the polished brass buckle. All together in a caddy, so it's practically gift-wrapped. One size fits all. Two sets of colors, Tan, olive, red, navy. Or navy, brown, white, tan. The Firenze Belt Caddy. #D1, $17.50, the set.



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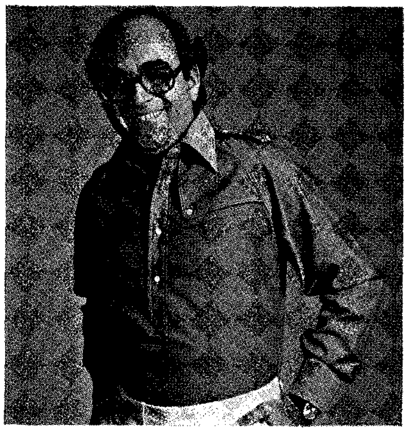

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two years ago, and we've been living here ever since."

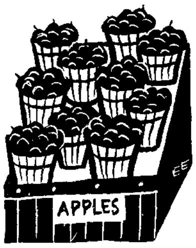
I try to bring the conversation around to Gandhi again. "Do you keep in contact with any other Gandhians?"

"Not much," she says. "Some time ago, I think, I had a letter from Pyarelal, asking me some questions for his biography which he said only I could answer. But I can't be bothered to write letters anymore."

"Have you given up all the old Gandhian ways?" I ask. "Do you ever wear khadi or do any spinning? Are you still a vegetarian?"

"Those things are not suited to European life," she says. "Even in India, when I was in the Himalayas with my animals, I started eating eggs to fortify myself against the cold, and as soon as I got to Europe I started eating meat. But I stick to chicken and fish, because they're easy to digest, and I eat at what seem to Europeans like strange hours, because I go to bed early and wake up early. That's the only thing that has really stayed with me from my time in India."

GULZARILAL NANDA is the best-known Gandhian in national politics. He was the Acting Prime Minister and one of Indira Gandhi's main competitors for the post of Prime Minister when she acceded to power, in 1966. He has held several Ministerial portfolios in the central government, and is, in his way, as influential as Morarji Desai, the only other powerful Gandhian on the national scene. Nanda lives in a large pink house, set back from the road and enclosed by a wall, in one of New Delhi's wealthy residential areas. I wait for him in a large, bare, and rather impersonal living room, furnished with two daybeds, a couch, and several armchairs, all with yellow-and-white slipcovers. There is a picture of Nehru on the mantelpiece and a large bust of Buddha in one corner, and set out on the coffee table are books with such titles as "Chariots of the Gods," "Was God an Astronaut?," "Spiritual Crisis of Man," and "Fifth Dimension."



Nanda comes in. He is a thin, rather furtive-seeming man with a slight stoop. He has an oblong face, small features, black hair and mustache, which seem to have been dyed. He is seventy-four years old. He wears a long white khadi kurta, white pajama trousers, a white Gandhi cap, gold half-rimmed spectacles, and pegged wooden clogs of the kind that Gandhi wore. He is accompanied by a tall, black-haired man, also dressed in a white kurta, pajamas, and cap, whom he introduces as his secretary, and who settles down with pencil and paper to take notes on the conversation.

"Gandhi was my social and political mentor," Nanda tells me, leaning back wearily on the couch. "I first got involved with him as a result of my work in the textile union in Ahmedabad, and I became his chief lieutenant in the trade-union movement. The whole trade-union movement in India was shaped by Gandhi's idea that a worker should not economically blackmail his employer but appeal to his spiritual self to secure higher wages and better working conditions. But few today even pay lip service to this or any other idea of Gandhi's."

"For many years, you had a powerful position in the government," I say. "Did you ever try to make any elements of the Constructive Programme law?"

"Gandhi's Constructive Programme depended on individual effort. And, anyway, what can you do when the government is bent on Western science and industrialization? I myself have left politics for higher things."

He seems ill at ease, drumming his fingers on a book and slapping his clogs against his heels.

"What are those higher things?" I ask.

"Astrology," he says, sitting up and becoming animated. "I study it with Pandit Haveliram. He sees everything in the world—past, present, and future. Throughout the time I was in the Cabinet, I consulted him before making any important decision. People like Pandit Haveliram have no need for power themselves. They are interested only in the occult. Now he comes and sees me every day and reads the 'Arun Sangita' to me. I have been reading it with him for fifteen years, and new sections keep coming and coming."

"What is it?" I ask.

"It's the Book of Books."

"What would Gandhi have thought about all this?"

"He would have approved. I once read him a book about the world future by an American astrologer and palmist who was very well known in the twenties, and he was very excited by it. Here comes Haveliram." He raises his voice. "Haveliram, come in, come in! What are you going to read to me today?"

Haveliram is a fat, sweaty man with

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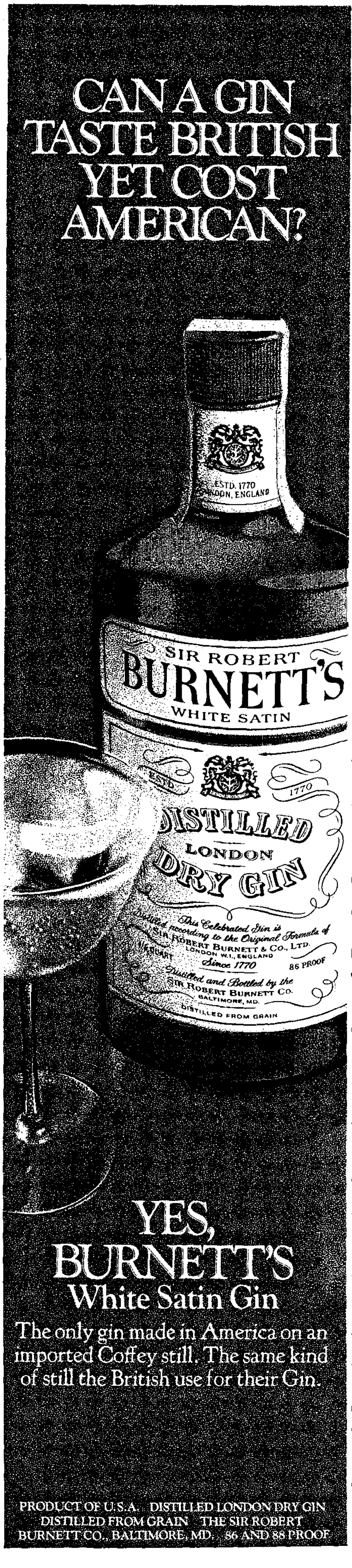
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thin dark-gray hair, one wet curl of which is plastered to his forehead. He has small eyes with large, puffy bags under them, and heavy jowls. He wears a white dhoti and a limp white kurta, the pocket of which sags under the weight of pens, glasses, and papers. He has a sacred red thread on one wrist and a silver watch on the other. He is carrying several sheets of paper. They are about eight inches long and four inches wide, and are yellowish-brown with frayed edges. Holes have apparently been eaten in them, and the script is faded and difficult to read. They are the day's pages from the "Arun Sangita."

"Tell our friend about the Book of Books," Nanda says, pointing to me.

"Out of the horoscope I get a number, and out of the number I get a life," Haveliram says. "I cast a horoscope from a person's time and date of birth, and then am able to calculate the number of the page in the 'Arun Sangita' on which his life is told. Each leaf has a number at the top." Haveliram has an odd, high-pitched, nasal voice, and he seems to suffer from a slight palsy. As he speaks, he trembles and his head shakes from side to side.

"In addition to the section on individual lives, there are numerous other sections," Nanda says. "Sometimes at the end of a life of an individual there is another number, referring to a passage in a more philosophical section, for further enlightenment. And sometimes at the end of that passage there will be yet another number, referring to yet another section, and it just goes on and on in this way, leading to deeper and deeper knowledge."

All the time Nanda is talking, Haveliram emits low moans.

"If the book is so old, how can it tell about people not yet born and countries not yet dreamed of?" I ask.

"The Book has everything in it," Haveliram says. "But you have to know the code. America, for instance, is called Kumari Deep, or 'golden land.' It is also referred to as the 'virgin continent.' Germany is known as Ari Yamanan and Israel as Patik Ram."

"The Book is very specific," Nanda says. "It predicted Johnson's victory over Goldwater. When Chou En-lai came here, the Book said, 'Brother-Brother is going on, but beware of this man from China. He has eyes on your territory.' Soon after that, there was a Chinese attack on India. The Book gives formulas for making atomic bombs. A Ph.D. in physics came to see me one day, and Haveliram read the Book's formula out to him. The physicist couldn't follow the intricacies of the formula, but he said it was right in the main."

"What did it say?" I ask.

"Oh, something about generating a worldwide thunder with uranium and lemon."

"Then why didn't someone make a bomb from the Book long ago?" I ask.

"Someone did, and there was an atomic holocaust in ancient times. Now there is only one copy of the Book, and I have it," Haveliram says.

"How do you come to have it?" I ask.

Haveliram leans back on a daybed against a round white pillow, tucks his feet up, and bunches up his dhoti, baring his knees. He then launches into the story of how the leaves were found, sometimes slapping his knees for emphasis. He is a good storyteller, with the gestures and sense of timing of an accomplished performer. The story is a long rigmarole, with lots of local color and folk history. It has numerous narrators, all far removed from anyone who might have witnessed the actual events, and encompasses endless generations of people, improbable coincidences, and great calamities.

Nanda listens with intense interest and the credulity of a child, frequently asking, "Then what happened? Then what happened?"

"Then . . ." Haveliram invariably says, pausing to catch his breath before taking up the story. Like Gandhi's disciples talking about their guru, Nanda acts at times like Haveliram's son; at other times, he acts like a person with a stake in his protégé's performance, and looks at me to see if I'm enjoying it as much as he is.

It seems that a hundred or two hundred years ago—it's never quite clear which—it was put about that a certain woman recently widowed had been left dozens and dozens of bulging gunnies, and since people's wealth used to be measured by the number of bulging gunnies they owned, the widow was judged to be very wealthy, even though her husband had been only a poor scholar. A notorious band of dacoits, hearing about the widow and her wealth, arrived at her house in the dead of night with thirty-six camels. They murdered the widow, loaded the gunnies on the camels, and set out for their camp in the forest. Now, it happened that that same night the local nawab had been married, and his wed-

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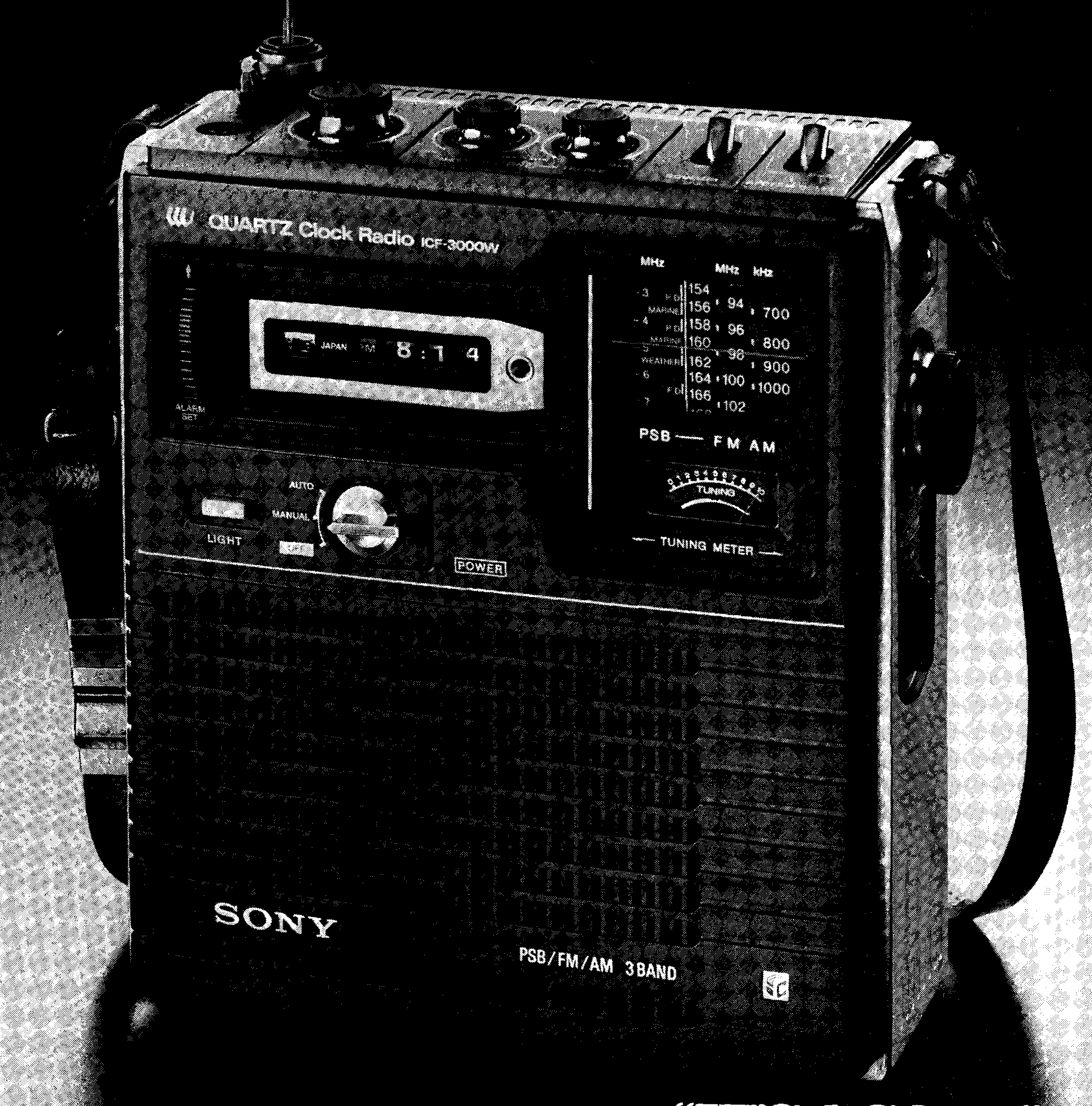
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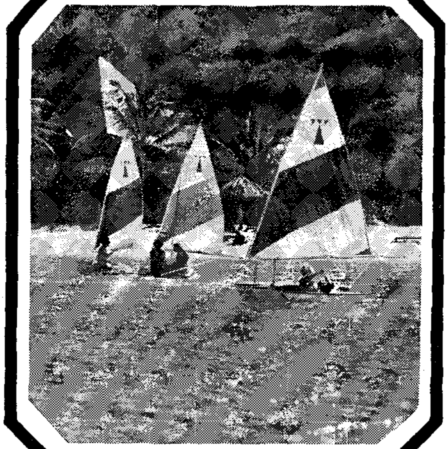

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ding procession, including richly caparisoned elephants, camels, and horses, bumped into the dacoits and their train. In the ensuing melee, the dacoits were routed. They fled with their camels but left the gunnies behind. The nawab posted some strong guards on the highway and continued on his wedding route, but instead of returning for the precious gunnies he dallied for a while with his bride. Then Haveliram's great-grand-ancestor heard about the treasure under guard on the road. He seems to have had masterly powers of persuasion, for he prevailed upon the guards to carry the gunnies on their backs to his house, where they all planned to share the loot. When they finally opened the gunnies, they were shocked to discover that the gunnies were filled with nothing more valuable than sheets of paper covered with mysterious writing. The guards took to their heels, and the great-grand-ancestor was left with a houseful of mysterious papers on his hands. Knowing that his entire family would be put to death if the nawab discovered them in his possession, he tried to get rid of them. At that point, God Himself appeared from the Heavens and revealed to him that the papers were the Book of Books and how to decipher it. He was at first afraid to make use of his power, but one day he predicted the death of a young boy. That was the beginning of his fame and fortune.

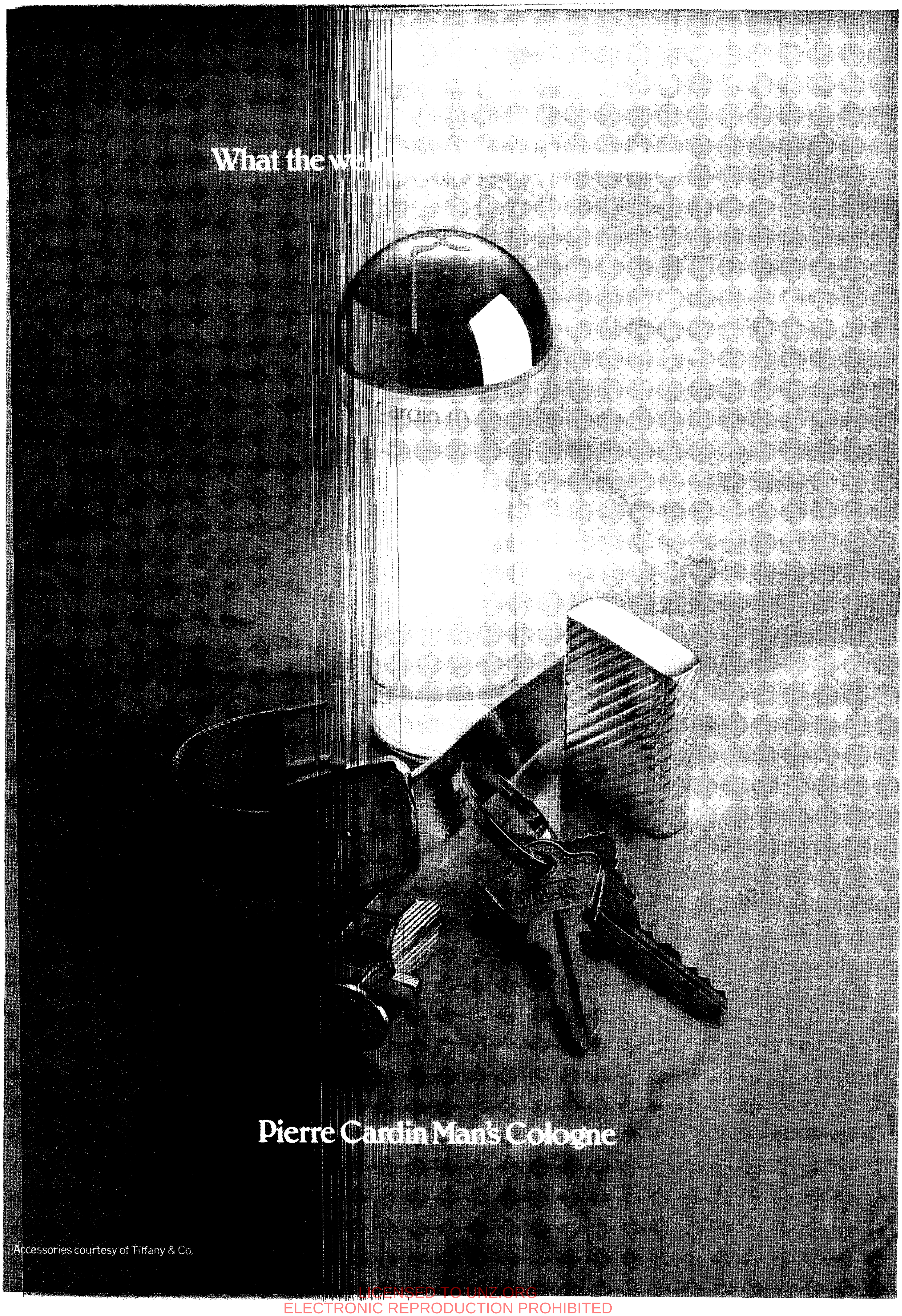
The long and short of it was that after several more generations of dacoits, murdered widows, ambushes on lonely roads, intrigues, revelations, and much besides, the Book fell into the waiting hands of Haveliram.

EACH Constructive Worker I meet seems to take refuge in his or her own way from the despairing task of coming to grips with Indian poverty without Gandhi—Ramachandran resorting to the bureaucracy, Frydman to spiritualism, Miss Slade to Beethoven, and Nanda to astrology. But at least three Constructive Workers—Vinoba Bhave, Satish Chandra Das Gupta, and Abdul Ghaffar Khan—continue to do battle for Gandhi's ideas and ideals, undaunted by Gandhi's absence. These men are Gandhi's real heirs—mahatmas, or "great souls," in their own right.

Gandhi considered Vinoba Bhave the purest and most uncompromising of his workers. Vinoba became a brahmachari when he was twelve, never married, never formed any other worldly attachments, and never held any political office. He joined Gandhi's ashram at Ahmedabad in 1916, when he was twenty-one, and thereafter devoted himself to religious scholarship, satyagraha, and the Constructive Programme. In 1951, three years after Gandhi's death, when it seemed unlikely that land reform would ever be effected in India, because the new ruling classes were property owners and were committed to the inviolability of property rights, Vinoba launched the largest and in some ways the most heroic experiment ever undertaken in the Constructive Programme—the Bhudan, or Land Gift, Movement. He walked from village to village, covering about ten miles a day, and held public meetings in which he solicited land from landowners for the landless by contending that God's earth belonged not to individuals but to everyone, and that the landowners' acceptance of this principle was the essential first step in creating Gandhi's just society. Within the first three years, he and his followers succeeded in collecting four million acres of land, but much of it proved to be barren or rocky, with scarcely a blade of grass on it, or in such odd parcels that it could not be cultivated. Still, over the next thirteen years or so the Bhudan Movement became a rallying point for all workers in the Constructive Programme.

In the mid-sixties, Vinoba retired from the world to pursue a life of meditation. He now lives in his own ashram, near the town of Pawnar and sixteen miles from Sevagram. The ashram stands high on a hill overlooking the River Dham. In the middle of the river is an ancient white pedestal with a sacrificial urn on it. A concrete ramp leads from the riverbank to the pedestal. Rising out of the river are lava-like black rocks, on some of which, when I visit the ashram, white cows are standing lackadaisically drinking. The ashram, which consists of a fairly large red building, several low white buildings with blue windows and doors, and a vegetable garden, is next to a white temple. Pieces of broken statues of gods and goddesses are strewn about on the ground near the temple.

I wait for Vinoba in a small room with a polished stone floor. It has windows looking out onto the garden, where an old man with a young man at his side can be seen bending over, cutting grass. They presently leave off their task and come into the room, scythes in hand. The old man has a short white beard and mustache; the rest of his face is almost hidden by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sunglasses and by a green cloth helmet with earflaps and a chin strap. He is lean and tanned and is naked except for a skimpy khadi dhoti. His manner is somewhat aloof and defiant. He is Vinoba.

“You see, Vinobaji still works in the garden every day. Everyone is amazed that he gets such comfort and solace from cutting grass. It is a form of devotion for him,” the young man says. He turns out to be Vinoba’s secretary. He has black hair and slightly protruding teeth, and wears black-framed glasses and a white dhoti.

Silent devotees, mostly old men in white kurtas and dhotis, file in and sit on the floor around Vinoba until there is no space left to sit. Two devotees—a pretty young Hindu girl with black hair starting to grow again on her shaven head, and an old man wearing a dhoti and brown-framed glasses—have to stand and peer in through the window.

From the back of the room, a devotee who, in the manner of orthodox Hindus, has a vertical white-and-red stripe on his forehead and has his head shaven except for a long *bodhi*, or tuft of hair, passes a piece of paper to the secretary. The secretary hands the paper to Vinoba and, turning to me, says with a knowing laugh, “Baba likes questions to be submitted to him in writing—he’s deaf. But he’s a great linguist. He knows many foreign and Indian languages, so you can submit your questions in any language you like.” Baba is an honorific for an old man.

Vinoba has a cough, which he controls by pressing his thumb on the base of his collarbone. The secretary gives him some medicine in a small glass. Vinoba drinks it, belches several times, and makes a little squeaking sound in his throat. Then, pointing to the devotee who handed in the question, Vinoba says to the company generally, “If he had read my book ‘Talks on the Gita,’ he would know the answer to his question.” He slaps his feet down for emphasis. Pointing to me, he continues, “He’s Indian, but he lives abroad.” His slow, soft voice suddenly acquires a sharp edge. “Perhaps because he doesn’t have to wrestle with Mother India’s poverty there.”

I ask him why he himself has given up wrestling with India’s poverty.

“I’m a very old man,” he says sadly. “I must prepare to meet my God.”

“What impression did Gandhi make on your life?” I ask.

“I did not let him make any impression on me,” he replies. “Impressions are transient. Only understanding is permanent. Gandhiji had a statuette of three monkeys in his hut from which we understood that in order to find truth we must neither hear nor see nor speak evil. So far, thanks to the onset of deafness, I’ve managed only not to hear evil.”

Everyone laughs a little uncertainly at his joke.

I ask him what the ultimate outcome of the Constructive Programme will be.

“Long before I retired from the world, our government had swept aside most of the nascent elements in the Constructive Programme as it scrambled to industrialize the country on the Western model,” he says. “But, I tell you, the effects of the work of the Harold Wilsons and the Harold Bilsons and all the other secular ‘sons’ of Socialism are short-term. The effects of the Constructive Programme will be long-term. Gandhiji’s spiritual Socialism is in eclipse right now, but it will triumph in the end.”

SATISH CHANDRA DAS GUPTA, a chemist and chemical engineer who renounced his profession in 1921, when he was forty-two, in order to take part in the Constructive Programme, now also lives in his own ashram, with his own disciples, in what is perhaps the poorest area of India—the Bankura District of West Bengal, settled mainly by tribal peoples, most of whom are considered untouchable, and many of whom leave the district to join wandering orders of mendicants or holy men.

To meet Satish Babu, as he is affectionately known, I take an overnight train from Calcutta to the new steel town of Durgapur, where I hire a taxi and drive twenty-eight miles southwest to Bankura, the headquarters of the district, and the nearest town to the ashram. On either side of the road are paddy fields. It is just after the monsoon rains, and men and women, up to their knees in water, are planting seedlings and driving teams of bullocks yoked to upright plows, which move across the watery fields like ships’ masts. Four-foot-high clumps of green jute, bearing yellow flowers, mingle with the rice plants, and the jute and rice occasionally give way to patches of reddish clay soil or scrubby jungle—a tangled green undergrowth dotted with a few tall trees and some lavender-colored wild flowers similar to morning glories. The villages along the way consist of little

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more than thatched mud huts, a few palm trees, and sometimes a mango grove. Here and there, bunches of large green leaves are hanging from the eaves of the mud huts, and on the ground in front of the huts are neat rows of unhusked rice—all put out to dry. The last stretch of the road runs alongside a small river and is under a foot of water, in which people are washing clothes and bathing.

Bankura is a rather desolate small town. The main street is almost completely blocked by a tractor pulling an open wagon loaded with refuse. In addition to the grain market that is the raison d'être for this sort of town, there are a few stalls selling the dried green leaves—to be used as plates—and, of all things, life-size clay horses. It seems that the sale of these horses, along with subsistence rice farming, is the district's main source of livelihood, although the town does boast a small fleet of jeeps to take district officials into the remote interior. Since the road to the ashram, which is another twenty-eight miles away, is not negotiable by car, I hire one of the jeeps to continue my journey.

The land becomes increasingly barren. There are fewer paddy fields, and the earth mostly looks seared in spite of the monsoon rains. The domestic animals seem to be scarcely alive; the cows and horses are small and emaciated, and the pigs and goats are tiny runts. The people are noticeably dark-skinned, and are skimpily dressed. They watch impassively as the jeep bumps along over stony ground or squelches through mire. The road skirts a low hill that in profile looks something like the back of an elephant, and comes out onto a wasteland of dry, crumbly red soil relieved only by a few patches of grass or rice and a line of thatched mud huts. This is Gogra, the last hamlet before the ashram, and is as far as the jeep will go.

I get down, jump over a ditch, and continue on foot for a couple of miles to the ashram, which appears to be merely a series of rice fields in various shades of green—that is, various stages of cultivation—and a straggly line of mud huts. A large, lacy tree shades the front of the sturdiest-looking hut, which has a red tile roof, and windows barred to keep out bats and predatory birds. Inside the hut, an elderly man, flushed and perspiring, lies heavily on a wooden charpoy. He is Satish Babu.

"I have just made the four-mile walk to Gogra and back," he tells me, not getting up but dispelling any notion that he might be ill. He slips a set of false teeth into his mouth with scarcely a pause in his talk. "I do the four miles in fifty-three minutes, and I'm ninety-three, friend. Night and day, I try to live as the Mahatma lived. I go for a long walk, as he did; have a good long massage to keep my circulation toned up, as he did; eat sparingly, as he did; make a nuisance of myself to the authorities with my writing, as he did."

He sits up and pulls energetically at his toes. He is wearing a white dhoti and no shirt; his arms and stomach are a bit withered, but he seems remarkably well preserved. He is bald, wears brown-rimmed spectacles, and has blue eyes with large pupils; a small mouth; and a chin covered with white stubble. On the charpoy, near his head, is a little bamboo tray holding a hand fan, a book, pens and papers, and a clipboard with a page of two neat columns of cramped writing. A table on which are a stack of file folders and a covered typewriter stands at the foot of the charpoy. On the walls are a number of soil maps, a photograph of Gandhi spinning, and several shelves of books, medicine bottles, and miscellaneous objects. There is a garland of wild flowers woven with sheaves of rice around the photograph of Gandhi.

"I'm writing a story on population control for a Bengali newspaper," Satish Babu says, tapping the clipboard. "Like the Mahatma, friend, I believe that the only honest way for our people to conquer the population problem is to restrain themselves, and not use these satanic diaphragm things. I came to the conclusion long ago that it was impossible to be an honest man in society as it was." He points to Gandhi's photograph. "It was then, friend, that I met the Mahatma. I knew right away that this man lived by truth and truth alone, that he was a mountain-high man. I shook and shook with emotion." He throws back his head, rolls his eyes, and flails his arms about. One imagines that he could be a great actor or a powerful dictator. "He became my guru, my god, my religion, and I threw myself into his Constructive Programme—selling *khadi* and setting up cottage tanneries for untouchables."

"How did you come to have your own ashram?" I ask.

"I came here during the famine of

1966," he says. "Thousands of our countrymen were dying of hunger, and everyone was crying out for more and more American aid. But had not the Mahatma always said that foreign aid was colonialism, enslavement, and strangulation?" He becomes very agitated. "What was wrong with us Indians, that with so much land and rain we had been dying of hunger since the beginning of time? In the name of God and the Mahatma, I took up the challenge. I had heard that in Israel they were able to grow three crops a year on desert land. Here in West Bengal alone, we had two thousand square miles of barren land, on which nothing had ever grown and on which it was supposed that nothing ever would. So I came here with a handful of disciples, took ten acres of this barren land, and began experimenting with reclamation and cultivation. That was seven or eight years ago, and, friend, if the results of my experiments were generally applied, all the proverbial deserts would bloom. I was just reading that our central government's budget for this year is almost forty-four billion rupees. If they adopted my methods and reclaimed and cultivated all the barren land in India, they could have a budget of two hundred and fifty billion rupees—almost six times as much. From being one of the poorest countries in the world, we would become one of the richest. We wouldn't know what to do with our wealth, we would be so rich. But I can't get anyone to listen to me, let alone get anyone in the government to try my methods. Can you understand why I am going mad? I'm going mad because I can't get anyone to listen to me."

I know all too well from my journey in search of Gandhi that men of good will here—even when they served their apprenticeship in Indian reality under Gandhi, who knew more about it than anyone else—often take refuge from that bleak reality in utopian or visionary schemes, but, remembering that Satish Babu was trained as a scientist, I ask him to tell me precisely what his experiments consist of. Whereupon he jumps off the charpoy, tucks his dhoti around his knees, slips black sandals on his feet, wraps a white shawl around his shoulders, seizes a long, stout staff, and sets off at a very fast pace. From the back, he has an uncanny resemblance to Gandhi—the shawl, the sandals, the staff, even his bearing and the shape of his head. He leads the way along a narrow grassy path, through clusters of butterflies, to the highest point of his land, below which can be seen, in the middle of the wasteland, the ashram, with its cultivated fields.

"When I took possession of this land, I asked myself, 'Why has all this land been barren since time out of mind?' " he says rhetorically. "Why, friend? Well, I can now tell you why. I concluded it's because the soil is so crumbly. Almost all the rain drains away as soon as it falls, and we get something like sixty inches of rain a year here. 'What happens to all the water? Where does it all go?' I asked myself. 'Does it go out to sea? Or does it stay underground? If so, why doesn't it come up at some point?' I wrote off to the archeologist in charge of the government excavations on Susinia Hill—what the villagers call the Elephant Hill. You must have passed it coming here. I told him about my project and asked him if they had discovered any water in their digging and what they could tell me about the subsoil. He wrote back saying, 'Give up your project; there is no water.' I consulted waterfinders, who said there was an inexhaustible supply of water here deep underground, so I started digging, at my own expense. I went on digging and digging for three months, and then I came up against layers of rock. I wrote to the government archeologist again, and said, 'Help me, help me, I'm on the verge of finding water.' He wrote me another stern letter saying, 'Give up your project; there is no water.' To break through the rocks, I needed power compressors, but I had no money, so I had to do everything by hand. I begged and begged until my friends got me some dynamite, and I blasted through the layers of rock. And, sure enough, I found water, plenty of water, water in plenty, which I could pump out by sinking a very deep well. That's it, over there."

He points to a nearby well, above which hundreds of dragonflies hover, and goes on, "But how was I to use this water? How was I to get the soil to retain some of it long enough to grow something? It came to me like a dream: if I could isolate some of the clay from the soil and mix the clay with water, I would get a colloidal suspension that would seal the surface and hold the rainwater there. With what little money I could raise, I hired some laborers. First, we marked off this land into plots and built up several

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of the plots into terraces, moving the earth we needed in head loads and shaping the ridges with our own hands. Then we flooded the terrace with water from the well, so that we could plow. We hitched up the bullock teams and plowed and plowed and plowed, in order to separate the various lateritic materials—clay, sand, stones. We removed the stones with rakes and wire mesh, and mixed the clay—which, being the smaller particles, was in suspension on the surface—with more water. We added some cow dung as compost, spread it evenly over the terraces, and planted rice. The colloidal clay did seal the surface so that the water stood on it, just as I had thought, and we were eventually able to harvest the first crop ever grown on this barren land. And the beauty of this experiment in land reclamation and cultivation was that it was all done by manpower, bullock power, and dung power—resources we Indians possess in abundance.”

The method seemed slow, primitive, and back-breaking—suitable at best for only small patches of barren land. But it is, of course, completely Gandhian in that it relies only on men and animals and on the simplest of implements and explosives to tap natural resources. Moreover, like Gandhi, Satish Babu, with his work, manages at the very least to sustain hope—no small achievement in this impoverished, desperate land.

As we stand at the end of the path near the well, Satish Babu clutches my hand. He peers up at me, his eyes swimming with tears. “Do you get my meaning?” he says abruptly.

I shake my head, uncomprehending.

Some ashram disciples suddenly appear from nowhere. They press pamphlets about the ashram into my hands and plead with Satish Babu to return to his hut to rest.

“I take care of them and they take care of me,” he says, through his tears. “I have thirty people here in my ashram. Where am I to get the money to feed them? You get my meaning?”

I hand over to him twenty rupees, which is all I have in my pocket.

He is obviously disappointed and seems momentarily defeated, but he rallies quickly and thanks me.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan—affectionately called Badshah, or King, Khan—is the patriarch of the Pathans, a group of mountain tribes numbering some thirty million, who live mostly in Afghanistan and in the part of Pakistan that used to be the Northwest Frontier Province of British India. The Pathans are followers of Islam, and most of them speak Pakhtu (also called Pushtu). Throughout the Moghul and British periods, they were notorious for their feuds and their frequent outbursts of violence, even as they were renowned for their martial tradition and fiercely independent spirit. Because their violence was legendary, it was often forgotten that they were essentially a happy, carefree people, who roamed the mountains and valleys singing and laughing, and that although they always had a weapon in one hand, they often had a musical instrument in the other. Attempts to establish political dominion over them amounted to little more than punitive expeditions to their mountainous preserves to impose a semblance of order. Badshah Khan was the first Pathan to embrace Gandhi’s principle of nonviolence and teach it to his people—through a society he founded in 1929 and called Khudai Khidmatgar. To become Khudai Khidmatgars, or Servants of God, the Pathans were required to swear that they would never use violence, never take revenge, and never be a party to any feud but, rather, would forgive anyone who wronged them, consider all Pathans brothers, and, using the methods of Gandhi’s Constructive Programme, work for the welfare of their people. Mostly because of Badshah Khan and his Khudai Khidmatgars, the Pathans were swept into Gandhi’s struggle for independence, and their society became the most important social and political force in the Northwest Frontier Province. In fact, Badshah Khan became known as the Frontier Gandhi.

After the partition of India, the Pakistani government tried to assimilate the Pathans into Pakistan in the name of political stability and unity. But it failed to get Badshah Khan’s coöperation. The Frontier Gandhi and the Pathans had no more use for military rule as it developed in Pakistan than they had had for British rule, and they sought to establish an independent state of their own, to be called Pakhtunistan. The Pakistani government therefore tried to suppress Khudai Khidmatgar by imprisoning Badshah Khan, his family, and his followers. And Badshah Khan, who had spent fifteen years in British jails for his part in India’s struggle for independence, spent fifteen more in Pakistani jails for his opposition to the Pakistani government’s policy toward his people. In 1964, when Badshah

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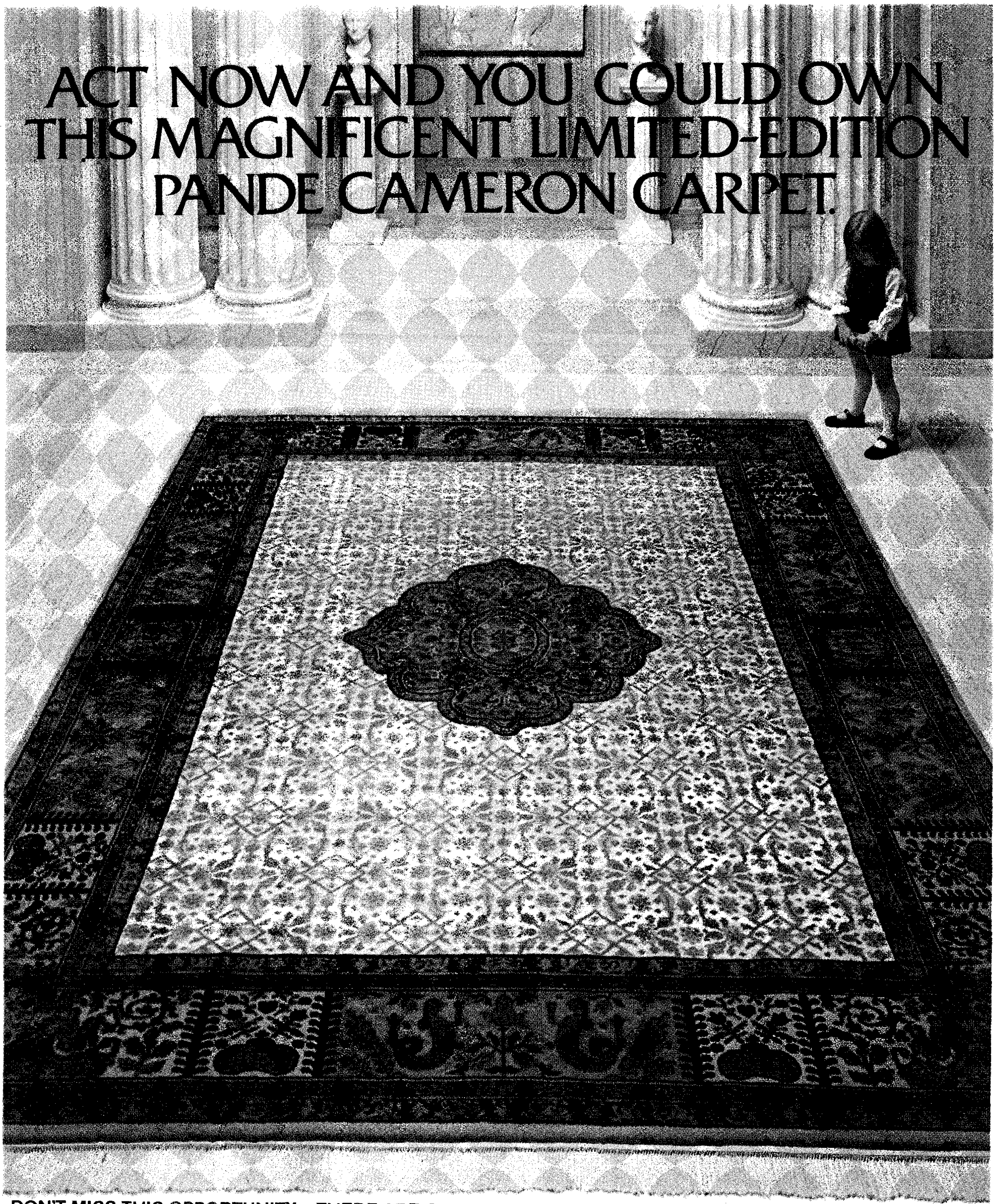

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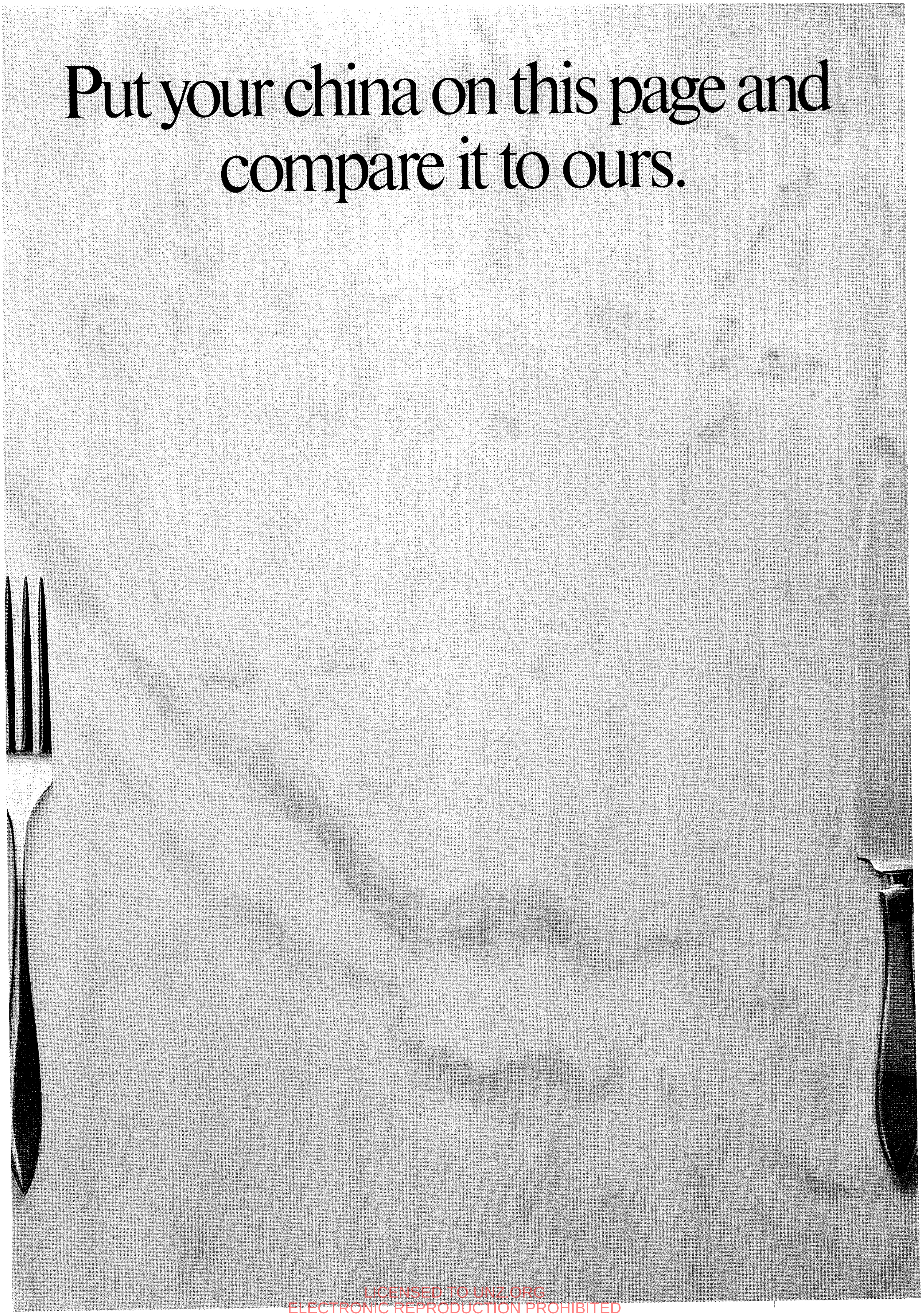

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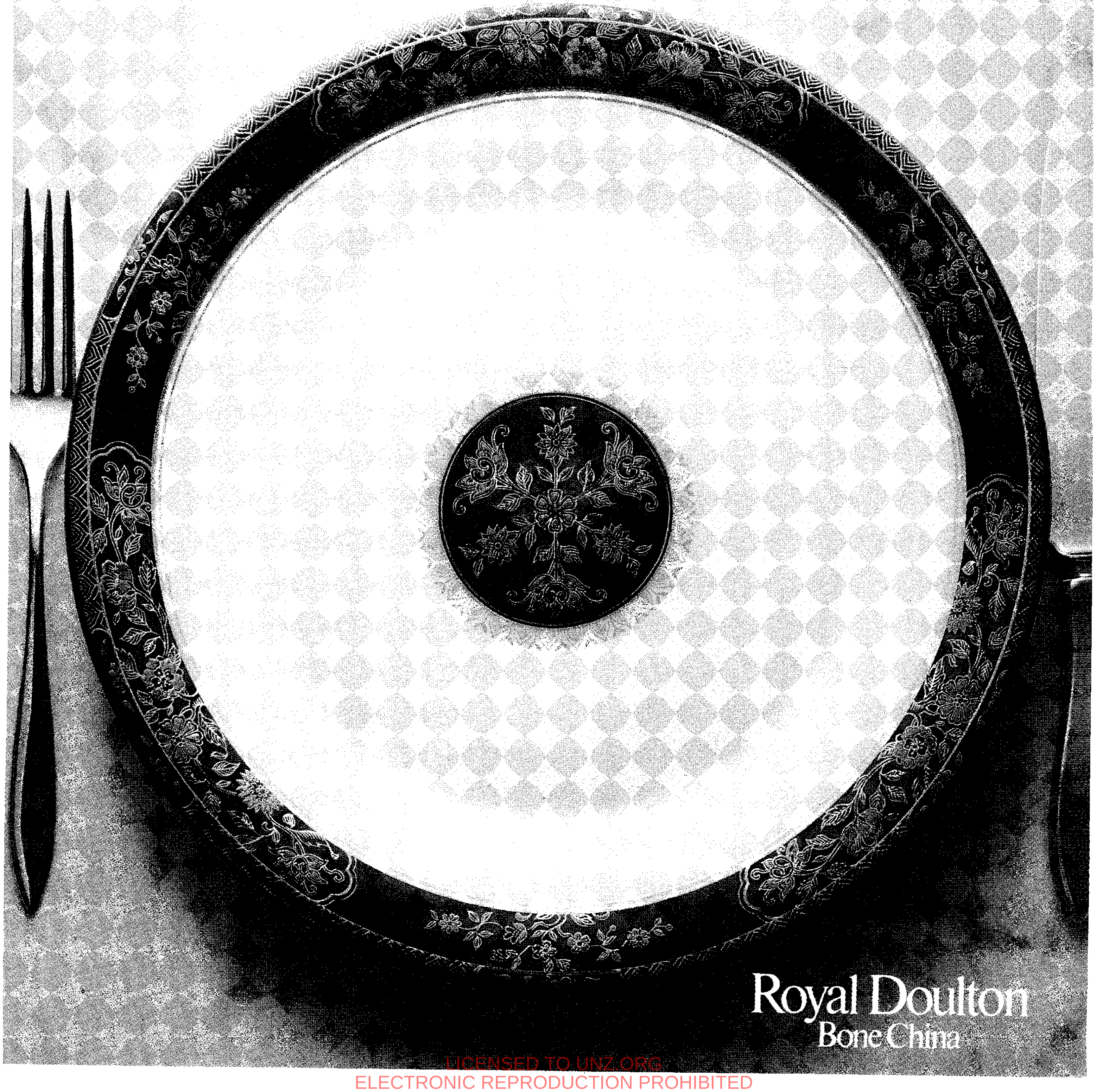

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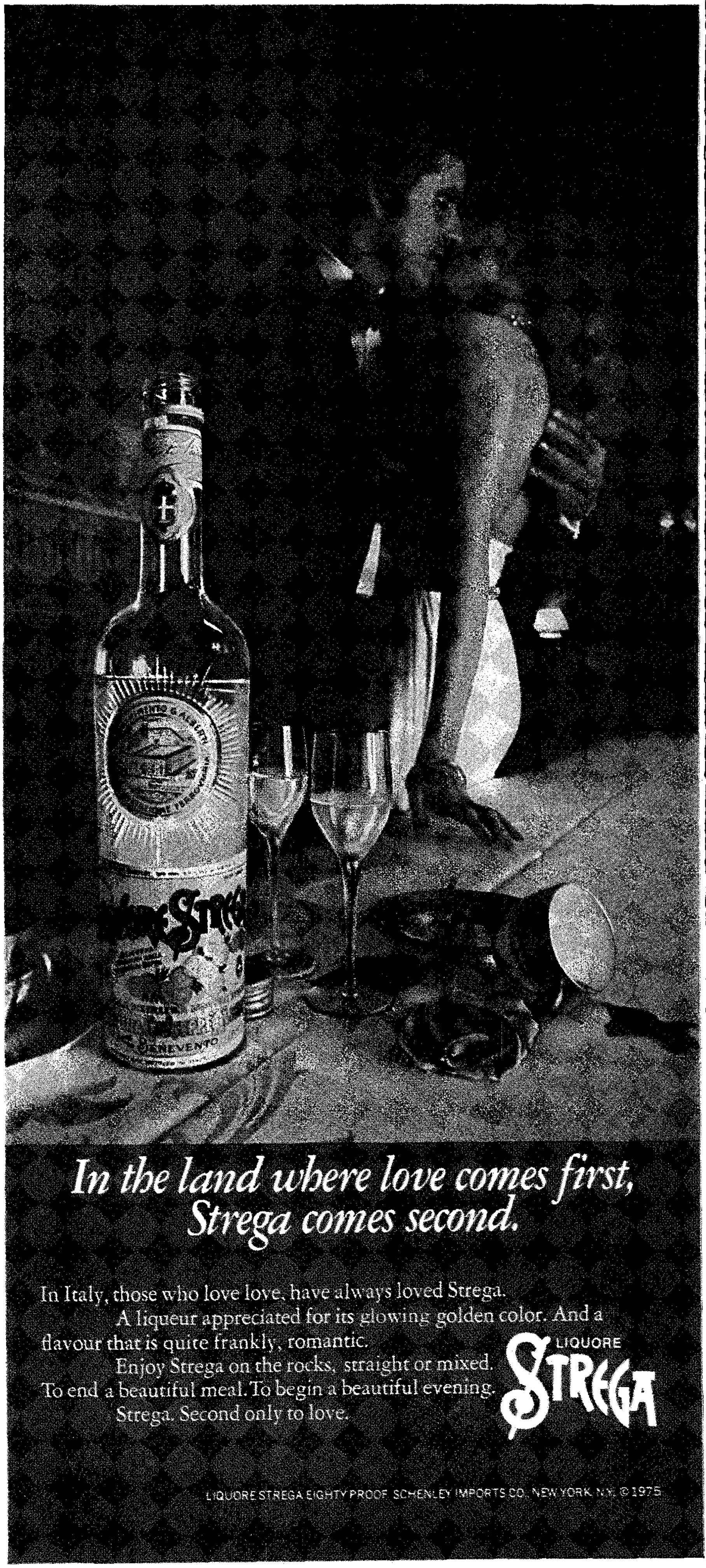
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Khan was seventy-four years old, he was finally allowed to leave Pakistan and go to London for medical treatment, because his years in the Pakistani jails—where he was always in solitary confinement—had broken his health. In 1965, he was granted political asylum in Afghanistan, which ever since the partition has been serving as a refuge and a guerrilla headquarters for discontented Pathans from neighboring Pakistan.

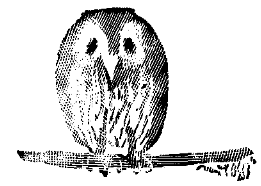
I seek out Badshah Khan in Jalalabad, a town near the Khyber Pass, in Afghanistan, where he now lives in a low, nondescript house. He is sitting in a wicker chair in a bare room buzzing with flies, its windows looking out onto a wildly overgrown garden. Beyond the garden is the main road connecting Afghanistan and Pakistan—cutting through the mountains and valleys where the Pathans have always lived. He is over six feet tall and, despite his age (he is in his eighties), has the rugged, powerful military bearing of a proud Pathan. What a contrast he must have made to the small, frail, spindly Gandhi! Badshah Khan's mouth is set in a determined expression, and his forehead is furrowed, but his eyes are gentle and sad. He has short white hair and a short white beard, and he wears a long, loose shirt and pajamas, both dyed dark brown-red—a color that gave the Khudai Khidmatgars the popular name Red Shirts. They had settled on the color because it would show the jungle dirt less easily. He seems indifferent to the flies that settle on him, never bothering to flick them away—perhaps because he has always had to live with them.

"If I'd remained in Pakistan, I would have spent the rest of my life in jail," he says, in mellifluous Urdu. "That is, if I'd managed to survive the illness I had there at the end. To this day, I don't know precisely what made me ill. I was given some medicine in jail, but I don't know whether it didn't suit me or whether it was an attempt by the authorities to poison me. This much I do know—after taking the medicine, I almost died. For twenty-four hours, my whole body was shaken with spasms. The Pakistani authorities must have decided I was as good as dead, because they finally allowed me to go to London for treatment. The doctor who looked after me in London was a Pathan brother. He prescribed a medicine that I still take today. If Allah gives me health, I hope to live to see the oppressed Pathans of Pakistan united and living together in peace and dignity in

Pakhtunistan. Whether our Pakhtunistan becomes an autonomous province of Pakistan or a separate nation like Bangladesh is for the Pakistanis to decide."

I ask him how he came to renounce the violence and feuding of his people for the nonviolence and Constructive Programme of Gandhi.

"It all started with my early education, as a Christian," he says. "My brother and I—he was assassinated in 1958 by the Pakistanis—were among the first Pathans to get an education. We went to schools established in our province by British missionaries. My headmaster at the Edwardes Memorial Mission High School, in Peshawar, was the Reverend E. F. E. Wigram. It was said that the Reverend Mr. Wigram worked gratis at the mission school—in fact, gave scholarships from his own pocket. The thought of this Christian gentleman who belonged to a country thousands of miles away devoting himself to the welfare of the Pathans moved me very much. The feeling grew in me that I, too, must one day serve my people. The Pathan mullahs used to go around proclaiming, 'Those who go to mission schools are infidels. They are paid to learn. They will have no place in Allah's Heaven. They will be cast down into Hell with all other infidels.' The mullahs were afraid that education would loosen their hold on the people. We mission-school boys tried to persuade the Pathans that there could be neither progress nor peace without education. Later on, the Reverend Mr. Wigram arranged for my brother to go to England and study medicine. After he went, the good man encouraged me to think about going, too, to study engineering. But my mother wouldn't let me go. At the time, such British laws as there were on the Northwest Frontier were enforced indiscriminately, and many an innocent Pathan was put away in jail for life. I told my mother, 'I won't come to any good if I stay back here. I, too, should go to England and learn enlightened ways to challenge bad laws.' But she wouldn't hear of it. So I stayed at home and helped get more schools started for Pathan children. After the First World War, the British looked on our attempts to provide education for Pathans as subversive, and arrested all the teachers and workers connected with our schools. As a result, I spent over three years in jail. As a young boy, I had had violent tendencies; the hot blood of the Pathans was in my veins. But in jail I had nothing to do except read the Koran. I read about the Prophet Muhammad in Mecca, about his patience, his suffering, his dedication. I'd read it all before, as a child, but now I read it in the light of what I was hearing all around me about Gandhiji's struggle against the British raj. The British said that Islam was a religion not of peace but of the sword. This just isn't so. They said it because they wanted Hindus and Muslims to cut each other's throats. There was a lot of violence in the Prophet's time, just as there was in Gandhiji's time, but that doesn't mean that the Prophet Muhammad was a man of the sword, any more than it means that Gandhiji was. When I finally met Gandhiji, I learned all about his ideas of nonviolence and his Constructive Programme. They changed my life forever. I wanted to spread these ideas within our community in the name of Allah, so I helped to start Khudai Khidmatgar. We trained volunteers to go out to the remotest Pathan villages to teach our people hygiene and sanitation, better farming methods, and nonviolence. The British took fright at the rapid spread of our movement. They wanted the Pathans to remain divided and unorganized. They burned down our villages, they jailed us and beat us up. All they succeeded in doing was turning a social movement into a political one. We Pathans eventually threw in our lot with Gandhiji and made his struggle our struggle. In 1931, after Gandhiji negotiated the Irwin-Gandhi Pact—his truce with the Viceroy, Lord Irwin—most civil-disobedience prisoners were released, but I was not. Gandhiji went to Lord Irwin and said, 'Badshah Khan is one of us Congress workers, and he should be released, too.' Lord Irwin made some such reply as 'You are talking about a Pathan now. You should go to the Northwest Frontier Province and see for yourself what a violent people they are.' But Gandhiji wouldn't take no for an answer, and Lord Irwin, much against his will, eventually did release me. After Gandhiji returned from the unsuccessful Second Round Table Conference in London in 1931, things got sticky again, and we were all put back in jail. We were released in 1934, but I was forbidden to return to the Northwest Frontier Province. Gandhiji invited



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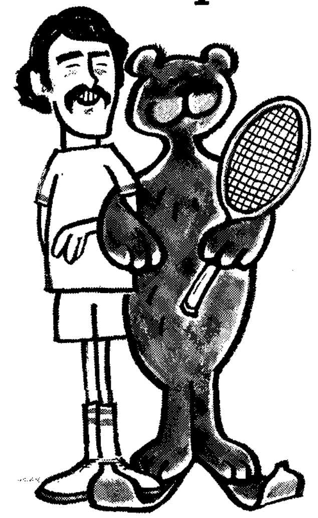

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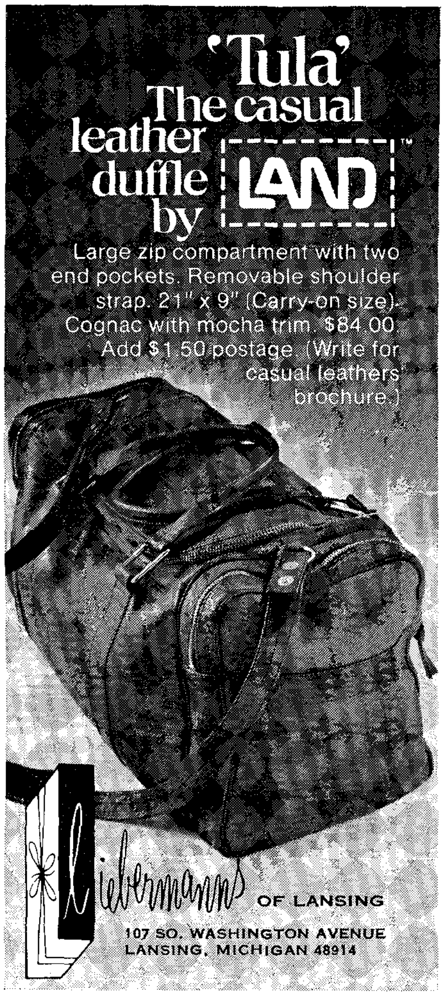

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me to go and live with him, and I did, for three or four months. I used to read the Koran at the prayer meetings. If I forgot my spectacles, Gandhiji would lend me his."

I ask him what future he thinks there is for Gandhi's Constructive Programme—for Gandhiism.

"In India, Gandhiism is dead. Gandhi is completely forgotten. It's the story of Buddha all over again. When I was in India recently, I said in my speeches again and again, 'Why do you not honor your own prophets? Your government does all the things that Gandhi opposed the British for doing—arms itself to the teeth, neglects the villages and the poor, supports a huge, uncaring, remote bureaucracy. The Gandhians among you, with a few notable exceptions, either put all their emphasis on the spinning wheel, as if that were his entire message, or trade on his name for personal aggrandizement. I am your friend, and I cry over your weaknesses. If I were your enemy, I would jeer at them. Gandhiism has more life among us Pathans than among you. At the moment, we are oppressed and politically powerless, and so in no position to do much about Gandhiji's Constructive Programme. But we are holding fast to the principle of nonviolence, even though on occasion our hot Pathan blood has boiled over under the lash of our Pakistani persecutors.' "

"Why do you think the Pathans are more faithful to Gandhi's principle of nonviolence than Indians are?" I ask.

"I can only give you Gandhiji's answer to that question. I once said to him, in the middle of the violence of the partition, 'Your nonviolent movement has ancient roots in Hinduism, going back to Buddha, and has had almost half a century to develop in India under your leadership. You can call on almost limitless numbers of volunteers to help school your countrymen in nonviolence, and yet at this moment you have violence all over the country. We Khudai Khidmatgars began our nonviolent movement only in 1929, and you know how alien nonviolence is to the Pathan temperament and history. The natural response of a Pathan to any provocation is to kill—if necessary, dying in the attempt. Yet the British routinely stripped us Khudai Khidmatgars naked and caned us until we bled, and we tried to endure such indignities without allowing violence to poison our minds.' Gandhiji laughed, and replied, '*Nonviolence is the child not of the cowardly but of the brave.* A Pathan is brave, so nonviolence is natural to him. A Hindu is not so brave, so nonviolence is not so natural to him. It takes longer for him to learn.' But, in a sense, everything Gandhiji taught was hard to learn, and even harder to put into practice day after day. Who of us can say, for example, that we ever succeeded in putting into practice the crux of the Constructive Programme: his ideas on sanitation, which were as basic to his teaching as nonviolence?"

GANDHI was appalled. People were urinating and defecating indiscriminately around their quarters; everywhere there were pools of stagnant water and piles of ordure; the few latrines were unclean and neglected; and no one seemed to notice or care. Yet the offenders were not ignorant rustics. They were India's political leaders, staying in a camp in Calcutta for the meeting of the Indian National Congress in 1901. Gandhi pointed to the filth and asked some Congress workers to clean it up. They refused, saying that it was work for untouchable scavengers, not for them. Gandhi would have cleaned up the whole camp himself, but he saw that it was a superhuman task, and had to content himself with cleaning out a single latrine—the one he used.

In all, Gandhi spent twenty-three years in England and South Africa, and he saw Indian filth with the eyes of a foreigner. "If we approach any village, the very first thing we encounter is the dunghill," he writes. "If a traveller who is unfamiliar with these parts comes across this state of affairs, he will not be able to differentiate between the dunghill and the residential part. As a matter of fact, there is not much of a difference between the two." No Indian village made any provision for private or public latrines, and villagers urinated and defecated anywhere, and threw all their household trash out into the lanes and byways, which were often ankle-deep in filth. Yet virtually every villager went barefoot. The cities and towns were no better. Most of them did not have sewer systems, and when they did, the pipes often emptied into rivers where tens of millions of pilgrims went annually to bathe and wash away their sins. The pilgrims showed no more concern about befouling the sacred rivers than they did about befouling the villages and cities from which they came. "What a sacrilege . . . to make the waters of all rivers, which we deify, filthy!" Gandhi exclaimed at one point.

Yet a Hindu was so afraid of spiritual pollution that he never allowed his right hand to come into contact with his own genitals or anus, if he could avoid it. The right hand was reserved for eating and the left hand for touching the sexual organs and for anal cleaning. Any contact with breath, spittle, mucus, sweat, semen, menses, urine, or feces—one's own or anyone else's—was spiritually polluting; so were dead animals; so were women who had had intercourse with other men. The mere shadow or glance of the people who routinely came into contact with such pollution—the untouchables—was polluting. They were the only people who could engage in such work as scavenging and tanning, and who could marry widows. Traditionally, they had to keep their distance from other Hindus. They had to live in separate communities, were barred from all schools and temples, and were not allowed to use certain public roads or certain wells. They had no hope of improving their station in this life, for that was their karma—their destiny, determined by their actions in a previous life. They could aspire to be better born in the next life only by being true to their dharma—their class rules of duty and service.

The whole notion of karma, dharma, different caste roles, and spiritual pollution was part of the Hindu belief that spiritual purification, or union with the Godhead, could be attained only through a cycle of births and rebirths, although temporary remission for some kinds of pollution, such as accidental contact with an untouchable, could be achieved by washing in the sacred rivers or drinking a sacred concoction made from the milk, butter, curds, urine, and dung of cows.

Gandhi, though a devout Hindu, was, like Buddha, a religious and social reformer. He began dreaming of a day when his India would be rid of the scourge of untouchability (by his time, as much as one-fifth of the population of India was made up of untouchables), and would be as clean and healthy as the West. He realized that the insanitary habits of his countrymen were responsible for cholera, typhoid, and chronic dysentery, and, in fact, he came to believe, for most of his countrymen's diseases. He recognized that these habits might be deeply ingrained, as a result of the institution of untouchability, but he insisted that they were the consequence not so much of religion or poverty as of "criminal apathy." In his view, cleanliness was not a luxury to be enjoyed by the rich or a service to be purchased by vast

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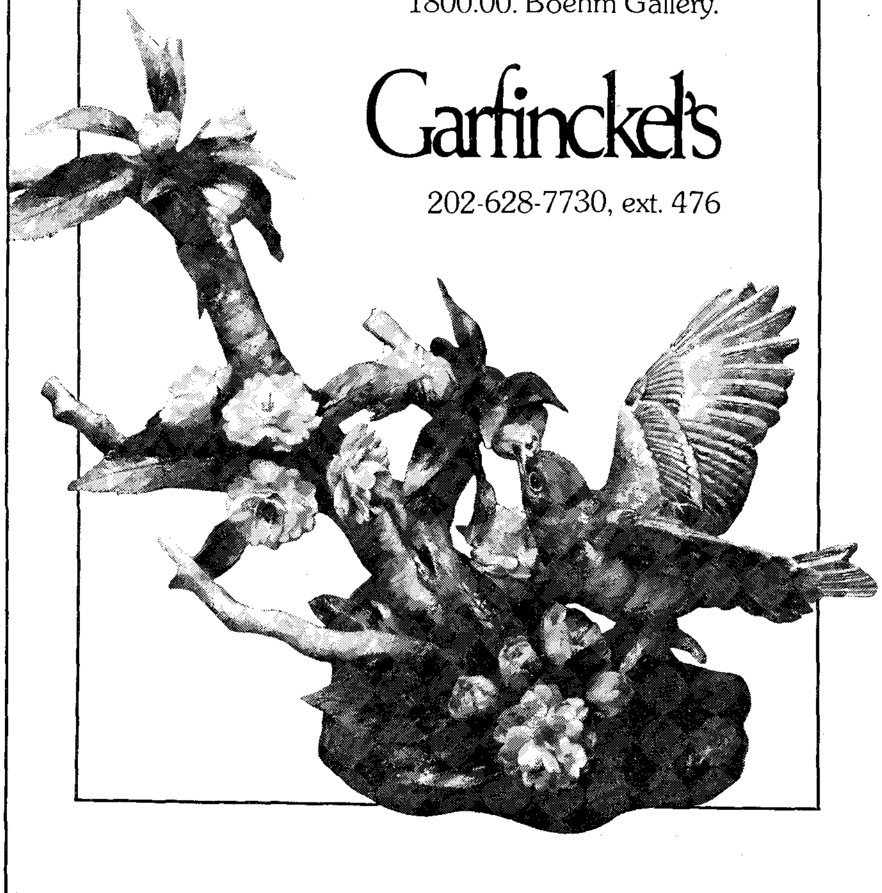

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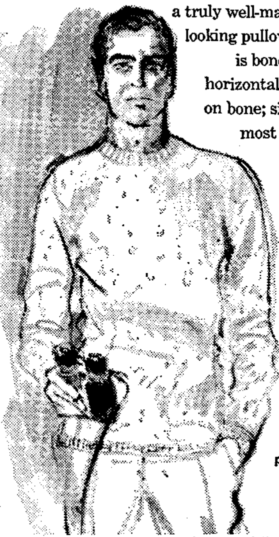

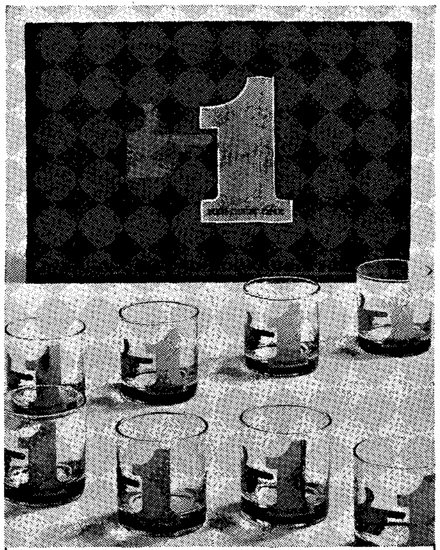

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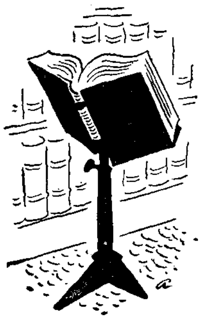
public expenditure but a necessity within the means of anyone who could master the rudiments of hygiene. He believed that an understanding of hygiene was even more important than the spread of literacy. "I know that the fashion is nowadays to give primary education the first place in the work of a municipality," he once said when he was inaugurating a new township. "In my opinion it is putting the cart before the horse. . . . I have not a shadow of doubt that sanitation occupies the foremost place. . . . In fact, sanitation is itself a first-class primary education for men, women, and children." He called for an army of Constructive Workers to volunteer to go out into the villages and drum into people's heads that, contrary to the accepted belief, everyone's religious and social duty lay in his being his own scavenger. Gandhi realized that exhortation alone would have little effect. He therefore wanted his volunteers to base their work on what he believed was the instinctive aversion that everyone had to defecating in public, and, at the same time, to make provision for public lavatories, which, he said, need be no more than ordinary buckets or earthenware pots, to be emptied regularly into a hole dug in the ground for the purpose. If a village was too poor to afford such receptacles, the Constructive Workers could dig a trench and train the villagers to use it and cover their excreta with clean earth. He warned that if the feces were buried too close to the surface they would emit a bad odor, would be dug up by stray dogs, and would become a source of infection; if they were buried too deep they would not decompose properly, because they would be beyond the reach of the sun's rays and of bacterial agents in the topsoil. He gave specific instructions to the Constructive Workers, even to the extent of pointing out that the spot where feces were buried should be protected by thorny hedges, and should not be used again for the same purpose within a year—but it could be ready for plowing in a matter of two weeks, since by that time the feces would have turned into manure. "The question of soiling the feet, whether of human beings or of cattle, can never arise," he writes, "as nothing can or should be sown without the night-soil being turned into good sweet-smelling manure, which one handles freely without any hesitation." He often uses the term "night-soil" for "excrement," as if to emphasize the connection between it and earth.



Gandhi anticipated the farmers' objections that it would defile their land to have excreta put in their fields, and so advised the Constructive Workers to use unclaimed land until the farmers could be convinced of the sanitary and economic value of excreta, which he also sometimes called "black gold." Thereafter, in Gandhi's words, "every farmer will utilize in his own fields the excreta of his own family, so that no one will find anyone else being a burden to him and everyone will go on enriching his own crop." He claimed that for thirty years he had been using the manure made from his own excreta to enrich the crops grown in his ashrams.

The Constructive Workers were to get hold of whatever implements they could find—spades, brooms, pickaxes, buckets, baskets—and set about clearing lanes and byways of the accumulated filth, separating organic and inorganic matter. The organic matter, being suitable for manure, was to be buried in a field. Some inorganic matter could be used for improving a village—by filling in potholes, for instance—and other inorganic matter, for which the Constructive Workers could not think of a use could be packed down into deep holes on the outskirts of the village every day. The Constructive Workers were also to enclose the village pond. Most villages had only one pond. The villagers bathed in it, washed clothes and utensils in it, washed down and watered cattle in it, and then used its water for cooking and for drinking. The Constructive Workers were to teach the villagers to carry water from the enclosed pond to separate troughs for the cattle, and also into their huts for themselves. The villagers were to be told to do their washing and bathing in their huts, and to keep the water they used for such activities apart from the water they used for cooking and drinking. Finally, they were to tour the riverbanks every morning and clean them up, too. "We do not need to become municipal councillors or have any appointment from any public body and the government in order to do this work," Gandhi remarks.

Gandhi himself was a veteran of many wars for better sanitation, but seldom won more than a skirmish. In 1935, he wrote:

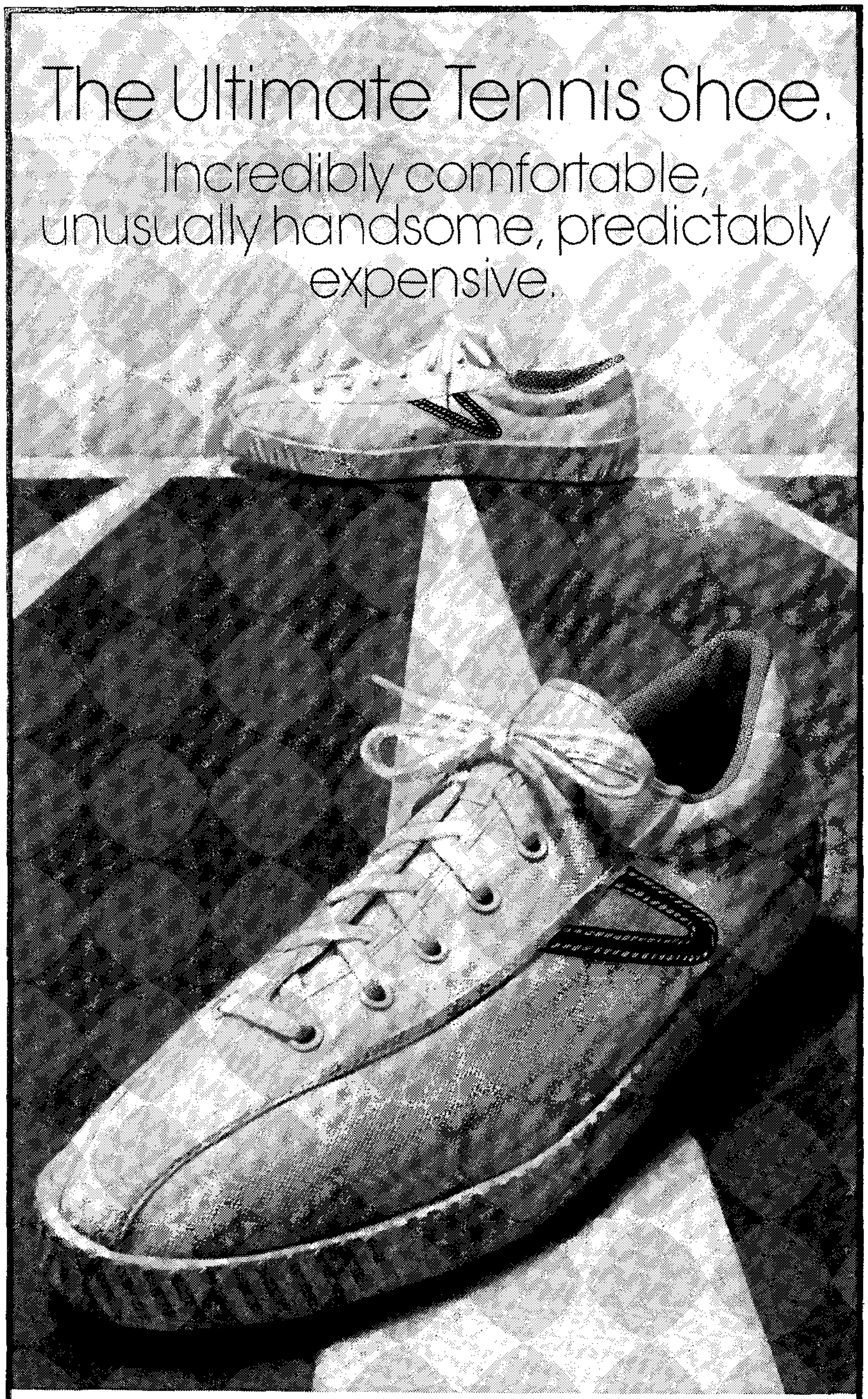
> In Sindi village we are trying to persuade the villagers not to use the streets, to go to the adjoining fields and to throw dry clean earth on their own evacuations.

After two months' continuous labor and co-operation of the municipal councillors and others they have been good enough generally to cease to defile the streets. They go to the fields which their owners have been good enough to open for such use. But the villagers still obstinately refuse to throw earth on their own evacuations. "Surely it is *bhangi's* [untouchable sweeper's] work; it is sinful to look at faeces, more so to throw earth on them," they say. They have been taught to believe so. [Constructive] Workers have therefore not to write on a clean slate. They have to rub off what is drawn into the slate with steel points. . . . Age-hardened ignorance cannot yield to a few months' object-lessons.

ONE of Gandhi's most renowned skirmishes took place in 1915, when he admitted into the newly established Sabarmati Ashram an untouchable family—Duda and Dani, and their daughter Lakshmi. Duda and Dani are dead now, but Lakshmi lives in Ahmedabad. She makes her home in a two-room apartment a couple of flights up a dark stairway, smelling of urine, in a small tenement building. Slum children are camped outside her door, practically blocking it. Her main room has peeling green walls and a brown stone floor, and is furnished with an iron bedstead on which are a green print sheet and several flat pillows. Trunks are sticking out from under the bed, and there is a bedside table with a radio on it, and a couple of chairs. Hanging on the walls are a few calendars, some photographs of Gandhi, and one of Lakshmi herself, sitting behind a desk. Suspended from the ceiling, like a swing, over the bed is a big wooden slab with a large package wrapped in burlap on it—probably a talisman to ward off evil spirits. Through an open door a shiny brass bucket can be seen in the kitchen.

Lakshmi is a gaunt woman with a square face, a wide mouth, gray hair, and small, bright eyes. She has a nervous blink. She wears a brown-and-white plaid khadi sari and a white choli.

"I rent these rooms and live here with my son, who works at the local Khadi Board," she tells me in slightly formal Hindi. "I have a daughter, who is well married and also lives here in Ahmedabad, but I can't persuade my son to marry. He's getting on in years, but he won't marry, because he's confused about his caste. You see, my children's father was a Brahman. Bapu arranged my marriage to him. But people here still hold it against my children that their mother was born a Harijan. Yet my mother cooked for Bapu and he took food from her hands, and it was here



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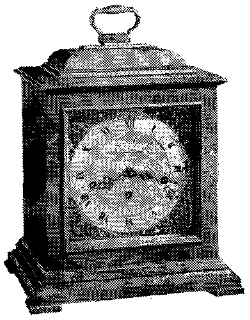

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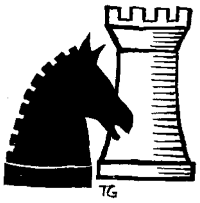
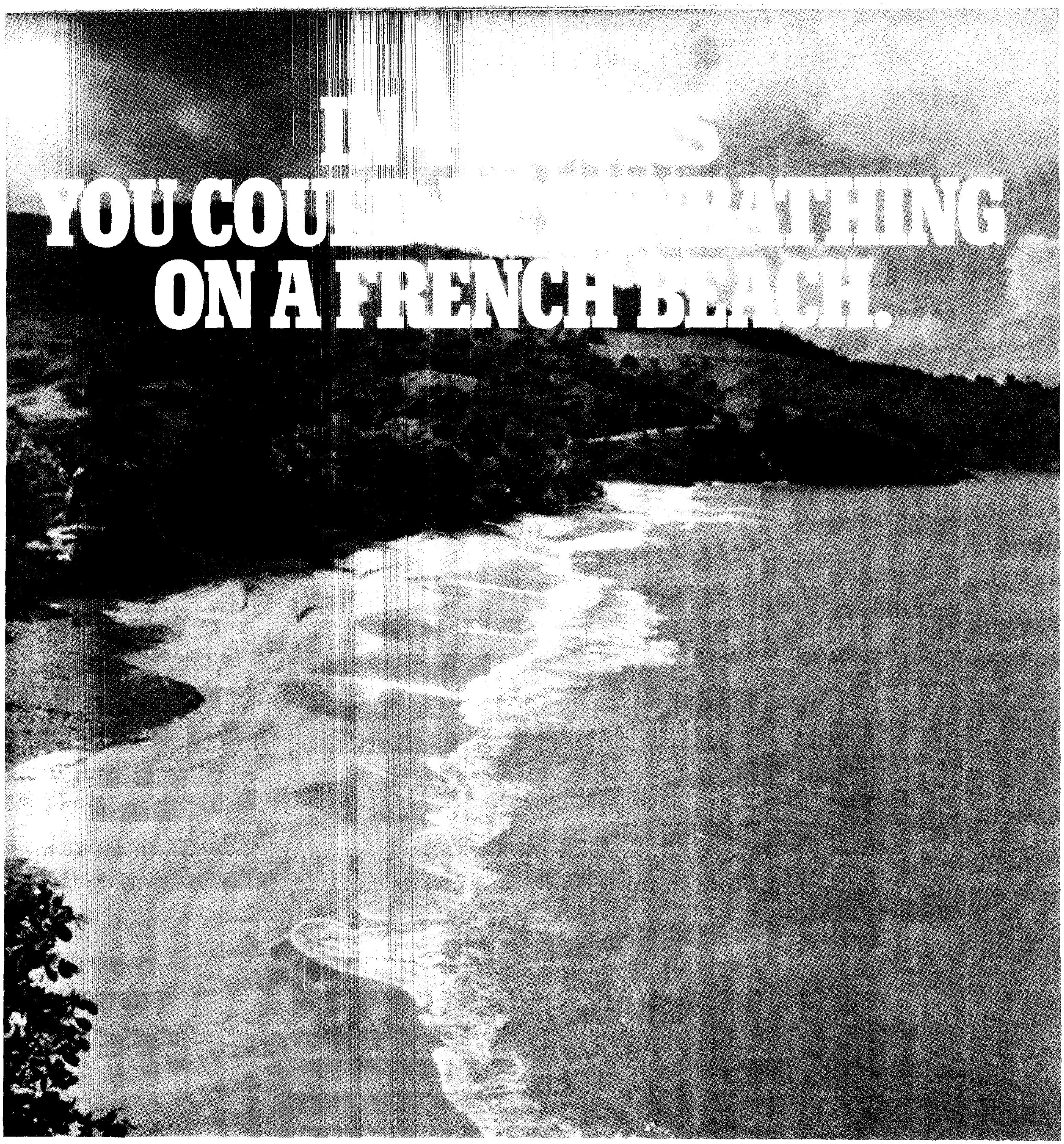
in Ahmedabad that Bapu spent so many years trying to enlighten people. Bapu brought me up as his own daughter from the time I was an infant, and after my marriage he sent for me every year, wherever he was, and I went home to him for my annual visit, just like a daughter. There will never be any improvement in the lot of the Harijans or in the Hindus' attitude toward them until everybody adopts Bapu's ashram system of sanitation."

"What was his system?"

"He had worked it out very carefully in the very first communities he established, in South Africa," she says. "Two white-painted buckets were placed under a wooden platform in whitewashed outhouses. We had to learn to squat in such a manner that stool went into one bucket and urine into the other. Bapu thought it was harder to clean the buckets if solid and liquid wastes were mixed. Near the platform were two earthenware jars, one containing clean water and a dipper, the other fresh earth and a long iron spoon. After passing stool and urine, we had to wash ourselves over the urine bucket with the clean water." Paper in any form has always been too expensive for Indians to use for cleaning. "On the wall above the jars was a sign in Bapu's handwriting which said, 'Always leave the latrine cleaner than you find it.' We would take some of the fresh earth from the jar and completely cover up the stool. When the buckets were full, we ashram residents would take turns cleaning them. They were quite heavy, so it took two of us women to carry each one to the trenches in the nearby field. We first emptied the stool bucket and rinsed it out with the urine, swishing it around with a big broom—Bapu had found a use even for urine! Then we cleaned both buckets out with fresh earth and dumped that in the trench, too, and spread cut grass over it. Finally, we left the buckets out in the sun to dry and picked up any empty buckets that had dried out and could be returned to the outhouses. In a few weeks, the trenches yielded rich compost, and new trenches were dug. It was a hard system and required a lot of training. I remember I vomited when I took my first bucket to the trenches. The sight of it! The smell of it! All the flies and insects! For a time, I couldn't eat, I couldn't keep anything down. But Bapu did make allowances. He would start a Brahman out cleaning the cowshed and gradually introduce him to cleaning the ashram's outhouses, in order to teach him that human excrement was as holy as cow dung. He once asked me, 'Can you pass my first test for a good ashramite?' 'What is it?' I asked. He laughed, and said, 'Can I take my lunch to the latrine after you've cleaned it, and eat it there?' I'm not generally a squeamish person, but I said to him, 'Please don't ask me to take such a test.' The thought of eating in a latrine turned my stomach. Even in the ashram, we had outbreaks of typhoid, because careless children, not trained in Bapu's ways, were always wandering about. I remember once Dr. Sushila Nayar arrived at Sevagram Ashram in the middle of a typhoid epidemic. She immediately went on a tour of inspection, and discovered a bit of excrement on the grinding stone used for grinding the ashram's wheat."



GANDHI, practically until the moment of his death, went on talking about the country's abominable sanitary conditions and exhorting his countrymen to become untouchables and so wipe away the stain of untouchability—now asking soldiers to set aside their arms and take up the urgent work of cleaning the country, now telling the government to spend its money for spades and pickaxes instead of guns and ammunition. When he went for his morning and evening walks, he often took a shovel and a bucket with him, and cleaned up the path as he went, telling his disciples that removing the excreta of others was a form of communion, the ultimate act of humility. In fact, he told them, without such communion with the lowest of the low—the untouchables—Hindus could not hope to overcome their caste prejudices. Although, mainly because of Gandhi, the social and religious disabilities of untouchables were officially abolished by the government of independent India, and untouchables were given the right to enter temples and schools, to walk on all public roads, to draw water from all public wells, to go anywhere, and, in effect, to touch anything and anyone, Gandhi died without making the slightest dent in the Hindu attitude toward excreta and sanitation, and, by extension, toward spiritual pollution and untouchability. Since Gandhi's death, the filth has spread and spread, and the lot of the untouchables has not noticeably improved as a result of their new legal status. For example, V. S. Naipaul notes in "An Area of Darkness"—his



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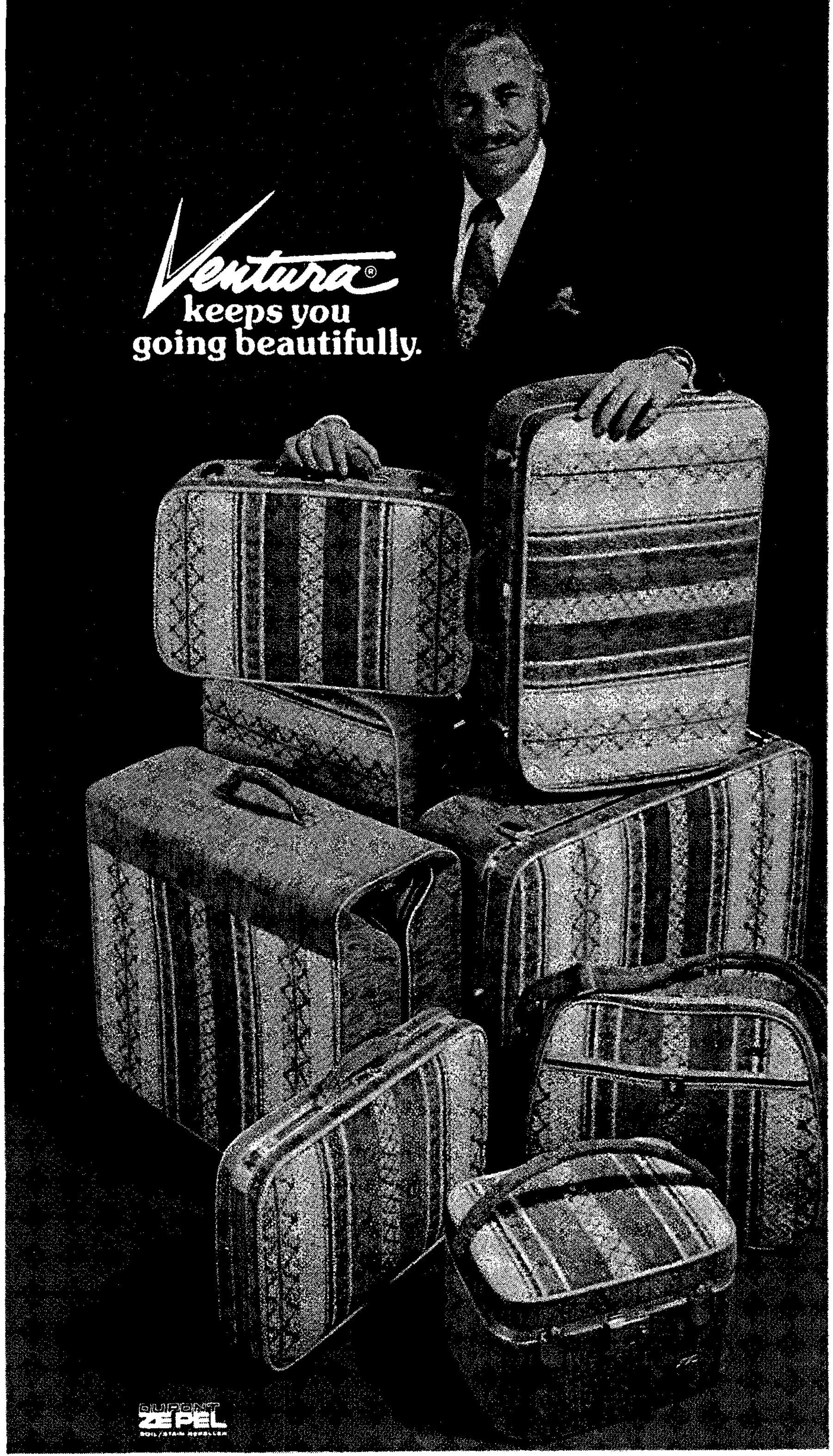

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book about India, the country of his ancestors:

> Study these four men washing down the steps of this unpalatable Bombay hotel. The first pours water from a bucket, the second scratches the tiles with a twig broom, the third uses a rag to slop the dirty water down the steps into another bucket, which is held by the fourth. After they have passed, the steps are as dirty as before. . . . Four sweepers are in daily attendance, and it is enough in India that the sweepers attend. They are not required to *clean*. That is a subsidiary part of their function, which is to *be* sweepers, degraded beings, to go through the motions of degradation. They must stoop when they sweep; cleaning the floor of the smart Delhi café, they will squat and move like crabs between the feet of the customers, careful to touch no one, never looking up, never rising. In Jammu City you will see them collecting filth from the streets with their bare hands. This is the degradation the society requires of them, and to this they willingly submit. They are dirt; they wish to appear as dirt.

Age-hardened ignorance has not yielded at all to one man's lifetime of superhuman efforts and object lessons.

DURING the celebration of the centennial of Gandhi's birth, in 1969, many Indians, in their tributes to Gandhi, dwelt on how, during his lifelong struggle for freedom and toleration, human rights and human dignity, he had managed to turn people of clay into heroes. "Sometimes I wonder whether we have not become clay again," one participant in the celebration noted, and went on, "The exaltation which a truly great teacher produces in his time cannot last very long. But the teaching and thought of such people have a reach farther than their own time and country. We who were born in Gandhiji's own time and country have a special obligation to cherish his image. More than his words, his life was his message." These summary observations were delivered by the new leader of India, the new molder of people of clay or of heroes—Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who had become Mahatma Gandhi's political heir three years earlier, the coincidence of their names being one of the ironies of history.

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Newtown* (*Conn.*) *Bee*]

Sudden unexplained changes in an individual's ability to hear may be the first indication of a developing hearing problem.

THE THEATRE

NO HORSES

A HARMLESS little comedy called "Legend," by Samuel Taylor, came to the Ethel Barrymore last week, was welcomed by reviewers in terms usually reserved for Genghis Khan or the Black Death, and gave up the ghost after five performances. Myself, I found nothing in the play to grow indignant over; it appeared to be Mr. Taylor's attempt, on one level, to write a spoof of the classic movie Western and, on another, to say something serious, if not especially profound, about the nature of illusory ideals. A successful work of art, being all of a piece, tends to conceal what may have been its shaky origins. (Who would ever guess that "Tender Is the Night" began as a novel about a boy named Melarky who murders his mother?) An unsuccessful work of art offers the critical eye a tempting assortment of unravelled threads—hard not to reach out and tug at them, wondering where they will lead.

The threads in "Legend" included several false starts and several hasty emendations in the direction of the easy laugh and the surefire gimmick. Seeking our laughter, Mr. Taylor has his cowboys use unexpectedly dirty language, but quite in vain; the purity of speech practiced in old Westerns was a convention (everyone in the movie audience knew and relished what those heartfelt "golly"s and "dad-burned"s stood for), and to violate a convention is rarely amusing for long. As a surefire gimmick, Mr. Taylor inserted a nude scene for his star, Elizabeth Ashley, who carried it off with her accustomed insouciance. Again in vain, for Mr. Taylor, being of the old, gingerly school, caused the scene to be played behind a scrim; Lady Hamilton was doing that to greater effect nearly two hundred years ago. Among the false starts in "Legend" was the employment of music; Miss Ashley opened the evening with a rueful country-and-Western ballad, and from that moment on the play seemed to teeter uneasily on the brink of becoming a musical, but it never did. As for horses—and how can one spoof a Western without horses?—they remained offstage, evoked as a series of implausible snorts and whinnies.

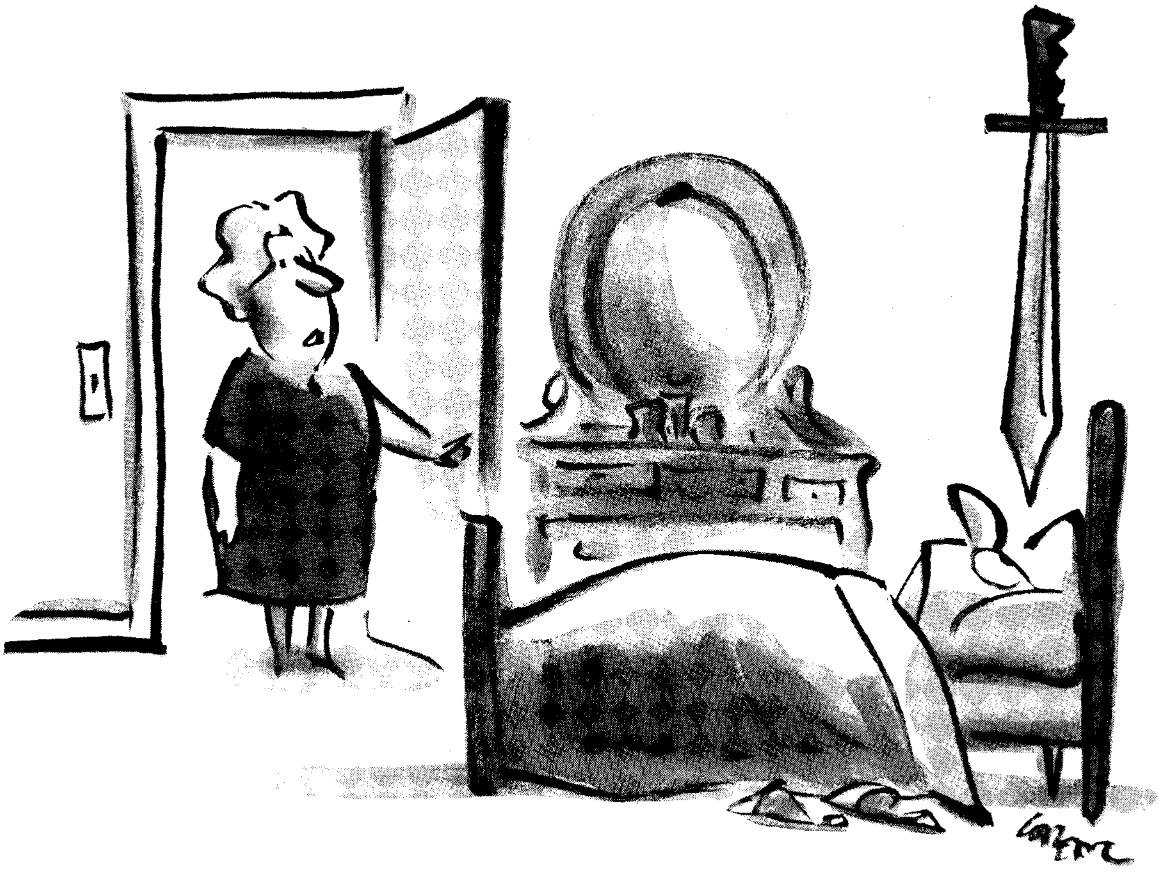
Miss Ashley has intelligence, beauty, and energy, and all were on display in "Legend." She was ably supported by F. Murray Abraham, enacting with valor a well-nigh impossible role—that of a Harvard-educated doctor-sheriff who, practicing nonviolence in a violent Western town, never toted a gun (and never got Miss Ashley, either). Others in the cast were George Dzundza, who played a banker named Morgan, and Stephen Clarke, who played an outlaw named Virgil Biggers. The marvellous set, which accurately parodied a thousand dusty movie sets, was by Santo Loquasto, the costumes were by Florence Klotz, and the lighting was by Thomas Skelton. For the record, it ought to be noted that almost everything that could go wrong on an opening night went wrong on opening night, including scenery that refused to budge and props that prematurely fell apart. Miss Ashley and Mr. Abraham remained unshakably cool throughout these disasters, which will no doubt be the occasion for happy reminiscence between them half a century from now. *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*, as former Mayor John O'Brien used to say.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Young Blue

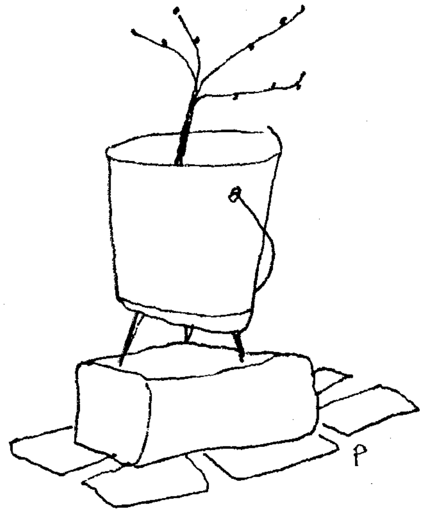
THE brief appearance last week of "Titanic" and "Das Lusitania Songspiel" was my first exposure to the comedy of young Christopher Durang, although word of it had been coming down from Yale, where he is now a Fellow in Playwriting, and at least one of his plays had already been done Off Off Broadway. From the evidence presented, Mr. Durang is a spirited, orig-



"That's funny. I'm sure it wasn't there when I dusted yesterday."

inal fellow (as well as Fellow), who brings back to the theatre a welcome impudence and irreverence. "Das Lusitania Songspiel," which started the evening, and which was actually cabaret, was described in the program as "The Theatre Songs of Bertolt Breck," but Breck/Brecht really had very little to do with anything onstage, except for some offhand references to him and some fake attributions ("Swiss Family Trapp, from 'Mother Courage' "); in fact, one of the funniest routines was a tableau from "Barry Lyndon." The songs and the lead-ins to them were sung and spoken by Mr. Durang (short, trim, and handsome) and Sigourney Weaver (tall and beautiful), and it could be said that there is no more valuable combination in the theatre, especially for an actress, than looks and the ability to clown. (At one point, before attempting to imitate Helene Weigel's famous "silent scream," Miss Weaver said, "And now, although I am not as homely as Miss Weigel . . .") The two of them were at their best in the "Barry Lyndon" tableau (Miss Weaver, vacant-eyed, played Marisa Berenson, and Mr. Durang, in a long-bob wig, played "some British child"); as the entire Swiss Family Trapp; and, in the final number—"Song of Economic Difficulty"—as Welfare Mothers on Parade, lugging shopping bags and leading a general sing-along. Except for the first number, "Frogs," by Stephen Sondheim, all the lyrics were by Mr. Durang, and the music was by an assortment of composers.

"Titanic" was a merry and (innocently) obscene farce, with on-and-off good jokes and not a trace of boring camp, yet I ran out of laughter long before the actors ran out of steam. Few sexual perversions were neglected in a plot of blinding complexity, and there were many false alarms about icebergs. Miss Weaver—the very em-



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bodiment of Mistaken Identity—appeared to great advantage in multiple roles, among them the captain's pigtailed daughter, the daughter of one of the passengers, and the lesbian lover of the passenger's wife. The other actors, several of them Yale alumni, did well, too.

THE Joseph Jefferson Theatre Company, an Off Off group that performs in the Little Church Around the Corner Wednesdays through Saturdays (Sundays presumably being devoted to Other Matters), is to be commended for bringing to light an all but lost play by Philip Barry called "John," and for doing it well enough to let us see its quality. Knowing nothing about it, I went expecting it to be set in East Hampton or on Sutton Place back in the thirties. It is set in Galilee in 30 A.D., and John is John the Baptist. The play will close soon, but this enterprising troupe is certainly worth watching.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE COUNTRY OF SLEEP

All of the drive-in restaurants
in the country of sleep
stay open all night
each with its cheaper hamburg.
Between the drive-ins
farmers have lit their mailboxes
and on each box
specifications of the mattress
the menu for breakfast
and the wife's renown.
No matter what standards
they seem to set forth
they will take anybody.
Between the lit-up mailboxes
in the narrowing shadows
on both sides of the road
rest stops with picnic tables
rest-room facilities
and actual spring water
straight from the rock.
A sign which says
Refresh Yourself the Natural Way
beyond it a row of beautiful
blue spruce
and on the hill
a stand of clean white birch
frolic site for your dreams.
A harmless wild animal
crosses in front of your car.
An owl sits like maple-sugar
candy on the outflung limb
of a hemlock.
Beside you a river burbles
washing over the green stones,
washing washing your cares away.

—GREG KUZMA

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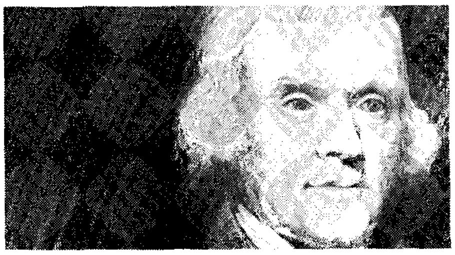

T.J.: I see the Center divided into three parts. A Museum to show what glass is. A Science Hall to show why. A Factory to show how.

P.T.B.. Surely not a dark dreary, dusty 'museum' But a great gallery of glass all open and airy. 3500 years of glass in one continuous concourse! 15,000 authentic and antique artifacts!

T.J.: Entertain the people, Mr. Barnum, but remember the first function of the Center is to inform. I want a narration of the history of glass covering all the great glass-making periods.

P.T.B.: Okay, Thomas, but let's make it a slide show with pleasing musical accompaniment. And remember it is Bicentennial Year. I'd like to gather together The Best Exhibition of American Glass Ever Assembled... from private sources as well as The Museum's own vast collection. That should be worth the price of admission by itself!

T.J.: Admission! The Glass Center is free!

P.T.B.: Even the Hall of Science and Industry?

T.J.: Especially the Science Hall. That's where we teach the young the theory of glass, its chemistry and its physics. And how man invents with glass. From Edison's light bulb to fiber optics. We'll show glass so light it floats in water and glass so dense it blocks atomic radiation. Glass that bends without breaking and glass so strong you can hammer with it.

P.T.B.: Let's have hands-on displays and push-button demonstrations. Fun and games! Even a fiber glass slide and blocks to climb on. And all the magic of glass! A live show at one end of the Science Hall. And at the other end one of those marvelous lampworkers shaping a menagerie of tiny glass animals right before your eyes.

T.J.: And, in between, continuous movies showing how giant machines make glass products for our homes and schools and factories.

P.T.B.: A factory! The greatest attraction of them all. The entire Steuben Factory put on stage for your delectation. Imagine sitting and watching skilled men and women creating the very finest crystal in the world Blowing and forming glass and polishing and copperwheel engraving. I tell you, Thomas, we should pull people from the corners of the earth, which leads me to think we *must* provide a cafeteria and shops where they can purchase souvenirs and glassware to take home

T.J.: Lastly, I would like a summer theatre where we could provide Broadway shows at Upstate prices.

P.T.B.: My friend, we will have a veritable world's fair of glass.

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WINTER NOTES—II

FEBRUARY 12

RONALD REAGAN'S campaign plane—a chartered United 727. I joined the retinue of Ronald Reagan at the airport in Manchester, New Hampshire, at six o'clock this evening, to travel with him over the next two days, in Illinois and Florida. Reagan has been in New Hampshire four days this week and will return at the end of next week. In all, he expects to have spent nineteen days in New Hampshire by the time the primary is held. This week, his last two days in New Hampshire were long and gruelling, one of them ending with a flight to New York and back, so that he could address a dinner on Staten Island. Both Reagan and his staff are aware of the pressures to adopt punishing schedules, to fill in the white space on the calendar, and Reagan has complained to his staff that he is being overscheduled.

Reagan is out to topple a President, and Florida and Illinois hold the next two important primaries after New Hampshire. Two days ago, in New Hampshire, Reagan attacked Ford's foreign policy, criticizing détente; all it had gained us, he said, was "the right to sell Pepsi-Cola in Siberia." The press on the plane is down to the hard core that will follow him anywhere—representatives of the New York *Times*, the Los Angeles *Times*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, ABC, NBC, and CBS—but he also travels with a substantial personal entourage. His top assistants are Michael Deaver and Peter Hannaford, both of them low-keyed, friendly men who were on Reagan's staff when he was governor of California. Deaver had worked for the Republican State Central Committee, and then was Reagan's number-two staff man during his eight years as governor. Hannaford was a public-relations man who joined the Reagan administration during its last year. When Reagan's term of office was over, these two men formed a Los Angeles-based public-relations firm—Deaver & Hannaford, Inc.—of which Ronald Reagan was a major client. They arranged the speaking engagements, radio commentary, and column-writing by which Reagan supported himself and kept himself in the public eye in 1975 before he entered the race for the Presidency, last November. They wrote a substantial portion of his columns and radio scripts. And so one wonders where the firm of Deaver & Hannaford ends and Ronald Reagan begins. For all that he has been on the national scene, or been a force in our politics—and he certainly is one now—Reagan is a dim figure. There is much that we don't know about him. What is he doing with these public-relations people as his key advisers? How does his own mind work? Is he a contrived figure? One cannot shake the idea that this is Ronald Reagan the movie actor, and while that should not be held against him, it does make it somewhat difficult to take him seriously. But he is a serious force—the current vehicle of conservative Republicans' dreams and a determiner of some Presidential policies now. There are many people—including some who opposed him—who say that he was a reasonably competent governor of California and that his administration was more progressive than his political rhetoric would suggest.

Other members of the Reagan travelling staff are Martin Anderson, a conservative economist and former Nixon assistant; Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's rumpled, unbuttoned press aide; Matt Lawson, an assistant to Nofziger who worries about our schedules and our baggage while Nofziger entertains us and tells us what he wants us to hear; another assistant to Nofziger; an assistant to Hannaford; Dennis LeBlanc, an advance man; Kurt Wurzberger, who handles our baggage; and Dana Rohrbacher, who tapes all of Reagan's statements and then offers "actualities"—excerpts from the candidate's remarks—to local stations in cities where the candidate appears. Rohrbacher is a mustachioed young man who plays a kazoo and a guitar (simultaneously) on the plane. Except for him, and the loose Nofziger, it is a fairly buttoned-up entourage, pleasant but cheerless. In size it seems almost Presidential. The candidate—whom they all refer to as "the Governor"—sits in a forward compartment, remote, like an exotic bird that is being protected.

FEBRUARY 13

THE grand ballroom of the Holiday Inn, just outside Kankakee, Illinois. About six hundred people have turned out for a "ranch breakfast" with Reagan. The audience is mostly middle-aged and completely white. Reagan, at the head table, looks just right in a blue Western shirt and brown Western pants. Jo Anne Bailey, who starred in "Gypsy" in the Kankakee Valley Theatre, belts out, to the

"I was born a pest and I shall die a pest!"

tune of "Everything's Coming Up Roses," a song called "Everything's Coming Up Reagan" ("Hear us shout! Hello, Dutch! / You have—that magic touch. . . . You can do it . . . Kankakee's gonna see to it"). Signs and banners are hung about the room, and the crowd is enthusiastic. Campaign workers in straw boaters pass out sign-up sheets to get people to work for Reagan. For a dollar and twenty-five cents, one can buy a paperback entitled "Sincerely, Ronald Reagan," in which Reagan's secretary has collected his correspondence.

Reagan begins by telling a couple of jokes, which the accompanying reporters inform me he tells all the time. They have no particular point, but they are audience warmers. Reagan looks good at the rostrum: a tall figure with ruddy cheeks, his reddish-brown hair swept back in a slight pompadour. He speaks with a somewhat husky Midwestern voice. He tells the group of a poll "that made me angry" because it showed that people thought the Democrats were more capable of solving the nation's economic problems, and he says that the Democrats have brought the nation to "the brink of economic ruin" with their "wild spending ideas." He talks of Americans' capacity for self-reliance, and says, "I happen to believe that there was a divine plan in the setting of this land between the oceans." He excoriates "a little band of intellectual élites on the banks of the Potomac" who think they know better than the people what's good for them. He talks of the need to "give back to the people of this country the right to run their own country and determine their own destiny—and that has been taken away from us by the central government in Washington, D.C." Being in Illinois, he attacks the embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union. Like other politicians, he is speaking to people's grievances.

He invites questions from the audience.

A man asks how long it will be before the budget can be balanced.

Reagan replies that "deficit spending is responsible for all the economic problems confronting us today." He works up a sense of astonishment at what they do in Washington, those foreigners. He does not mention Ford. The enemy is "Washington," whose mists surround the bureaucracy, the Congress, and, of course, the incumbent Administration. He campaigns against "the buddy system in Washington." He says, "Government is the problem." Reagan tells this audience, "Many of

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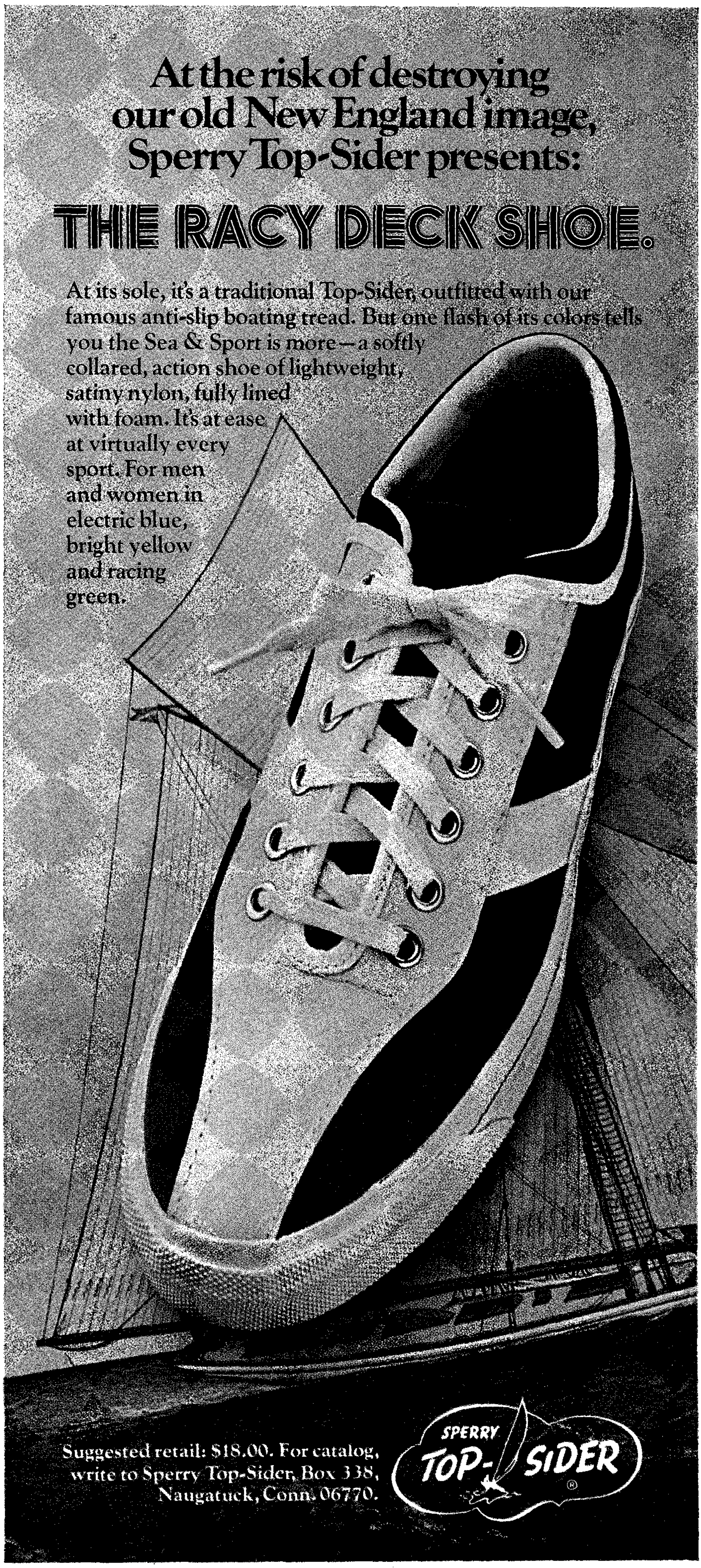

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us are going to have to give up some programs that are pets of ours." One looks forward to his examples, because politicians do not often tell people that they should learn to live without programs they have come to enjoy. Reagan offers as examples what he describes as two grants made by the National Endowment for the Arts—one of seven hundred and fifty dollars for a one-word misspelled poem, "lighght," and one for a nude play that ends in a sexual orgy. (Actually, the latter was not funded by the government.) "Don't tell me the country would go to rack and ruin" if we got rid of programs like that, Reagan says. He explains his own proposal—the ninety-billion-dollar plan—to transfer programs to the states. The idea has been considerably refined since Reagan first launched it, in a speech in Chicago last September. In that speech, Reagan proposed the "transfer of authority in whole or part" in at least six areas—welfare, education, housing, food stamps, Medicaid, and community and regional development—which he said "would reduce the outlay of the federal government by more than ninety billion dollars." Under his proposal, he said, local governments, which are closer to the people, would decide which programs would be continued. (When Reagan was asked earlier this year what would be done about states that did not pick up some of the responsibilities, such as welfare, he suggested migration, saying, "You can vote with your feet in this country.") As the program came under attack from the Ford Administration—which argued in New Hampshire, where there is neither a state income nor sales tax, that state taxes would have to be raised to pay for programs Reagan would cut—and under close questioning by the press, Reagan and his staff made a series of adjustments. The ninety-billion figure was dropped. ("A mistake," Reagan explained.) The staff emphasized the point that the idea was for a *transfer* of programs, not their elimination, and a program of financing them at the state level, by earmarking certain federal taxes for the states, was worked out. The states would have the option of not continuing the programs. Reagan says that his proposal would reduce the overhead on the programs and would provide for an "orderly transfer." He talks about it as if it were just a matter of the press and his opponents getting the thing all confused and one should wonder what all the questions were about.

Asked about Angola, he says that

we don't know which side to take, because "no one in our government has told us whether Angola has any strategic importance." Asked about welfare, he talks about abuses and gives an example, as he has often done in his campaign, of a woman in Chicago who, he says, has eighty names, thirty addresses, and fifteen telephone numbers, and is collecting veterans' benefits on four dead husbands who never lived—for a total estimated income of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The audience laughs. (There are some questions about this example. The woman, in actuality, is being prosecuted on charges of using four aliases and fraudulently collecting eight thousand dollars.) He comes across as a pleasant man who understands why people are angry.

* * *

SHORTLY after the breakfast in the ballroom, Reagan holds a press conference. He has changed into a brown suit. He wears an American-flag pin in his lapel. Up close, he looks surprisingly older than he did at a distance. The face is pale and creased; the voice is weaker. He seems somehow shrunken. He begins by making a correction in something he had said about how his tax-transfer plan would work. Pressed by a reporter about what he would do to balance the budget, he says that he may be able to be more specific later, and adds, testily, "What you would like to do is pick at it and keep picking at it." He also becomes annoyed when he is asked for details of his program-transfer plan. He says that he would not have gone to Helsinki, as the President did at the end of July, 1975, or signed the Helsinki agreement, which ratified Europe's postwar borders; that he would not have signed the energy legislation (which held down the price of oil); that he would not have approved "the sixty-billion-dollar deficit which turned out to be a seventy-six-billion-dollar deficit." This man wants to be President. He seems to have grasped a few issues, or parts of issues, and to be clinging to them. There is a slight atmosphere of masquerade about all this. He talks to people's grievances, but he doesn't seem mean. He doesn't even seem very fired up about what he is saying. And he doesn't seem very well informed. He projects a kind of earnestness, and when he says that something makes him mad it is a respectable mad, a decent American fedupness. He expresses not so much anger as indignation—nineteenth-hole indignation—at

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welfare chisellers and bureaucrats and taxes. It is the same list that George Wallace and Spiro Agnew attacked. But Reagan comes across as doing it in a much nicer way.

•

AT the Condesa del Mar, in Alsip, a town in the southern part of suburban Cook County, Reagan addresses an enthusiastic crowd of about twelve hundred. He begins by telling the same jokes he told this morning, and adds a third—a barnyard story, which he also tells frequently. As he talks, he tilts his head slightly to one side; his eyes crinkle. He comes on as a regular guy. He delivers essentially the same speech he gave this morning, and he delivers it forcefully. He is accomplished at this; he has been in the business for years. He once called himself a liberal, and some attribute his transformation from a liberal into a conservative to the period in the early fifties when, his movie career on the slide, he became the host of "General Electric Theatre" and a travelling spokesman for General Electric. (Reagan had been president of the Screen Actors Guild and had coöperated with the anti-Communist investigations of the film industry—a position that cost him many of his liberal connections and made him a subject of bitter controversy.) Some attribute the change to his second marriage—to Nancy Davis, an actress and a neurosurgeon's daughter, who is said to be highly conservative. Reagan and his wife, a strong woman, are very close. In any event, Reagan has for years now been travelling the banquet circuit telling jokes and making speeches about the horrors of big government. His jokes are the toastmaster's jokes, neither very clever nor really pertinent. His "speeches" are actually sets of four-by-six-inch cards on which he has written paragraphs and anecdotes with a felt-tipped pen, and which he shuffles to give slight variations. His fund of knowledge seems to be made up largely of clippings—stories and polls he has come across that will make good material. Sometimes his syntax gets a little confused and it is not clear what point he is trying to make. Today, for example, one thing that makes him mad is that "a housewife can't buy a box of breakfast cereal without being cheated unless there's a government agency there to protect her."

Again he takes questions from the audience. The questions are friendly. He says that he would like to go to Washington, and that he is not "part of that family, that Establishment in Washington, and therefore not a part of that buddy system that goes on." The audience—mainly middle-aged and older—applauds and whistles. Reagan looks ruddy again, not the way he looked at the press conference. He is very good at being "on." He says that détente "has deteriorated into a one-way street." He says, "Inflation is caused by the government spending more than the government takes in." On arms, he says, "In a few years, if we do not reverse the course, the Soviet Union is going to be able to deliver an ultimatum." He tells again about the woman in Chicago who he says is receiving one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in welfare benefits.

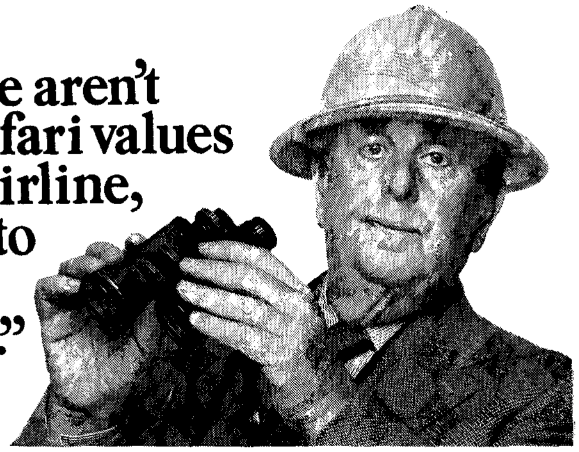
•

I SPENT some time talking with people around Reagan, and then with Reagan himself, to see if I could understand why he is running, and how he reached the decision to run. To many, Reagan seemed to be the sentimental favorite at the Republican Convention in 1968, but Nixon was nominated, because many Republicans remembered what had happened in 1964. Reagan and his men deny that Reagan was seeking the nomination in 1968. Reagan told me that as soon as he was elected governor of California in 1966, people began to ask him if he would run for President, and that when it appeared that the 1968 race would be between Robert Kennedy and Nixon the requests that he run increased. "I never once lifted my finger," Reagan said as I talked with him late this evening on the plane on the way to Orlando, Florida. He continued, "At the Convention, they asked would I speak to the delegates. I never made a pitch that 'O.K., now I'm a candidate.' Confusion arose because the California delegation made a statement that they considered me a candidate. That's how much I ran in '68."

But the idea had been planted. Moreover, Reagan had become the conservative spokesman. In the summer of 1974—while he was still governor and Nixon was still President—some of Reagan's aides and advisers began to meet on the question of a race for the Presidency. Among those at the early meetings were Deaver, Hannaford, Nofziger, John Sears (a former political aide to Nixon who worked briefly in the White House and is now Reagan's campaign director), Richard Wirthlin (a pollster for Reagan),

M. Stanton Evans (a writer and radio commentator), William Rusher (publisher of the *National Review*), and Robert Gray (of the public-relations firm Hill and Knowlton). Reagan remained noncommittal, his aides say, but the group did urge him, as one put it, "to keep his options open." One aide explained, "When we began, we thought a liberal like Percy"—Illinois Senator Charles Percy—"would be the candidate. But I've always been convinced that the liberals in our party fool themselves. The conservatives are not a minority of a minority, they are a majority of a minority, and we were convinced that any liberal who ran, we would wax him. Then Nixon dropped out, and we had to reassess and see how Ford was doing. It became obvious to us by the first of last year that Ford was not setting the country on fire, and then we looked at all the other drawbacks he had, such as not having a national constituency, the people with whom he surrounded himself—ex-congressmen and congressional staff. We saw him making the mistake all Republican Presidents make—trying to be all things to all people, getting a consensus. In the process, the people who can enthusiastically support him fall by the wayside. The surveys we took showed us behind but within striking distance of getting the nomination and within striking distance of election." The Republican right, then, in a strong resemblance to the Democratic left, cannot accept compromises even by someone who is essentially sympathetic. Gerald Ford may be as conservative a President as the Republican right is likely to get, but he does not ultimately satisfy it. And so, like other politicians who have tried to reach across some divisions in order to get elected, or to govern, Gerald Ford is being keelhauled.

In late 1974 and early 1975, as the group continued to meet—sometimes with Reagan present, sometimes not—Deaver and Hannaford put together their public-relations firm and set up a system by which Reagan could earn a substantial income and remain a visible spokesman. He spent from twelve to fourteen days a month on the road; through his radio program, he reached ten or fifteen million people a day; his column appeared in about a hundred and eighty newspapers. In July of 1975, with Reagan's assent, a committee was formed to raise money, begin organizing, and survey the potentialities of a Reagan race. An aide tells me that the Reagan strategy was very carefully arrived at. He says, "We weren't running against Gerald Ford. We



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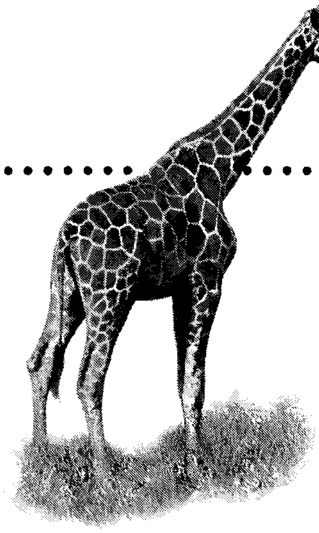

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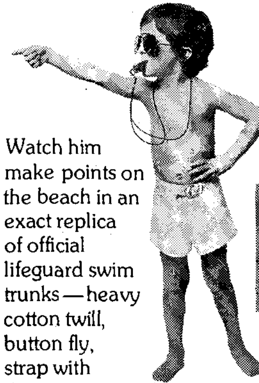

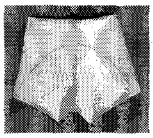

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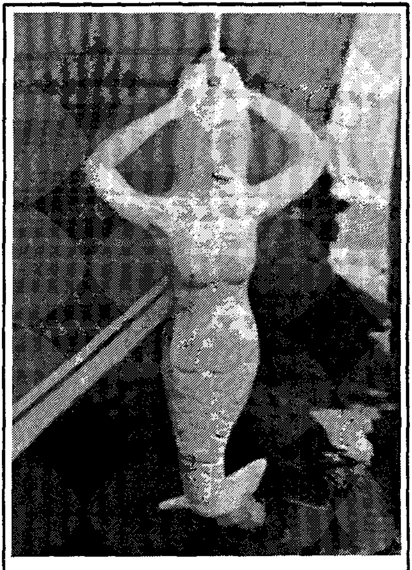

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weren't running against the Congress. We weren't running against Democrats as such. We were running against evil incarnate as embodied in the buddy system in Washington." In December of 1974, according to Reagan's associates, Ford phoned Reagan and said that he wanted him to be part of his government, mentioned that there would be some openings in the Cabinet, including the Transportation Department, and said that he would like Reagan to take one of the jobs. A few days later, Reagan called Ford back and said that he did not think he would enjoy being a Cabinet officer after being governor of the largest state. In the spring of 1975, when Reagan was in Washington for a meeting of the Rockefeller Commission on the C.I.A., of which he had agreed to be a member, Donald Rumsfeld met with him and offered him the job of Secretary of Commerce. Again Reagan said no. "So," says a Reagan aide, "when they saw they couldn't coöpt him they set out to embarrass him, by getting some of the Governor's friends and political allies to support Ford for reëlection." And then the aide cut to what is probably the heart of the matter of why Reagan is running: "He didn't really have any choice. If he was going to have anything to say to this country, if he was to be a spokesman for any segment, he had to go. With all those people saying, 'Ron, you've got to lead us,' he had to go or be seen as a bag of hot air, and they would have turned to someone else as their spokesman." Reagan had to run for the Presidency or forfeit his role as the conservative spokesman, which had become his career. The explanations that are given—that it was Ford's signing the tax bill, and the like—seem to be justifications after the fact. Even if he loses, his position is secure. He will have fought the noble fight.

In our conversation, on the plane to Florida, Reagan assigns an important role to his wealthy friends Justin Dart, head of Dart Industries, and Holmes Tuttle, a wealthy California friend of Reagan's who is said to be the largest Ford car dealer in the world and who did not want him to run. "More and more people came and said, 'You've got to do this,'" he tells me, and he continues, "They still said no. Finally, it just kept growing to the point where they said yes." But Reagan portrays himself as the reluctant candidate. The organization Citizens for Reagan was formed. "Finally," Reagan says, "in fairness to them, I gave them a date by which I would become a candidate—November 20th." Reagan says that he felt he had to run because "the Administration did not follow the path where it would *not* be necessary to do this—meeting the problems of inflation, the budget deficit." He goes on, "I deplore the Helsinki agreement. I think too much was given away at Vladivostok. And also there was the whole segment of people who did not accept Ford as a leader. I just felt that, win, lose, or draw, there were things that needed to be said, a debate needed to take place. When you're not a professional politician—I guess there was almost a sense of unreality about it, for both Nancy and myself. It was a little bit like the drunk hanging on to the lamppost, and the moon was reflected in the gutter, in the water of the gutter, and a fellow going by, and he grabbed him and said to the man, 'What's that down there?' And the fellow looked at him and he said, 'It's the moon.' And the drunk says, 'What the hell am I doing way up here?'"

He should probably be taken at his word: he is propelled by a combination of intoxication and a sense of responsibility. How does one separate those, in any event? What is it that persuades someone that he must offer himself to the people? Particularly when, for all the effort you must make, what you must do is not altogether unattractive: ride in limousines, travel with entourages (never having to worry about your suitcase), listen to crowds cheering, to people telling you that you're needed, that you're the only one who can set things straight. Reagan is accustomed to living in a kind of cocoon: his conservative advisers huddle around him; his friends are wealthy California businessmen. And his life's work has been receiving adulation.

FEBRUARY 14

ORLANDO. We arrived at our motel at about one-thirty this morning. Ford was here yesterday, and the paper is filled with stories about his visit. The paper, the Orlando *Sentinel Star*, which is for Ford, is an important force here in central Florida. The President announced that the International Chamber of Commerce would hold its 1978 convention at Disney World, near here, which he said could generate more than a million dollars for the economy of central Florida. The federal connection was that the United States Travel Service, in the Commerce Department, was instrumental in attracting the convention. Ford also said that people shouldn't "nitpick" foreign policy and that we must "keep cool" in foreign policy and "keep our powder dry." Jerry Thomas, the 1974 Republican candidate for governor of Florida and a conservative leader, announced his support of Ford earlier this week. He has been offered an important job, rumored to be Under-Secretary of the Treasury. George Wallace, Jimmy Carter, and Henry Jackson are also in the state this weekend.

The Ford-Reagan contest in Florida is being carried on against a background of swamp politics, of fights among local politicians for control of the Party in each congressional district—each is a sort of separate barony—and in the state. The Presidential candidates become somewhat incidental as the local politicians figure what is at stake for themselves if they take one or another side. This is an example of what might be called the "back-yard principle" that runs through our politics: the positions that various people take, and the things they concern themselves with, have to do not so much with great questions such as who should lead our nation as with how to protect their own back yard. It was this intramural warfare in Florida that was causing severe organizational problems for the Ford campaign until a few weeks ago, when Stuart Spencer called in William Roberts, his former partner in the California public-relations firm that created the politician Ronald Reagan. The Ford campaign here is said to be taking shape. L. E. (Tommy) Thomas, a big, beefy man who is Reagan's campaign chairman in Florida, has become more subdued. The Florida delegation at the 1968 Convention almost went for Reagan. "I have said all along it would be two to one for Reagan here," Thomas said today, "but now I'm not sure."

Reagan's itinerary today took him to small communities of retirees and citrus farmers, to a Citizens for Reagan barbecue in Eustis, in Lake County, and to a Republican Club rally in De Bary, in Volusia County. Many of the citizens of these towns came there from the Midwest and the Northeast. Our bus travelled long distances through land that was marked by citrus groves, lakes, and trees covered with Spanish moss. Reagan told the same jokes he had been telling yesterday, made many of the same remarks, and answered questions. Asked about energy, he said that the way to get more oil and gas is "for the government to get out of the way of the private sector." Referring to an issue he has begun to use against Ford in Florida, he criticized the negotiations to revise the treaty between the United States

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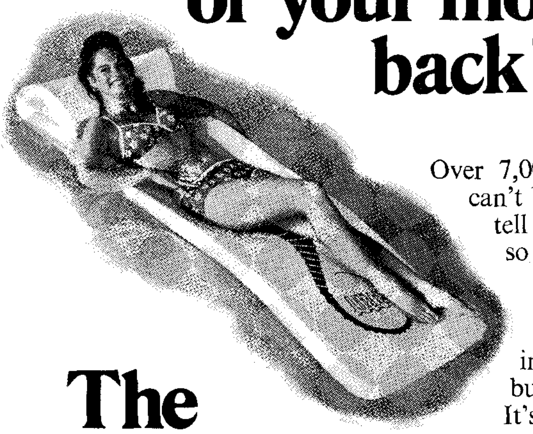

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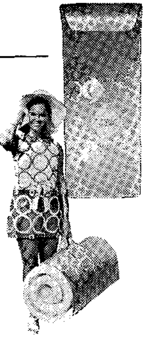

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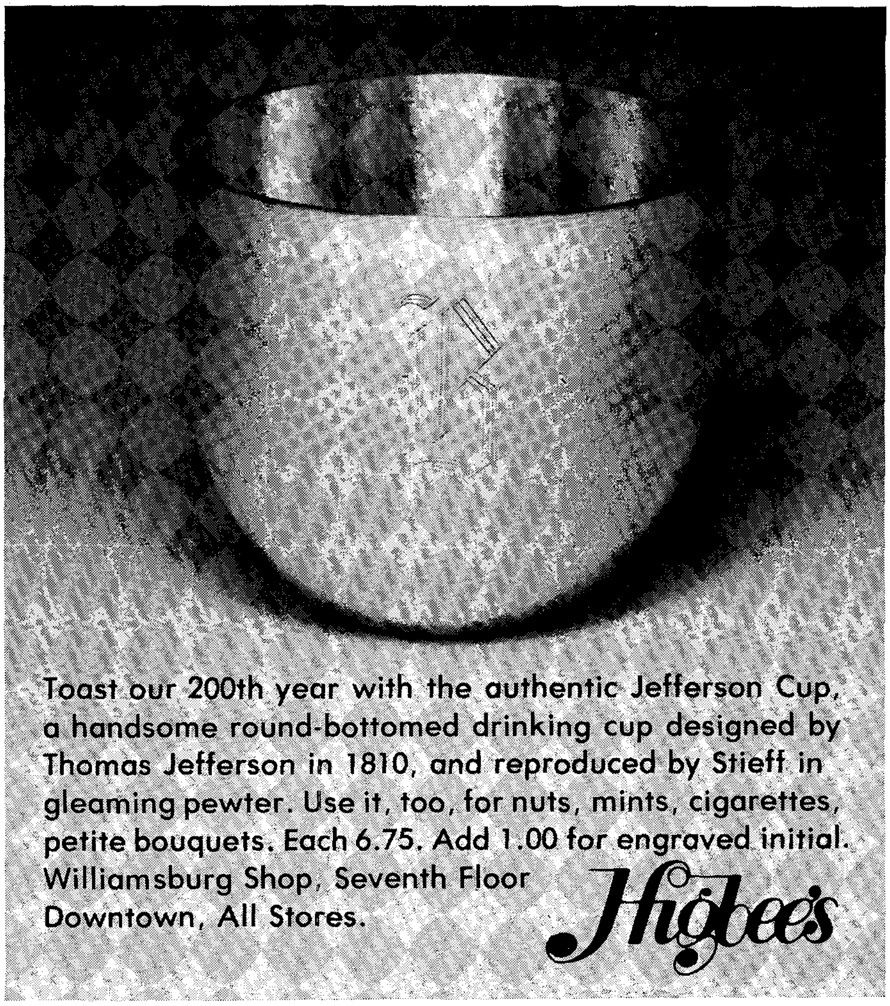

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and Panama granting the United States sovereign control over the Panama Canal "in perpetuity." He said that the Canal is sovereign United States territory in the same way Alaska is, and that the leader of Panama is "a Marxist military dictator." Reagan said, "I think we should tell him to shut up—'We're keeping the Canal.'" For which he received loud cheers and applause.

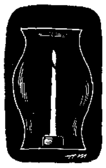
Tomorrow, before returning to California for some rest, Reagan will participate in Bicentennial ceremonies in Winter Park.

FEBRUARY 22

SUNDAY. Richard Nixon is in China (his picture is on the front pages of the papers). Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan have been campaigning in New Hampshire. On Tuesday evening, the President held a televised news conference, ostensibly to announce his own plans for reorganization of the C.I.A. and other foreign-intelligence agencies (thus getting the jump on Congress), and took advantage of his free prime time to get in some jabs at Reagan. The President said that Reagan had suggested from time to time that the Social Security system be voluntary (a position that Reagan once supported but has since repudiated), and that its funds be invested in the stock market (which Reagan mentioned that other people had mentioned, and which he then dropped). One begins to wonder what candidates would do without Social Security—to promise to increase the benefits of, or to accuse each other of wanting to do in. Asked about his statement in an interview with Walter Cronkite that there was no philosophical difference between himself and Reagan, the President explained that there was a distinction between "philosophical" and "pragmatic" differences.

FEBRUARY 23

TODAY, I had lunch with Carl Holman, the president of the Urban Coalition. That is his formal title; informally, and quite apart from *his particular form of employment*, Holman is one of the most important blacks in America. He has lines out to and in from practically all segments of black communities. He is a friend and adviser of many black leaders; he is one of the leaders most trusted by those blacks who are not leaders. His protégés are scattered throughout America in influential positions. He also has lines out to and in from various segments of the white world. Holman is widely consulted, because of his wisdom and his experience. Now fifty-six, he has had a remarkable life, beginning in Minter City, Mississippi. The recipient of a Whitney fellowship at Yale, Holman was an established poet and playwright by the late nineteen-forties, when he began teaching English at Clark College, in Atlanta. He was a strategist for the student sit-ins (from which several of his protégés came), and he edited a black weekly paper. He advised Martin Luther King, Jr., and he bailed students out of jail. He came to Washington in the nineteen-sixties to work for the Civil Rights Commission, and then moved to the Urban Coalition. All the way, he devoted himself—often to the detriment of his health—to improving the condition of blacks and the relations between blacks and whites. He is a tall, slim, gentle man who speaks slowly, sometimes circularly, and often with humor. I have talked with him frequently over recent years. I was surprised by the intensity and despair of his remarks today.



I began by asking Holman why issues relating to blacks seem to have slipped from the public agenda.

"A white reporter came up to me recently," he replied, "and said, 'Isn't it true people don't care about the cities?' I said yes—that that's because in the sixties, when there were the riots, cities became a metaphor for blacks. That's firmly fixed in people's minds. Cities are out. They're out of style—despite all the noise about New York. Some urban experts suggest that the blacks who were salvageable were swept up and out into the suburbs—into decent jobs, and all that. And they were acceptable, because they do not frighten people with their differentness. So the ones who are left behind are locked in a life style that the rest of America finds repugnant, and they are considered unsalvageable, you see, and it is considered a waste to spend time and money on them and worry about them. As the cities of the Northeast have become more and more the preserves of the blacks and Latinos, they have come to be seen as expendable."

Holman went on, "What's clear about the reaction of many blacks to the President and the way many Democrats and Republicans dealt with New York City was to say in any private gathering that New York City would never have been dealt with like that if it had been seen as a city of Wasps. Vernon Jordan"—executive director of the Urban League—"talks all the time about how difficult it is to get people to see that because there are so many more whites in the country, there are more whites on welfare than blacks. People have been going over these great landmarks for blacks, and nobody's looking at the rifts that began to appear. You could see the growing view that there would not be a larger sharing of the pie but a sharing of the same slice. So if jobs were to be open to blacks they would have to be in the public sector. And then, in the school system, you ran into the administrators and the teachers. And then came the DeFunis case."

In that case, a white applicant to the University of Washington Law School sued on the ground that he had been denied acceptance in favor of minority students with lower test scores. He won the case in a lower court. "You began to see people splitting up," Holman said. "Busing is a trap for blacks. We've given up a broad terrain on which we might have fought, and have retreated to a kind of Dunkirk, with the sea to our backs. There is so much hostility and tension. There are three options: busing, compensatory education, career education. What's happening? We're losing all three options and ending up with zilch. The truth is people are not happy with the status quo. There is a great move to the status quo ante. People are talking about how much better it would have been if 'we' had not brought 'them' over, or thinking about how much better it was before the sixties."

I asked if this was really true.

He replied, "One member of the Coalition says we have to distinguish between the paranoia that's unhealthy and that which is necessary. That quip that if you're not paranoid you don't understand the situation has some validity for blacks. We used to say, 'Oh, no, Nixon would never appoint a Carswell.' Look at the nostalgia craze. E. L. Doctorow, in 'Ragtime,' talks about these white ladies going out to see the fleet, and he says there were no Negroes, there were no Jews. In the early part of this century, everyone knew his place. It's no accident that that book is a best-seller."

Holman went on, "I think it's a mistake, if one looks at race in this country, to look at legislation or the so-called big issues, because most blacks aren't involved in those. I see happening in the country what happened in Atlanta when white people asked me why it was that the older black leaders who had contact with the white world did not warn them that the student movement was coming. I said, 'One, because they were your message-bearers who

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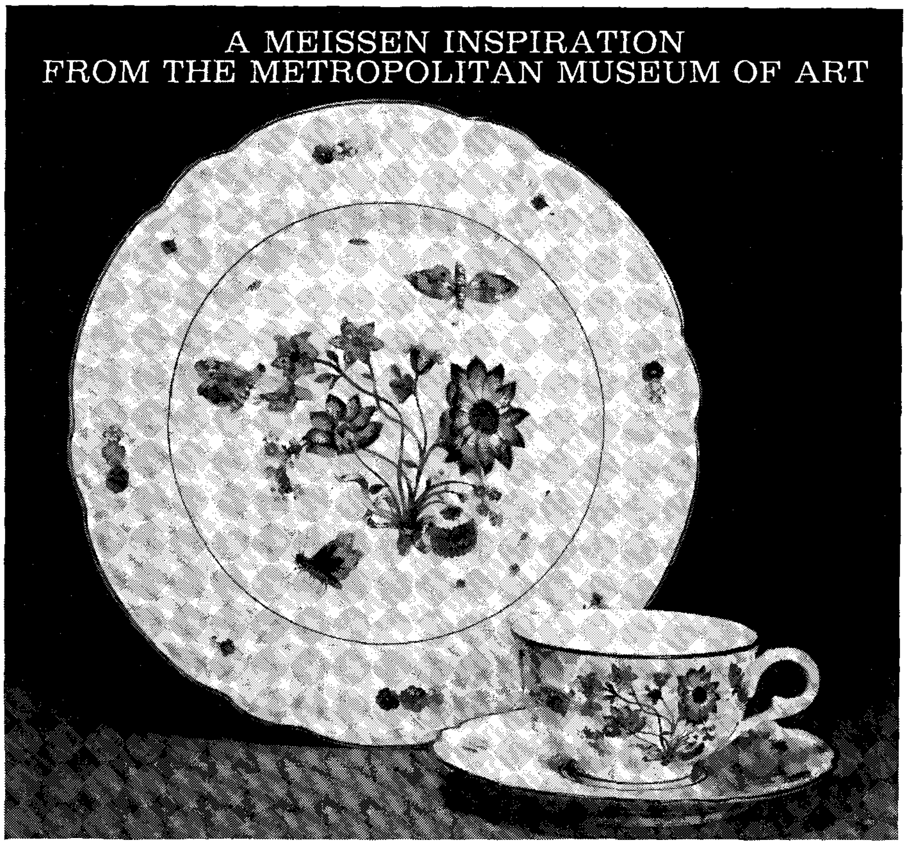
did not want to bring you a message you did not want to hear; two, they were not trusted; three, they were to serve as apologists for you, and couldn't have any victories.' Now blacks see their leaders ignored by the executive branch of the government, ignored by the legislature, ignored by the media, and they bring no victories. You talk about black mayors and they say, 'Yeah, what can they do?' What's happening now is a great cynicism not only among black leaders but also among young blacks as regards their leaders. I don't see a lot of young blacks aspiring to leadership, because they figure it's a losing game. You see a kind of dangerous cynicism and anomie among young blacks—the kind of despair where you don't care whether you live or die. What can we say? We can't keep going back and saying, 'Look at our civil-rights victories.' "

Then Holman said, "Even white people think politicians don't care about them. Then what the hell do you think blacks think? What Watergate meant to a lot of blacks was 'This was what we always thought they were like.' There's a great feeling of being out of it—outsiders in your own country—which was a feeling they began to lose in the sixties. And it's come back double-barrelled now. Some of the blacks feel, as Paul put it in the Bible, that they are 'aliens from the commonwealth.' Everything operates to make them think that. Meanwhile, strong crosscurrents develop that are rarely detected, like Moynihan's saying that it was no accident that Amin—and I'm no fan of his—was chairing the Organization of African Unity, when it was his turn. It's beyond such things as the percentage of blacks that are unemployed. It's the basic non-caring for those who don't make it—the 'Too bad about them. I've got mine, Jack.' Everyone knows that proportionately more blacks are out of jobs than whites. The President knows that national figures for joblessness are all but meaningless when it comes to blacks. You'll have seven per cent nationally and forty-five per cent in a whole segment in Chicago. The government stopped making those breakdowns and brought in someone else to deal with labor statistics. Bernard Anderson, a young black economist at the Wharton School, has been saying that we are coming up with a generation of young blacks who have never had any job experience. They have been jobless and they are going to stay jobless and can't even collect unemployment benefits. The President



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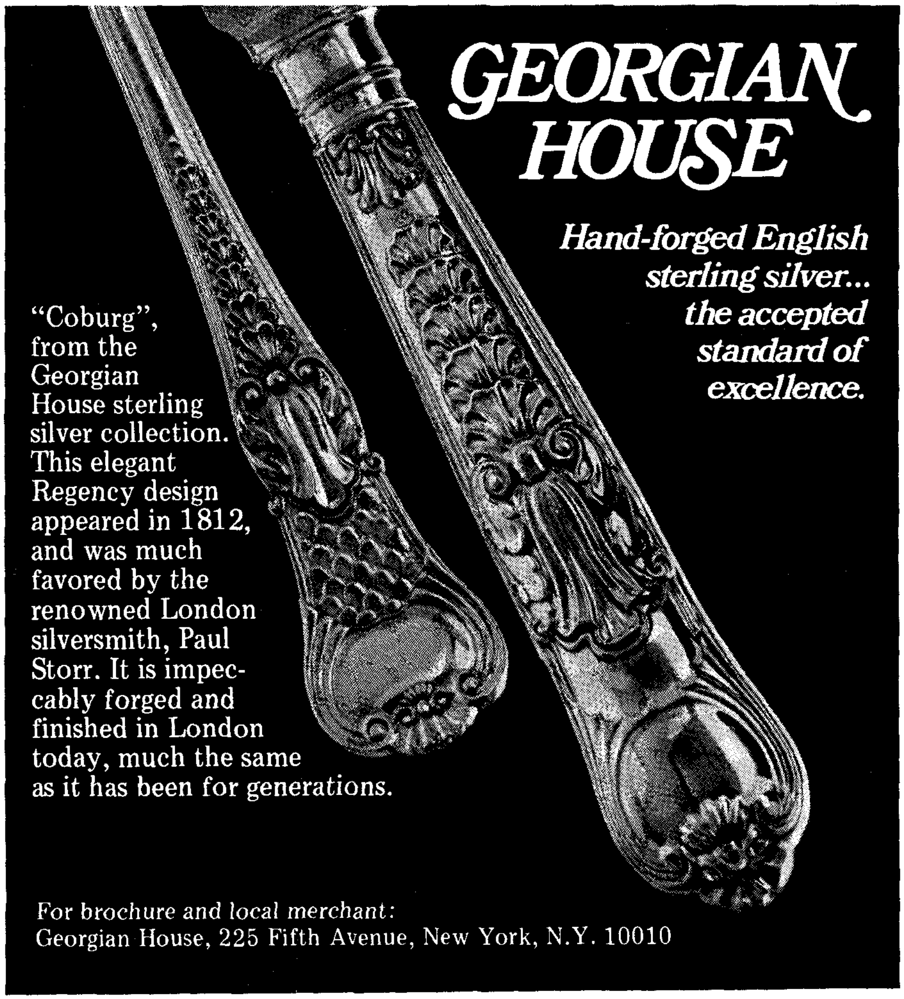

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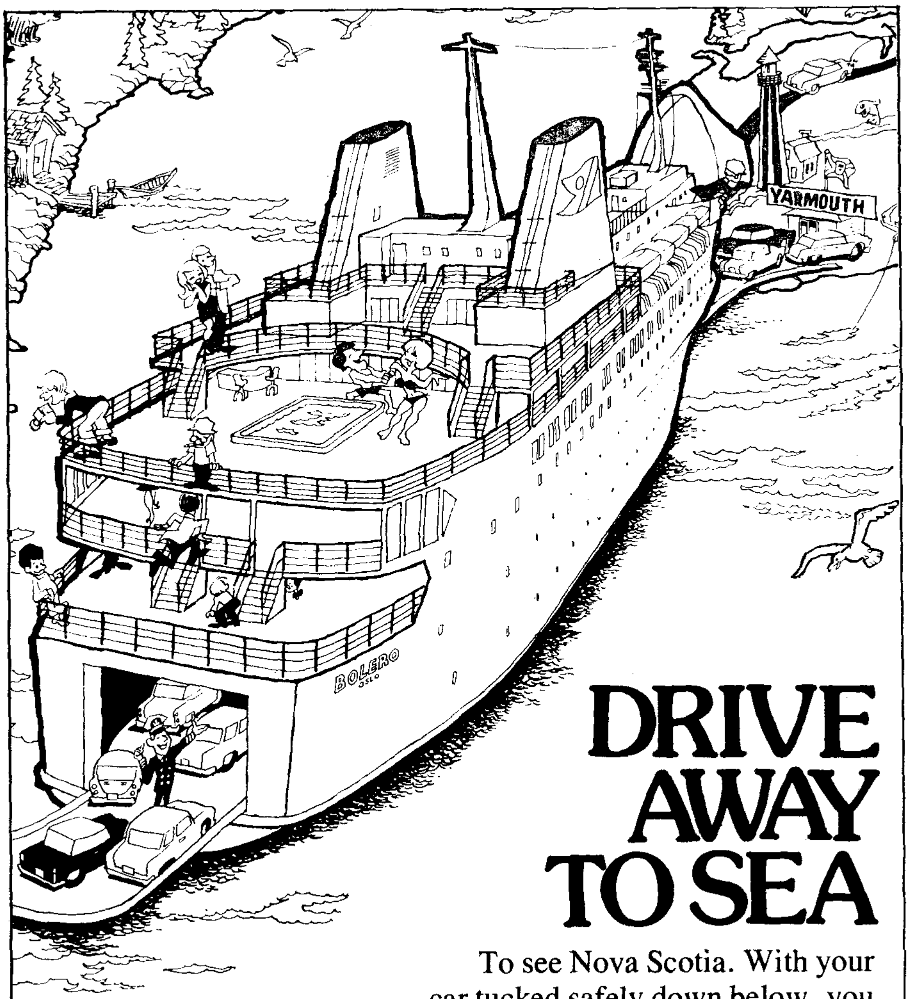
knows what it means when he says we have to wait three or four years to reduce unemployment by any significant amount. And he knows another thing—he knows he's not going to be contested by liberal whites, as he might have been before, because it is less and less popular to defend blacks, and because blacks in the know have become more and more disaffected and vote less and less. We are in that kind of Arctic Zone now, and I think most blacks feel that an ice age has come, and it slows and it chills and you don't get a reaction."

"Then what might happen?" I asked him.

"In terms of young blacks and blacks who are out of work, they don't feel any of those old allegiances—to liberals, to labor," Holman replied. "I see a kind of opacity—you can't get through. The kind of subterranean and sporadic violence we're getting now is worse than it was before. My son said that he knows a lot of young black folks who say, 'What's the use of living? We might as well be back in slavery, because then we'd get a meal.' I was kind of surprised at this; it was so different from the kind of militant statement you'd get a few years ago. Young people feeling defeated is unusual. They usually think in terms of options; old people feel defeated. You get to the point of asking what the options in this country are if you want to get up and out. The options for blacks are shrinking. They'll show you a black who has a fancy job in a computer firm, but the cold, cold fact is that the income gap between blacks and whites in the last fifteen, twenty years has not altered to any significant degree. The gap between most blacks and most whites has widened. What has altered is that there is a thin layer of blacks who are getting ahead. And that's a grim, grim reality. Nobody knows what the final straw will be."

FEBRUARY 25

THE results of the New Hampshire primary yesterday suggest an optical illusion. In the Republican race, President Ford defeated Ronald Reagan by only about thirteen hundred votes, and his victory is being seen as more of a victory than it was because it was a victory at all. (That is something of an advance: in previous New Hampshire primaries a loser who had such a substantial percentage would have been called the winner.) It is interesting to consider how different it would be if some six hundred and fifty people had voted the other



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way. The blow to the President would have been devastating.

The Democratic race is being subjected to overinterpretation. Jimmy Carter won with twenty-nine per cent; Morris Udall received twenty-four per cent; Birch Bayh sixteen per cent; Fred Harris eleven per cent; Sargent Shriver nine per cent. It is being said that Carter won the Democratic primary because he won the "conservative" votes and the others divided the "liberal" vote. Yet the results also show that Carter received a substantial portion of the "liberal" votes. It is possible that the results had very little to do with ideology—that Jimmy Carter received more votes than the others because he simply was more appealing to more people. Ideological considerations did not seem apparent as I watched the candidates in New Hampshire. It is doubtful whether many votes were cast on the basis of Carter's saying he would prefer to create jobs through the private sector, while the other Democrats talk about creating them through the public sector. The voting seems influenced much less by issues, and much more by subjective reactions, than that. It is said that the results show that an "anti-Washington" mood is dominant, but by that measurement the majority of those who voted in the Democratic primary were "pro-Washington."

February 29

THE President, campaigning in Florida this weekend, called Fidel Castro an "international outlaw." He also told an audience of Cuban refugees that he has ordered a speedup in the process by which they can become United States citizens. There are more than half a million Cuban refugees in Florida. In Boston, Jimmy Carter told an audience in Faneuil Hall that recent criticism of him by his opponents "won't hurt me, but I'm afraid it might hurt the country."

March 1

A STUDY prepared for the Arms Control Association, the Institute for World Order, and the Members of Congress for Peace Through Law Education Fund says that the world's spending for military purposes has risen to almost three hundred billion dollars a year, with the most rapid increase taking place in the developing nations.

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IN South Carolina precinct caucuses last night, the highest percentage of the votes—forty-seven per cent—was for "Uncommitted." Among the votes for specific candidates, George Wallace came out slightly ahead of Jimmy Carter.

March 2

IN an interview for a Miami television station yesterday, President Ford said, " 'Détente' is only a word that was coined," and he added, "I don't think it is applicable anymore." The President said, "I think what we ought to say is that the United States will meet with the superpowers—the Soviet Union and with China and others—and seek to relax tensions so that we can continue a policy of peace through strength."

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TODAY, I had lunch with Fred Dutton, a Washington lawyer who is a graduate of the Presidential campaigns of Adlai Stevenson and of John and Robert Kennedy and George McGovern. Dutton is an unconventional man and usually has something original to say about what is going on. I was particularly eager to talk with Dutton, because when I talked with him last fall he had made a convincing case for a new approach to seeking the nomination. His argument then was that not only was all the frenetic running around by candidates degrading but a more philosophical, aloof approach would be more successful. In the light of what has been happening—the race seeming to go to the most dogged campaigner of them all—I wanted to see what Dutton had to say now.

"This is a traditional election," Dutton said, and he continued, "We're letting go of the bar of one trapeze and we haven't yet got hold of the next one. As a nation, we're giving up old premises and moving to new ones. What we need in our politics—what we're looking for—is somebody to reinstill a sense of character in the country, to make sense of the eclecticism. It takes a personality to do that. The process of diffusion that is going on is not something that can be handled politically very easily. Our elections are always a little behind what's happening. Look at it historically. In the nineteen-twenties, the immigrant wave was rising to power and we elected Herbert Hoover. We all know about the 'cultural lag.' The political lag is even behind the cultural lag. The nineteen-thirties dealt with the mess of the nineteen-twenties. Now we're moving out of the turbulence of the sixties. We're moving away from the New Deal-Roosevelt-Truman collective action.

We're going back to individualism, eclecticism. What the current anti-government theme is really about is the search for the proper relationship between the individual and government. Hubert Humphrey and Thomas Jefferson are at war with each other in this election."

I asked him what had become of his idea of the philosopher-candidate.

He replied, "The philosopher has to have flair, drama—to interest the media. I can't see why a Socrates or a Hobbes can't interest the media of his day as well as anyone else. Carter is not just a product of organization. He is a natural for the early primaries, and he's doing what my philosopher would do—making good news copy. Jefferson was a man of flair as well as of substance. Carter is filling a vacuum. He hasn't got where he's got by organization. He is a product of the media's saying he is really out there moving around, shaking hands. As for issues, the public doesn't want programmatic details. It has a short attention span, conditioned by television. People want to hear about individualism, basic values. I think the public out there is talking more about basic values than has ever before been the case in my lifetime. I don't think it's desultory. Jimmy Carter is responding to that."

But, I asked him, how would his aloof, cool philosopher survive against a candidate such as Jimmy Carter, who was out there, everywhere, working the people?

"What Carter has done has generally been misinterpreted," he replied. "He has been pictured as running around, but his has been a fairly plodding, deliberate thing. It's a sustained approach. You have to take a deliberate approach. That can consist of steady campaigning, which is what Carter has done, or it can be aloof, like the philosopher king. The guys who fall between stools are Jackson and Udall. You don't know what they are. The question is how, as a practical matter, you get across to the voters. How many people has Carter actually seen? Probably one-hundredth of one per cent. All the rest of it is imagery—newspaper stories, shadows on the cave walls. If you are able to get through in the media with your force of personality, your image, your quotability, your timeliness, your interestingness, then you can get across. And if you reach the people through the media, you are going to reach just as many people as the man in all the motorcades. It's not Jimmy Carter's running around that's getting across; it's his style and image and message. A lot of the candidates' running around is

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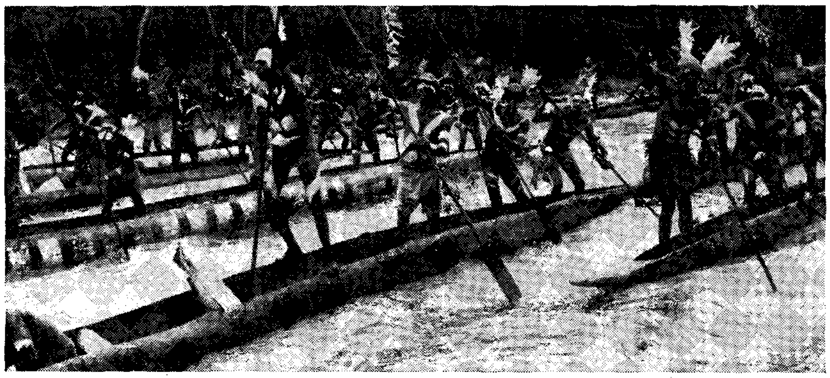

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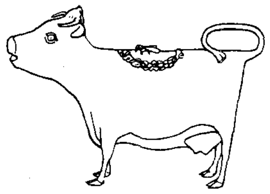
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to meet the needs of the media, and is what the media have become accustomed to. The philosopher can't just be in love with ideas. He would have to be in touch with people. That can be done."

MARCH 3

HENRY JACKSON won yesterday's primary in Massachusetts, and his victory has upset calculations and sent people scrambling—participants, would-be participants, observers, journalists. All these primaries have to be seen in terms of their impact as well as in terms of the literal result of delegates amassed. Jackson, who did poorly in 1972—he never came in higher than third in any primary—had been dismissed by observers. He stressed jobs, in a state with high unemployment, and his opposition to busing, in a state where emotion on the issue runs high. (He took out newspaper ads that said, "I am against busing.") Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had endorsed him, campaigned by his side. Last week's truism was that the anti-Washington stand was carrying the day. This week, in Massachusetts, the most votes were cast for the candidate who has the longest record of service in Washington and who unashamedly espouses a number of federal programs. Jackson, usually a fairly solemn man, has been all over the papers and television beaming, announcing, in the tradition of politicians who seek to invest their victories, however narrow, with great significance, that he has revived the "grand coalition" of the Democratic Party and has won the "lunch bucket" vote—a phrase that seems patronizing. Jackson, with the strong support of unions—primarily the construction unions—was by far the best organized of the candidates. Labor supplied about twenty-five hundred workers for Jackson. They canvassed and—in the driving snow—got their voters to the polls. Actually, the "grand coalition" did not exactly fling itself at Jackson as if he were the new Franklin Roosevelt. Jackson shared the blue-collar vote with Wallace and the black vote with Carter (for whom Representative Andrew Young, a black from Georgia, campaigned in Massachusetts and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., made a radio ad that was used in the state) and, essentially, surrendered the intellectuals to Udall. Jackson won, which is what matters, but, as in New Hampshire, the number of candidates picking over the same voters tended to throw things off. Jackson received twenty-three per cent of the vote; Udall came in second, with eighteen per cent; Wallace third, with seventeen; Carter fourth, with fourteen; then Harris with eight, Shriver with seven, Bayh with five, Ellen McCormack with four, Shapp with three. (Mrs. McCormack, a Long Island housewife, is the candidate of the Pro-Life Action Committee, and qualified for federal matching campaign funds last week.)

The Bayh strategy, which seemed so sound on the drawing boards, was to build a candidacy on a collection of blocs, including labor (traditional and liberal), farmers, blacks, women, and Jews. The strategy so impressed Party professionals that in January some were predicting Bayh's nomination. But it collapsed utterly at the hands of the voters. Carter, the invincible candidate, has been shown to be vincible, and Carter's protestations that he did not make a major effort in Massachusetts, concentrating instead on Florida, are not helping him much. He had counted on "momentum"—one of the most overused words of the year—from his New Hampshire victory. He had reason to: this week, his picture is on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Udall claimed that the Massachusetts primary established him as the leader of the "progressives," but that left the question of what this means and what he can do with it. It was a question on many minds today—of people who had to do some quick calculating about what it meant for themselves, and just maybe the Democratic Party. Jackson, who, on the one hand, is very upsetting to liberals and, on the other, has some support—by traditional unions—that Hubert Humphrey, waiting on the sidelines, would inherit if the Jackson candidacy collapsed. "We're back to Square One," said one liberal activist today. This man, like many of his colleagues from the McCarthy and McGovern campaigns, is not quite in politics and not quite out of it. These people keep in touch with one another and with the press, and while they do not have tangible power, they can affect others' decisions about whom to back and can affect the press's view of what's going on. They supply some of the atmospherics that influence events and fill the air of an election. They are spending a lot of time on the phone today.

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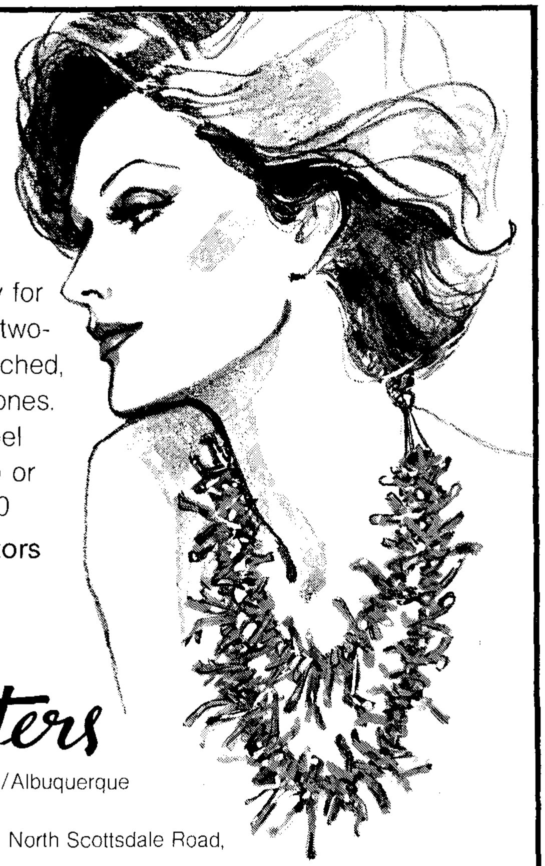
THIS afternoon, I went to see Hubert Humphrey. The Humphrey phenomenon—the thought that, after all, "old Hubert" deserves and should have the nomination—seems to be a product of some combination of political calculation, sentiment, guilt, fear of the unknown, and self-interest. A great many people in and around politics, of course, examine the candidates in terms not of what the candidates would do for the country but of what the candidates would do for them—the backyard principle. And there is a predilection for the familiar. A Humphrey candidacy is looked upon favorably by many of Humphrey's Senate colleagues and by several governors and congressmen as well as by lawyers and lobbyists in Washington. A Humphrey candidacy is very important for a number of investors in power. "If Humphrey were nominated," a friend of mine remarked recently, "most of the people at the Federal City Club wouldn't have to change a name on their Rolodexes." Some people want Humphrey because they want Humphrey, and some people want Humphrey because they don't want anybody else—especially Jimmy Carter. "Carter can't be President," an important journalist remarked the other night. "He doesn't know his way around this city." In a conversation today, I asked one Senate Democrat, "Why Humphrey?" He said, "Both because his colleagues like him and because they think his candidacy will help them. Everybody figures that if Humphrey is President the tent flaps will be up and everybody can come in. He's an open, happy man. He doesn't have the others' problems—Muskie's 'breakdown' in '72, Kennedy's Chappaquiddick. There is some guilt feeling—feeling that people were too tough on him when he ran against Nixon in '68. He has done well since he came back to the Senate. With the exception of John Kennedy's election in 1960, we have gone back to familiar faces, to something comfortable."

Former candidates, convinced that they would have been nominated but for this or that, usually want to try again to be nominated. They almost have to convince themselves that their failure was caused by the stars. Encouraged by their aides and associates, they begin to see how it would all be different the next time. So Muskie, too, is known to still covet the Presidential nomination. But he, like Humphrey, has no stomach for seeking it through the primaries (which were so painful to him in 1972), and, moreover, must seek reëlection to his Maine Senate seat this year. Those around Muskie used to say that he was a terrible Presidential candidate but would be a fine President. There is evidence that Muskie shares that view. The series of events that could lead to a Muskie nomination this year, according to some people close to the Senator, is



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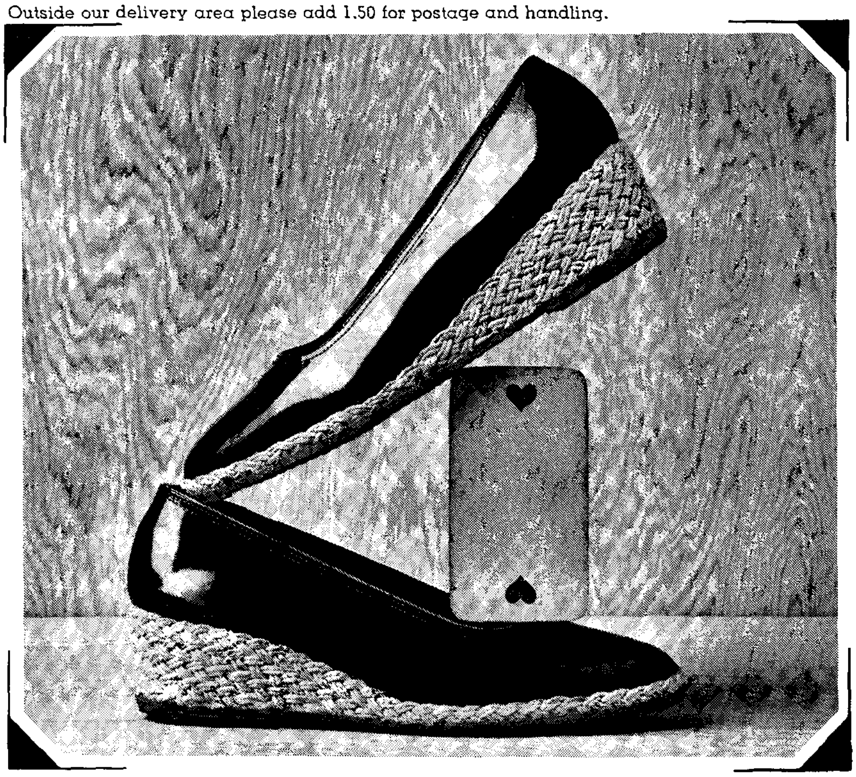

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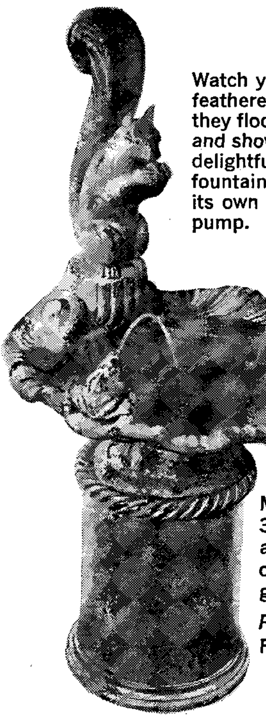

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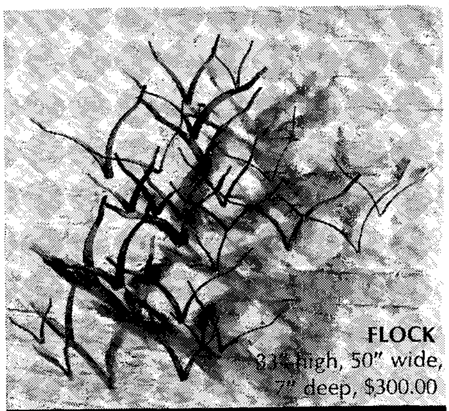

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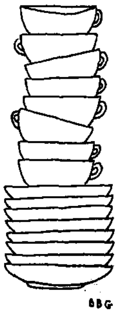
that no one who is now running could win the nomination, and that the Convention would find Humphrey wanting, because of old scars; then the Convention would turn to Muskie. Muskie is said to believe that this might happen.

There are, predictably, two schools of thought concerning the effect on the Humphrey candidacy of the Jackson victory in Massachusetts. One is that it hurt Humphrey, because labor support that would otherwise have moved to Humphrey will stick with Jackson; the other is that it helped Humphrey, because it makes it less likely that any of the candidates can reach the Convention with enough votes to win. I talked with Humphrey this afternoon in his office in the Old Senate Office Building. Humphrey's office is as busy as any on Capitol Hill, and busier than most; it is as if he were a head of state rather than a senator. He looks better than at any other time I remember: his complexion ruddy, his eyes clear, his face and figure clear of flab. His hair, no longer dyed, shows gray at the temples. During his Vice-Presidency and his Presidential candidacies, his natural good humor was often dampened by the anguish of his situation. Now he is unmistakably a happy man. His position is that he will not enter the primaries but will accept the nomination if it is offered. What he has built by standing aside might well be destroyed if he began to campaign. The big question about Humphrey is whether his personal transformation could translate into a political transformation. He wows them at union conventions and at political dinners; he still ranks high in the opinion polls, which could be a reflection of continuing well-knownness compared to the other candidates. But no one can be sure what would happen if there was extended public exposure to Humphrey: whether he would talk too much; whether he would again come across with a certain weakness, too eager to please, impressionable; what memories (of the Johnson Administration and Humphrey's defense of the war) would be aroused; what questions would rise to the surface (one former member of Humphrey's staff pleaded guilty to charges of illegally aiding and abetting the donation of corporate campaign funds and another has been convicted of accepting illegal funds from milk producers); whether he would come across as an unreconstructed proponent of federal programs.



I began by asking Humphrey what, in the light of the Massachusetts primary yesterday, was going on.

"Less is going on today than went on a week ago," he replied, a bit uneasily. He continued, "After the New Hampshire primary, when Carter won, a number of my Democratic friends were worried. There was a lot of pressure on me to get in and make a statement saying I would be a candidate. I turned it aside. The governors were meeting in Washington at the time." A number of the governors had made statements critical of Carter, who is quite unpopular among them. "They are highly political, and a number of them came to see me. There was a lot of pressure on me to pick up the mantle."

I asked him which governors had been to see him, and he listed Calvin Rampton, of Utah; Wendell Anderson, of Minnesota; Hugh Carey, of New York; Brendan Byrne, of New Jersey; and Philip Noel, of Rhode Island. "A number of my colleagues in the Senate talked to me," Humphrey went on. "And I had labor people call me as well. Over the weekend, I appeared in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania. I had an incredible number of people come up to me and say that I should run." He named a number of New Jersey state Democratic officials; Humphrey knows these people. "I spoke at a COPE dinner in Philadelphia," he continued. COPE is the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education. "That's where I saw my labor friends. I think it's no exaggeration to say those people are always with me." He mentioned other people who had called or visited him today.

Humphrey went on, "You see, Jackson has many of the Humphrey-Muskie-type people with him. They were down in the dumps before yesterday; today they're up. So more people were calling me when it looked as if Jackson would come in third in Massachusetts. Politics is very volatile. Jackson has some people traditionally identified with me—in the labor movement, the Jewish community, the Coalition for a Democratic Majority." This is a "centrist" group. "Those are my people. What you have now is much less pressure on me than a week ago. It's sort of like a pendulum swinging back and forth. One week it hits you, one week it misses you." Humphrey laughed. "To put it bluntly," he said, "I never had so many people ask me to do something I don't want to do. In the past, I'd have been jumping through fiery hoops at the chance to run. As the primaries go along, I think you'll find the supporters of these candidates becoming more hardened supporters. So I feel the chances of being nominated at the Convention without being a primary contestant are quite remote."

Perhaps Humphrey believes that, perhaps not; perhaps he himself does not know, and is poised between permitting himself to be hopeful and forcing himself to be realistic. Humphrey has had his share of disappointment and pain, and that fact comes through when he talks about why he does not want to enter the race for the nomination. "I've been through all that," he said. "I don't want to do it. I just don't want to do it—physically, emotionally, financially. I have a big job to do in the Senate. I'm not anxious to be a candidate. My life does not require that I be President in order that I be satisfied. At one point in my life, it did. I'm much more at peace with myself now. I think I'm at my peak as a senator now."

I asked Humphrey if he would like to be a Presidential candidate.

He replied without hesitation, "Yes, I'd like to do it. I'd do it well. But there's a difference between scrambling and clawing for the job and being somewhat more reserved about it. You have to decide what you want to do, and you have to decide what price you're willing to pay for what you want to do."

I asked him if his posture of standing aside was not in fact the more effective one for him anyway.

"Yes," he replied, and he continued, "But if you want to be President you're limiting your options if you stand back. I have terribly mixed emotions—particularly when I go through a week when so many people want me to run, especially people who didn't back me before. But then I take another look . . ."

I asked Humphrey if he was resigned, then, to the idea that the nomination might pass him by.

"Not completely," he replied. "I'd be the biggest liar in the country if I told you I didn't want to be President. It would be the crowning achievement of my life. But I'm not younger than I was four years ago. I feel better, and people say I look better. But I also think this is a time to enjoy life. My wife and I talk about it. Muriel said, 'We're both healthy. Why don't we enjoy life?' She's not anxious for me to run, but there's no veto. There is an understanding that if I do it I won't ask her to do what she did before. I

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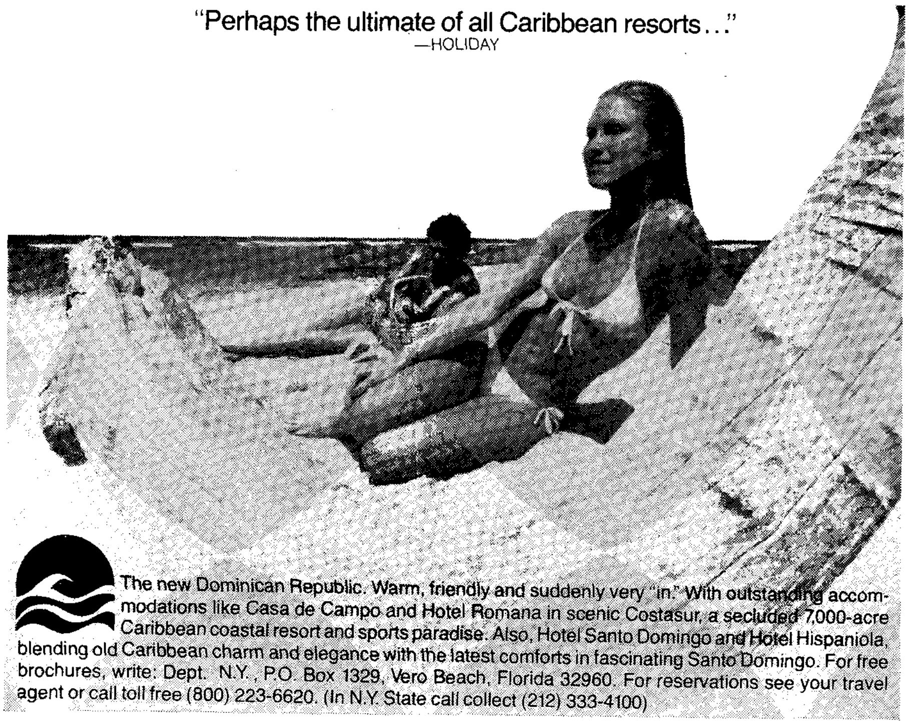
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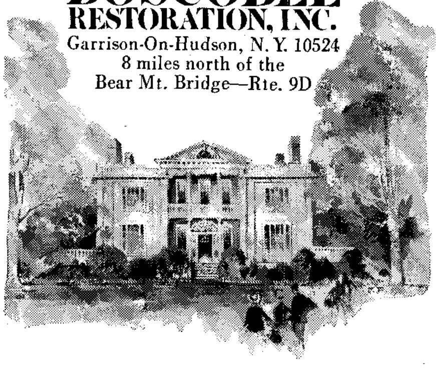

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would never put her through what I did before."

And then Humphrey said something that seemed to come from deep inside him, and to explain both his good spirits now and his dread of running for the nomination.

"It's so wonderful that for the first time in my life I don't have to ask anybody for anything," he said. "You have no idea how good that feels. Since 1960, I have been in every national campaign. In 1960, '64, '68, '72, Hubert Humphrey was out asking people to help him. In 1976, I don't want to ask anyone to help me."

When I inquired whether running for the Presidency, as opposed to running for the nomination, would not put him back in that position, he replied quickly, "That's different. That's different because that's the ultimate test. It's not like spring training. Every competitor likes to get into the Super Bowl or the World Series."

Did he think, then, I asked, that a race for the Presidency would be different for him this time?

"Greatly," he replied. "Greatly. What hurt me so in '68 and '72 was the loss of some of my natural constituents. I was really a casualty of that war. I sense a great deal of affection in the country for me, and I have a great feeling for people. I never have a day now when people aren't kind to me. People bring their children to see me. People say, 'I wasn't for you before, and now I am.' You can't imagine how good that feels."

•

LATE AFTERNOON. The House of Representatives is debating the annual military-assistance bill. In recent years, the amount of money this country spends for economic assistance to foreign nations has been going down and military assistance and sales have been rising. At the same time, the Third World has learned that passivity is not the only course open to it in dealing with major powers. And also at the same time, worldwide arms sales are increasing. It is considered quite an achievement that the military-assistance bill that the House is debating sets an annual ceiling of nine billion dollars on the amount of military equipment and services that the United States may export. Current exports are valued at about eleven billion dollars. The restriction, however, may be, as many congressional restrictions may be, waived by the President. The bill also contains provisions—some of them approved by the Senate earlier this year—tightening control over nongovernmental commercial arms transactions and giving Congress the right to veto certain such transactions. But no one is sure now how, or whether, these provisions will work. (A provision enacted in 1974 gave Congress a voice in certain government-to-government arms transactions.) Yet congressional responses do not always fit neat action-reaction patterns, offering specific solutions for specific situations. They often arise from mood, from an accumulation of events, and in their effect are as much psychological as they are practical. Even if they don't make any real difference in policy, they can make Congress feel better. And there is always a chance the Administration will think Congress is serious, and take it seriously. Today, a Senate staff man said, "There may not be dramatic turnarounds, but at least this might inhibit the process of selling arms. Angola wasn't totally germane, but the thought that that could go on—that fifty million dollars could find its way there without being passed upon by the Congress—contributed to the feeling that we've got to get a handle on things. Whether it's the right handle or not, I don't know. It was an outgrowth of the C.I.A. thing, an updating of the idea of checks and balances. It's all part of the same theme and mood and awareness."

Interestingly, the Administration did not put up much of a fight against the provision to give Congress more voice in arms sales, apparently assuming that the game was lost. One House Republican said that the Administration "poked around to find someone to lead the fight for them, and gave up." He added, "The days when Kissinger could come up here and importune to get his way are over."

Donald Fraser, a Democratic representative from Minnesota and a member of the House International Relations Committee, a reflective man, came off the House floor to talk with me for a while during the debate on the military-assistance bill this afternoon. "The bill isn't one that anybody feels particularly proud of," Fraser said. "The subject is an uncomfortable one. The choices aren't particularly attractive. There are no restrictions on aid to Korea, but there is a provision calling for study by the Administration of phased withdrawal from Korea. We're continuing to aid authoritarian regimes—the Philippines, Latin-American countries. There are attempts to get a congressional role. I don't think anybody has any confidence in them. They are very tentative moves in dealing with an awkward problem. The provisions for congressional review are a big change in position, but whether they will have any effect remains to be seen. This bill comes up a few days after they released that study showing that three hundred billion dollars is being spent in the world for military purposes. Well, there's a kind of sense of impotence that we're not able to find ways to channel those enormous amounts spent for military purposes into more productive activities."

Fraser's comments reminded me of something that a businessman friend said to me earlier this year. He said that if one looked behind the normal measurements of the economy one would find a sick economy—one that contained too many dying or stagnant industries, and did not provide for change. Lockheed, Chrysler, the railroads were only the beginning, he said. And he said that only the arms business kept more industries from going under. I do not believe that I have heard any Presidential candidate talk about reconversion.

I asked Fraser if the Congress had in fact begun to carve out a new role for itself in foreign policy. It had denied the Administration's final request for assistance to a collapsing South Vietnam, had voted to enforce the law against the use of military assistance for aggression in the case of Turkey, and had denied funds for activities in Angola.

"The fundamental problem is that there is a lack of consensus between the executive and the Congress on what our foreign policy ought to be," Fraser said. "If we got a Democrat in the White House, I don't think we would interfere as much as we have been doing lately." Then he added, "I don't think we want to."

MARCH 4

MORRIS UDALL, back in his office in the Longworth House Office Building, is unusually tense. Birch Bayh, as had been expected, dropped out of the race this morning (Bayh said he was "suspending" his campaign), and Udall must move quickly to persuade members of the liberal wing of the Party to, as he puts it, "coalesce" around him as the leader of the, as he puts it, "progressive" wing of the Party. He carefully avoids using the word "liberal." Jackson is unacceptable to many liberals, because he supported the Vietnam war for so long, because he supports high military expenditures, and because he has had bitter fights with the liberal wing of the Party in recent years. The objections go beyond

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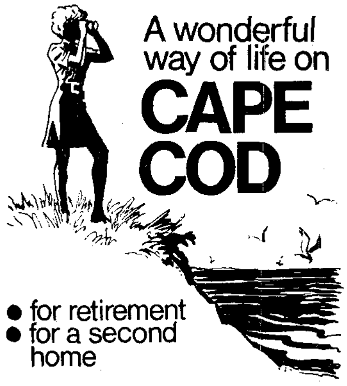

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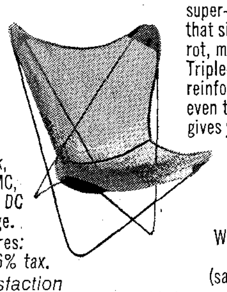

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ideology and include questions of style and of alliances, and end up in the back yard. There is suspicion about those who would have power if Jackson won—big business, the military, George Meany. Said a liberal labor leader today, "Can you imagine George Meany being President of the United States?" George Wallace is out of the question, and there are still many questions about Carter. Sargent Shriver and Fred Harris are finished, even if they stay in the race a while longer. (Neither of them has anything more interesting to do.)

Yesterday, Udall spoke with Edward Kennedy, with Birch Bayh, with Governor Jerry Brown of California, with Humphrey. On Tuesday, the day of the Massachusetts primary, he called Frank Church, the Democratic senator from Idaho, who is planning to enter the Presidential race soon, to try, as Udall put it, "to head him off." Today, Udall will meet with the Congressional Black Caucus; as a Westerner, a non-urban politician, Udall has not yet really connected with blacks. He will also meet today with the New York Democratic congressional delegation. He plans to set up meetings with Democratic representatives from Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and California. He hopes to see George Meany or Alexander Barkan, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s political director, and he has been trying to reach Leonard Woodcock for two days.

Woodcock, the president of the United Auto Workers, is in Florida, campaigning for Jimmy Carter. Woodcock's effort is for the purpose not of electing Carter but of defeating Wallace—reducing Wallace as a threat in Indiana and Michigan. (As one U.A.W. official explained to me, "We'd rather deal with the bastard in Florida than have to meet him on our own turf.") Some members of the coalition of liberal labor unions are working for Carter in Florida: the U.A.W. is organizing its communities of retirees there; the Machinists are organizing their large bloc of airline and space workers; the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees is organizing its workers in Miami and Jacksonville; the Communications Workers are organizing their Florida members. These unions have printed pamphlets and set up phone banks. As we talked, Udall finally located Woodcock, in a Miami hotel. Udall says that Woodcock was "noncommittal" and said he would have to talk with his people.

Udall's problem is that he does not fit well into the particular format of a campaign for the nomination—a point that goes beyond Udall's particular problems, and illustrates one of the most important factors in contemporary politics. Other candidates, or people who become discouraged from being candidates, also confront it. He does not "project." He is thoughtful and informed and knowing, but the campaign format requires that a candidate project something easily and quickly recognizable. Ford—the President. Reagan—the conservative challenger. Jackson—for labor and for a strong defense and being tough with the Russians. Carter—love, compassion, honesty, and being outside Washington. Udall? It doesn't come in a few words. Carter comes across on television, and Udall does not. Udall's style does not meet what seem to be the current requirements for coming across on television. Political television is not very compatible with thought, hesitancy, complexities. Udall has tried to run on the theme of integrity, but even there his most effective pitch was made by somebody else (Archibald Cox). His detachment can come over to the voters as standoffishness, and it raises the question whether he badly wants the Presidency. His wit raises the question whether he is serious. And so now Udall's main rallying point is that he is, as he says, the leader of the "progressives." Since this is a contest not of issues but of style, however, that is not enough.

Udall may find himself increasingly pulled to the left. I asked him today if that was a problem.

"I have obviously got to broaden out," he replied. "We have to reach out and emphasize labor support. I'm spending a week here to try to get in touch with mayors and governors and labor leaders. This is a period of pause. What happens in Michigan and California is a hell of a lot more important than charging from airport to airport."

I asked Udall if he found that some politicians were hanging back, waiting to see if Humphrey gets into the race.

He replied, "There's a little bit of that." He looked pained as he said it.

•

AN official of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. said in a telephone conversation this afternoon, "Our people are divided between Humphrey and Jackson, but they would prefer either one of them to any of the others. The unions that were for Jackson in Massachusetts are encouraged. They might have gone to Humphrey; now they'll stick with Jackson. A lot of our people don't see Udall as a liberal. He voted wrong on the key labor vote." In 1965, Udall voted against repeal of that section of the Taft-Hartley Act (14b) which permits states to prohibit union shops. The labor official continued, "We still identify liberalism as 'friendly to labor.' By our standards, Udall is more conservative than Jackson." And then he got to what might be an even more basic point: "His is the kind of liberalism that flourishes in more exotic quarters; it's the suburbanites'. If Udall calls Meany, the response will be 'Thank you for calling, Mr. Congressman.' " Labor can be as unforgiving as the liberal left that it despises.

•

A LIBERAL labor-union man said this afternoon, "We're suddenly faced with a narrowed field. We no longer have the luxury of wandering around among the various candidates. So we say, 'Holy mackerel, how do we handle this?' We're constantly up against deadlines in different states. Each week, as we get the primary results, there have been enough surprises to cause changes in strategies; then we have to adapt those to the logistical situations. Take Indiana. We thought we had a candidate there in Bayh. Now our people there want to know what to do. I think we should stay cautious, work with various strategies—some go with Udall, some stay uncommitted, and some even deal with Jackson, on the ground that he needs us because we represent the progressive element. Several of the liberal labor unions are divided. A lot of our people are very disturbed about Jackson. The unions with the largest political-action staffs and the largest cadres of workers are in the liberal coalition. Timing is crucial. Some of them came out early for Muskie in '72 and got burned. On the other hand, you can wait too long."

Much of the Democratic Party's constituent groups' activity in selecting the nominee is a search less for the ideal nominee than for power within the Party. Forming the liberal coalition has given the members increased power. An official of one of the coalition's unions said to me, "The complexity of the Party's rules is so enormous that if we had not started this a year ago, we would have been completely out of it. And now we have been helped by the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s policy of neutrality on the candidates. So we will have an impact." The pur-

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poses of these unions extend beyond having power at the Convention, which in itself strengthens one's hand in the writing of the platform and the rules for the next Convention as well as in the choosing of the Presidential candidate. These people are experienced practitioners of back-yard politics. To have power is to have power. Much more than Party business is at stake in Party business. For example, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees—which is rapidly growing in membership, in voice in the management of cities and states, and in importance to our civil order—sees power in the Party as an instrument of power at the bargaining table. One A.F.S.C.M.E. official explained, "This union is negotiating with governors, mayors, all over the country, in a business relationship. So not only is it important that we have stature as an employee union but, since our employers are politicians, it is even more important that we have political standing. We got about four hundred people elected in the Minnesota precincts to the county conventions. We can't help but get some payoff from that."

•

A DEMOCRATIC strategist this afternoon said, "There is no left left."

•

IN Florida today, Reagan made his strongest attack yet on President Ford's foreign and military policy, saying, "All I can see is what other nations the world over see: collapse of the *American will* and the *retreat* of American power." Reagan continued, "There is little doubt in my mind that the Soviet Union will not stop taking advantage of détente until it sees that the American people have elected a new President and appointed a new Secretary of State."

•

AT 12:04 P.M. today, the Senate press galleries received Mike Mansfield's announcement that he would not seek reëlection, and thus the position of Senate Majority Leader was opened. The statement of Mansfield's second-in-command, Majority Whip Robert Byrd, on how sorry he was Mansfield was retiring arrived at the press galleries at 12:09 P.M. Mansfield's retirement announcement set off a scramble that includes Humphrey, Muskie, Byrd, and Ernest F. Hollings, of South Carolina. That makes two positions of power that Humphrey and Muskie either are or are not angling for, depending on how you look at it.

•

THIS morning, Henry Kissinger, appearing before the House International Relations Committee, warned Cuba that it should act "with great circumspection" in southern Africa. Yesterday, Mozambique closed its border with Rhodesia, which is ruled by a white minority, and so brought increased economic pressure on that nation. Kissinger did not say what the United States would do if Cuba ventured into southern Africa.

MARCH 5

FRIDAY. "As we speak," a liberal-coalition labor official said to me this afternoon, "there are efforts to get Humphrey into the race—now. Some of us think that this weekend, in New York, is the point to launch a draft-Hubert movement, to get the Bayh slates for him, on the ground that Udall can't make it." Some New York Bayh delegates—who had backed Bayh because they thought that was the "pragmatic" thing to do—were now looking for somewhere to go for tickets to the Democratic Convention, and were afraid that Udall would not get them to the Convention. Hence the idea for a draft-Humphrey movement. Some people thought that it might appear self-serving if such a movement should be originated by those who are looking for a way to the Convention. So the idea arose that this weekend Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, should go to New York and announce that he was starting a draft-Humphrey movement. A lot of people are very much excited and are making a lot of telephone calls—to Mondale, to Mondale's administrative assistant, to other senators who have backed Humphrey, to each other. Now Humphrey is getting more calls, including several from New York politicians. They figure that Carter is not organized to take on Jackson in New York or Pennsylvania. "We are worried about a campaign for the nomination which keeps shifting to the right," said one member of the liberal labor coalition. And so Hubert Humphrey, who began as the great hope of the Party traditionalists, is at the end of the week the vessel for the dreams and ambitions and anxieties of the liberals. Politics does summon forth flexibility.

MARCH 6

PRESIDENT FORD opened his Illinois campaign yesterday on the front steps of Abraham Lincoln's home in

Springfield. As he left for the trip, he called the unemployment rate for February—down to 7.6, and at its lowest level in more than a year—"extremely encouraging." Afterward, at a farm forum, he spelled out his plan, which he had previously mentioned in his State of the Union Message, to ease estate taxes on family farms and businesses; said that a repetition of last year's embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union was highly unlikely; and announced that a new Cabinet committee dealing with the nation's food policies, including international issues, would be headed by Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz. This would replace policy committees that have been run by the State and Treasury Departments, and would be very pleasing to farmers. International food policy has three competing claimants: foreign policy, consumers, and farmers. Architects of foreign policy see food as an instrument—the withholding of food, or of food sales, can be used to attempt to bring about a desired policy. The people who provide them with their "agripower"—farmers—don't want them to use it, because it can reduce markets. Consumers are for the use of "agripower," because that increases supplies and lowers prices in the United States. Government officials spend considerable time negotiating among these competing claims. Everyone knew what it meant when the President—on the eve of the Illinois primary—put Earl Butz in charge.

•

THE United Nations predicted yesterday that the world's population would reach eight billion by the year 2010 if the most recent annual growth rate is maintained, nearly doubling the population as of mid-1974.

MARCH 7

SUNDAY. Senator Mondale did not go to New York. Humphrey did not give the nod.

MARCH 9

TUESDAY. Jimmy Carter won the Florida primary today, with, as of the moment—the numbers have been changing all evening—thirty-five per cent of the vote. George Wallace got thirty-two per cent, and Jackson twenty-two per cent. President Ford defeated Ronald Reagan, fifty-three per cent to forty-seven per cent.

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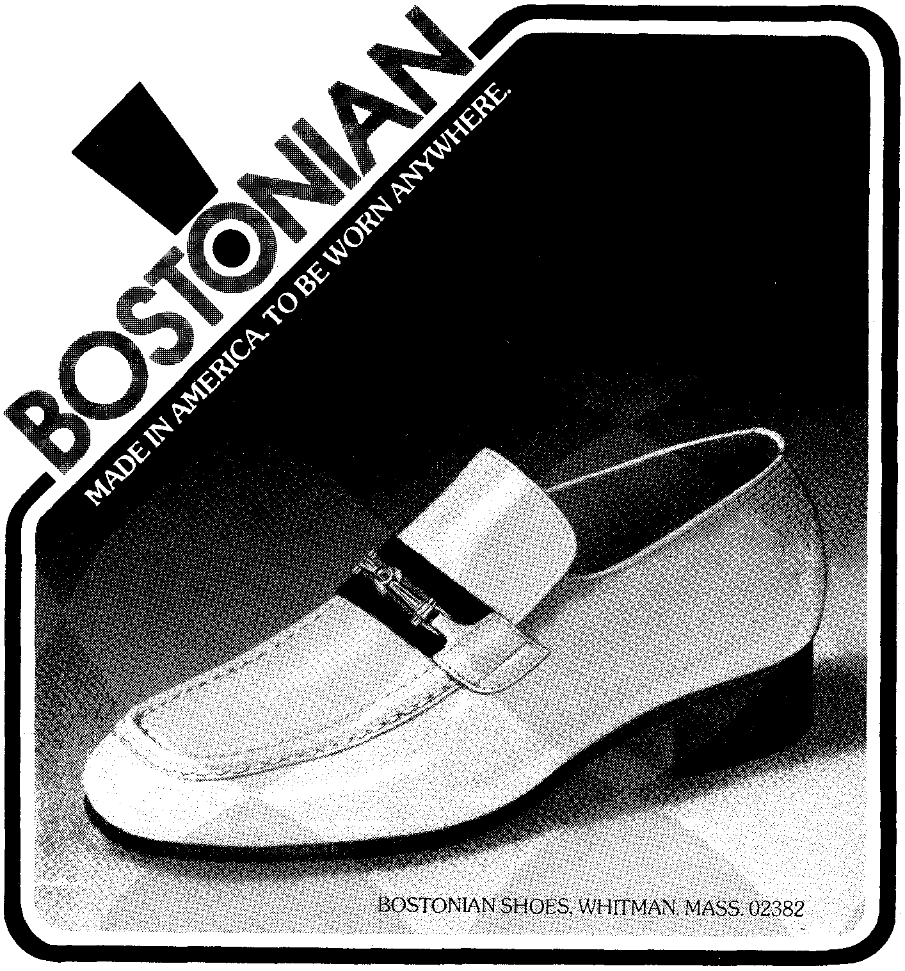

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("The word 'détente' may have been dropped but not the policy," "Henry himself has suggested that we stop using the word") has been passed, one encounters despair. The President's suggestion that he found the word infelicitous was in its literal terms not of major moment, but in terms of the signals by which Washington conducts its affairs it was. The signal was unmistakable—as clear as a line in a James Reston column. And Henry Kissinger is an expert in signals. He has become an election issue. The struggle now is to retain as much of his dignity and his policy—the two are intertwined—as he can. Kissinger's aides attribute the President's statement to the President's aides, whom they see as reacting shortsightedly to election pressures. "Booting détente in the primaries would be a tragedy," said one of Kissinger's aides, and he continued, "It would be a good issue for the G.O.P. in November." Another aide said, "Ford has reacted more because of Reagan than because of anything else. They clearly anticipated that Ford could not get the nomination, and ran scared."

And all three Kissinger aides with whom I spoke this afternoon made one point about the President, suggesting strongly that it was a thought shared by Kissinger: that a lot of Kissinger's trouble stems from the fact that the President is "unelected." "I've just begun to realize the monumental problem of having a President who is unelected," said one. "That's at the heart of Henry's problem."

I asked him why.

He replied, "Because it so weakens the political base. When Watergate was going on, people with a sense of responsibility weren't going to tackle Henry. After Nixon was gone, the barriers were down; and Henry is a residue of Nixon."

"I won't deny that détente was oversold," said another of Kissinger's aides, "in the sense that people got the impression that the Soviets had changed—or would change—their spots, and vestiges of the Cold War would be removed. It created expectations that could not be fulfilled. It works less well when you get away from head-to-head confrontation—from Berlin as opposed to Angola."

I asked him for an official definition of "détente."

He replied, "It's a process. Everyone makes a terrible mistake who thinks it is more than that. The process is one of establishing those areas where the United States and the Soviet Union have, or can have, a community of interests, and then doing what you can to expand those areas. One area, obviously, is that of curbing the arms race. Détente did work in the Middle East: the Soviets did put limits on their involvement. The problem with defending détente is you have to talk about things that did not happen. Détente was not our invention, though there was a time when we wanted people to think it was. There was the Spirit of Camp David, the Spirit of Glassboro. And the word—meaning relaxation of tensions—has been around a long time. It just got currency in this Administration."

Kissinger's aides see that things are coming apart for Kissinger, and attribute that to a variety of factors. "The secret of Henry Kissinger has been his ability to control events, and he's losing that," said one. "It's a fact. It's a fact Henry sees. When you're forced into an entirely reactive policy, you're in trouble. In the last year, the last time Henry put it all together was in the Sinai agreement—and he was playing on the edges when he did that. Now he has to hold things together. The tragedy of Henry is that, after seven years, conservation won't be looked at as an achievement—though holding things together without major strains on the system right now is a major achievement. Look at what he is doing: working toward a SALT agreement, even if there is not one, which I doubt there can be, given this election year; convincing Europe that we have not lost our minds; convincing the Soviets that if they move in a serious way we will react; convincing the Chinese that we are worth maintaining an alliance of sorts with; convincing others that we have not lost our rudder—that if we can't move things forward, at least we won't move back. If Henry left, the Egyptians might conclude that movement toward a settlement in the Middle East was over. Historians will look back and see he was playing with mirrors: in the middle of Watergate he was able to maintain confrontation with the Soviet Union; he was able to put together shuttle diplomacy on the basis of the fact that he represented the United States, which was coming apart at the seams. That's beginning to catch up with him. The emperor has no clothes. He's down to his underwear in terms of what he has in backing." SALT is expected to be one specific casualty of this election; some people at the State Department think the negotiations on the Panama Canal may be another. "It's the endemic weakness of the structure," this man continued, reciting the sources of Kissinger's troubles. "An unelected President coming out of Watergate, coming out of Vietnam. A Congress that can't control itself. A country with no sense of purpose. The funny thing is that Henry Kissinger, who is as deeply conservative as any man I know, is under attack from the right. It's too ironic."

Kissinger's main political problem used to be with foreign-policy liberals, who saw him as too strongly inclined toward the Cold War tradition, too enamored of big weaponry, too willing to employ force. He continued the war in Southeast Asia longer than almost any of them considered necessary. And he was too sly, too secretive, too tricky. Traits that were tolerable—that even brought him praise when matters were going well for him—were the very ones that hastened his decline. The very people who were charmed and amused by his dinner-party, out-of-school comments on Richard Nixon later came to think of him as two-faced. He suffered the consequences that others do of having ridden so high.

One of Kissinger's aides sees the problem as broader than that of the election year, and, of course, he is correct. He said, "This is a time of inflation and recession, which limits your resources for carrying out foreign policy. It leads to protectionism, and raises new issues, such as food and energy. So economic issues provide a new situation for debate." And then he used a phrase that was reminiscent of Kissinger. He referred to "this poisonous atmosphere" in Washington, and he said that Kissinger, who has been travelling the country, making speeches, is more popular in the rest of the country than he is in Washington. Moreover, the "turbulence," he said, was being caused by the fact that our foreign policy is now caught between the Munich generation and the Vietnam generation. The revelations that our government was involved in foreign assassinations, our intelligence agencies in a variety of illegal and excessive acts, our corporations in widespread bribery in order to get foreign contracts have added to the disturbance, he said. "The reason we're in trouble is that the conservatives, with the help of their allies in the Pentagon, are attacking arms control, while the liberals are trying to keep us from stopping Soviet expansion, as in Angola—whether or not you think that is the right place," he said. "So both

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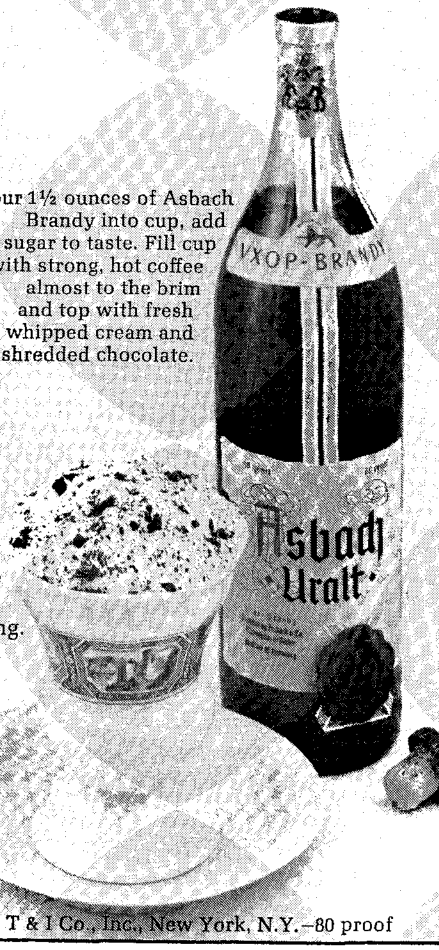

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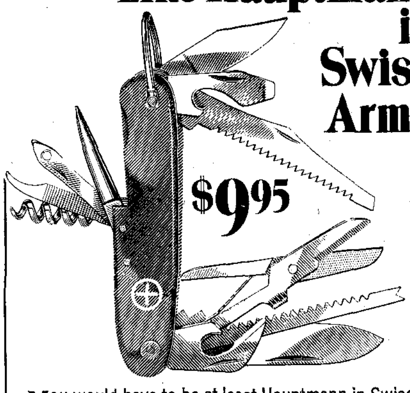

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MARCH 10

WEDNESDAY, 11:30 A.M. O'Hare Airport, Chicago. Jimmy Carter, holding a press conference upon his arrival here from Orlando, Florida, looks exhausted. I have come here to meet the Carter entourage and follow the candidate for the next couple of days. It is time for a close look at him. The difference in his appearance today and the way he looked when I saw him a few weeks ago in Washington and in New Hampshire is startling. He looks tired, drawn; there seem to be more lines in his face. He has a cough—the residue of a cold. He has been on the road for eleven days, with just one full day off. Monday evening, he zipped up from Florida to North Carolina, where a primary is to be held in two weeks, and then he returned to Florida Tuesday evening to watch the primary returns. This morning, when he saw the schedule for his two days in Illinois, he blew up at his staff. Carter is encountering some of the classic problems of *Homo candidatus:* being overscheduled by a staff that assumes that the candidate's energies are limitless (even when it knows they aren't) and assumes that each stop, each event, each television taping will make a difference. Whatever protectiveness, whatever resistance to overscheduling, there is on the part of the candidate's staff is eroded by the state staff, which has its chance at the candidate—its most important asset—for only a brief period and wants to make the most of it. The members of the state staff want to do well in the primary, of course, because their political futures are on the line, and the candidate is their most effective instrument for doing well. And so the candidate—any candidate—becomes a thing, a totem to be paraded about. The fact that he is a human being, with limits to his energy and resources—and even Jimmy Carter has limits—is forgotten. The chairman in one state is not particularly concerned about the problems of the chairman in another state. He just wants to produce his candidate and produce for him. The problem is that the candidate becomes both the vessel and the vehicle of so many people's ambitions. Not to mention his own. And so, fuelled by these converging ambitions, he keeps going.

It is only March, and the campaign is beginning to tell on Carter. And his schedule for the next two days is bru-

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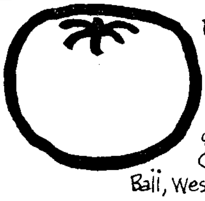

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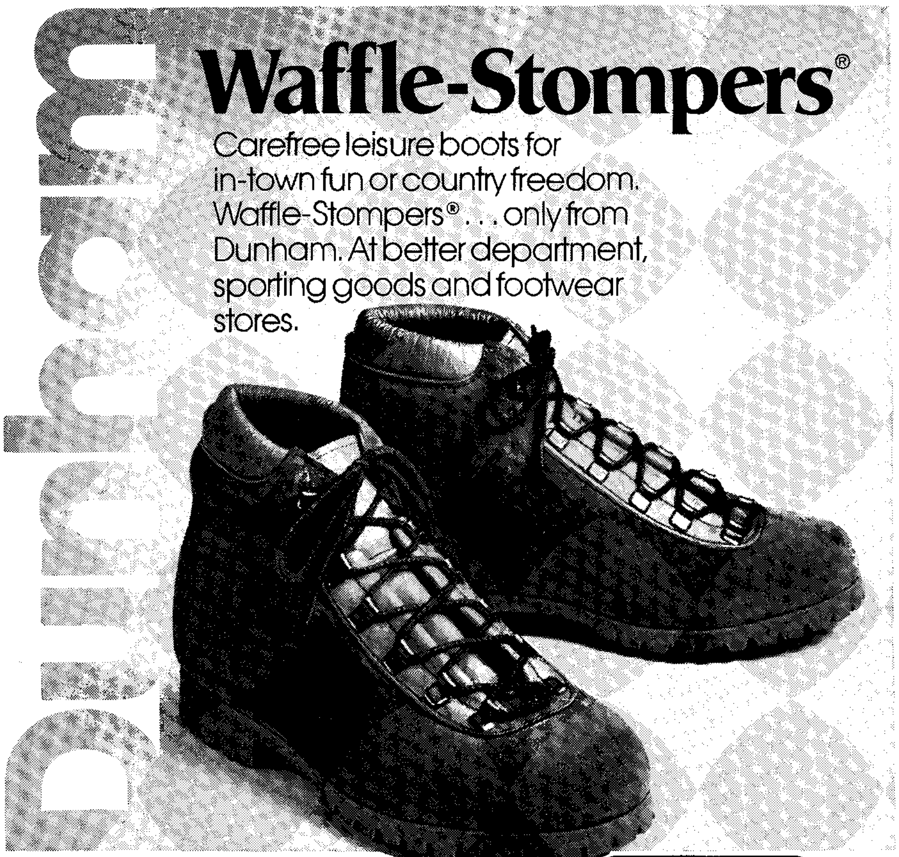
tal. Today, he will fly, on a chartered 727, from Chicago to Rockford to Peoria to Champaign to Marion to Springfield and back to Chicago. He will speak to a United Auto Workers gathering, hold three press conferences, do a television taping, and give three talks: to supporters in Marion, at the southern end of the state; to students at the University of Illinois in Champaign; and at a fund-raiser in Springfield. Tomorrow, he is scheduled for sixteen events in Chicago, which include early-morning appearances at two commuter railway stations and six television or radio tapings. The Carter state chairman, James Wall, remarked anxiously to some of us as we awaited Carter's arrival, "We only have one day with him in Chicago." For the candidate, the tapings, of course, are seen as a valuable way of obtaining free television and radio time. For the local stations, which have to fill their inexhaustible talk-show time, a Presidential candidate is at least as promising a guest as the bowling champions, race-car drivers, and authors of books who also come through town in search of "exposure." And so this mutually convenient arrangement sends the candidate racing from studio to studio, having to appear fresh, alert, and gracious for each performance. (Tomorrow's schedule, spelled out in unusual detail by the Illinois staff, informs us that when Carter goes to the Dill Pickle Delicatessen Sandwich Shop for lunch he "will order own sandwich from counter made by Ira Omens.") On Friday, to the consternation of the Illinois staff, Carter will fly to California, to raise money at a reception and a dinner—but other events, including a press conference and a speech at the University of California in Los Angeles, have been tossed into the schedule—and then he will fly all night to Georgia, with a change of planes at 5:30 A.M. in Dallas. On Sunday, he will fly to Washington to appear on "Face the Nation," and on Monday he will return to Chicago, to give what is billed as "a major foreign-policy address." Carter's strategy of entering every state primary is producing enormous demands for staff, money, and the candidate's time, all of which are now in short supply. Hence the foray to California. Hence the collision between drive and human flesh. Hence the clear signs of fatigue in the face of this supposedly indefatigable man. Even his triumph of last night cannot mask it. —ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)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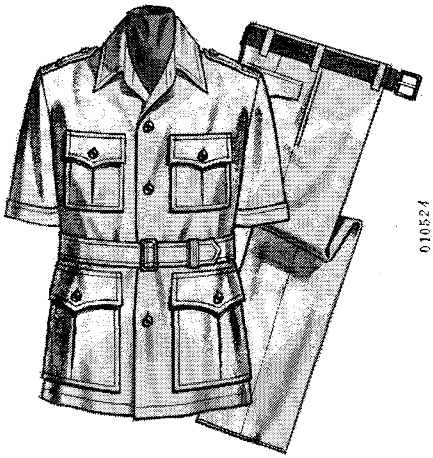
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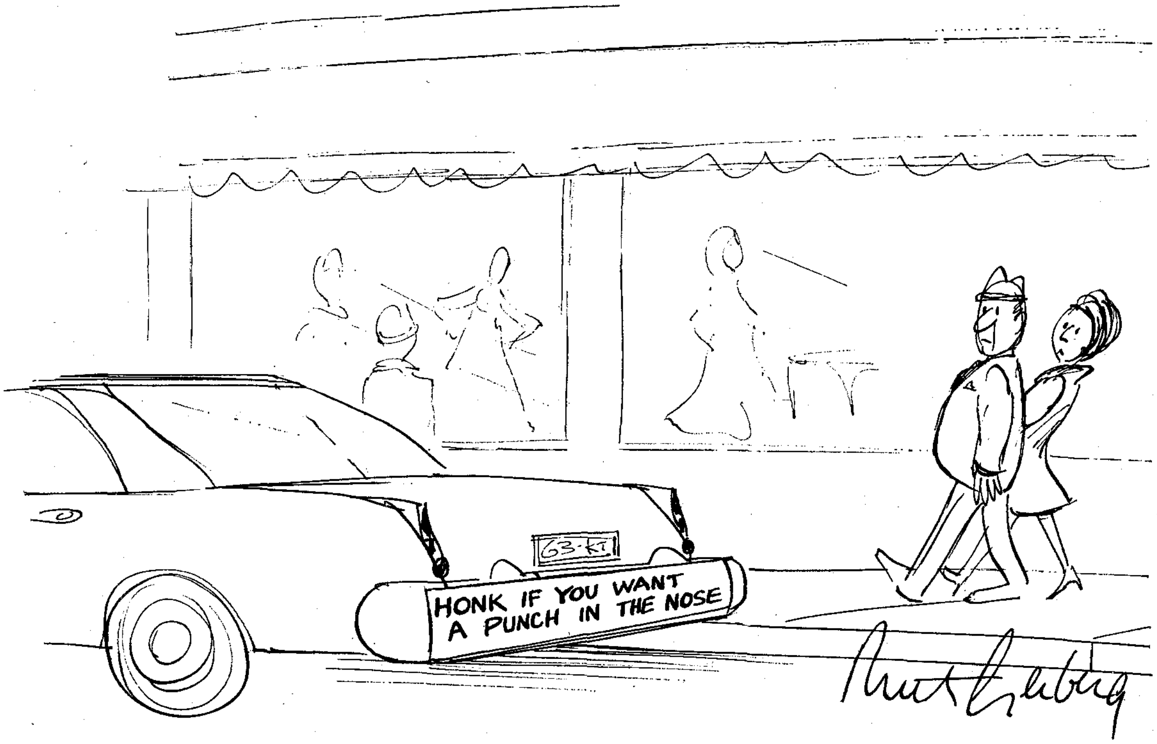
A BOOK bound in brown leather is pulled out of a row of fake-antique tomes at the beginning of "That's Entertainment, Part 2." It looks very expensive. No wonder: the stars whose names are within must have been quite expensive. The pages turn, in the time-honored way. Then there is Greta Garbo's name, with a red rose beside it. Then Joan Crawford's name, on crumpled red velvet. The name of W. C. Fields shows through a bottle, and so does the name of Esther Williams, though presumably they are represented by different liquids. The Cole Porter song "Be a Clown," from "The Pirate" (1948; directed by Vincente Minnelli), is the idea that floats over the picture, which has some new sequences, directed by Gene Kelly, interspersed among the M-G-M clips, and some adept new lyrics, by Howard Dietz and Saul Chaplin. The narration, which blathers on—we are twice told what a beautiful dancer Eleanor Powell is, when all we have to do is watch her—is written by Leonard Gershe.

The clips date from bad times: the Depression, with the social inequities that made the New Deal necessary; the Second World War; the Cold War. But Hollywood then had a huckster's genius for creating the sort of entertainment that could make a vast and varied public cohere. The talent of the best scenes in the movie was—and is—some sort of redress for the troubles going on in the real world. The American pop movie at its best has always been an enchanter, turning us into muddy kids drawn by a gift for show biz as beguiling as the one that must have been possessed by the Wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood." Here, in "That's Entertainment, Part 2" (no reason M-G-M shouldn't go on skillfully ransacking its cans of old films until Part 2002), a mood of buoyancy presides and no one needs any sleep. We are in a world of innocent aims pursued without ambitiousness. A ladder knocks people's hats off. Stars are either dapper or becomingly filthy. In this faerie universe, a song that George and Ira Gershwin must in reality have spent days over takes just a moment to get right: "Baby, be good— No—no, *lady* be good," sings Ann Sothern, apparently fumbling for words, with Robert Young picking out the famous notes hesitantly. There is a montage of Clark Gable saying "I love you" with the same casual masculinity to many women: his scriptwriters obviously knew his theme. There is a montage of Garbo sonorously saying again and again that she wants to be alone, raising her beautiful coat-hanger shoulders; the sequence is capped by a clip of her dancing in a curiously modern way in the otherwise poor film "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; directed by George Cukor). There is Esther Williams in "Easy to Love" (1953; directed by Charles Walters), looking tireless after water-ski crowd scenes that must have taken days to shoot before the coincidental moment when not a single chorus water-skier fell. Miss Williams emerges vivaciously from the water with makeup that looks as if it had been lacquered on, wearing a swimsuit with a tiny skirt, and smiling with seraphic meaninglessness.

And then there are the Marx Brothers in the famous packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera" (1935; directed by Sam Wood; written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind): first Groucho enters, with a wardrobe trunk almost as large as the stateroom; then the steward; then Chico and Allan Jones, emergent from the hanger parts of the trunk; then Harpo, revealed in the bottom drawer of the trunk, where he is said to be sleeping off his insomnia; then two maids to make up the bed; then an engineer; then a manicurist, whom Groucho tells to cut his nails short because the room is getting crowded; then the engineer's assistant; then a passenger who wants to use the phone; then a maid who wants to mop up; then Margaret Dumont. At which the stateroom bursts, and everyone piles out of the hardpressed door. Miss Dumont is the last heavy straw. You feel that her frigate chest could have broken down the walls of Fort Knox. This is a scene that answers kids' longings, like the Gene Kelly roller-skating dance sequence in "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955). The best Hollywood entertainment met the child's ideas of fun which we harbor as adults all our lives. What happiness to be in bed in a drawer. What happiness to roller-skate up and down curbs, and stop city traffic without anyone telling you to be careful: M-G-M musicals of the old days were full of that particular liberty. What happiness to fling custard pies—there is a fine pie-flinging montage—and to dance over the back of a sofa and overturn it after staying up all night, like Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor in the unparalleled "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, who also did the choreography; music by Nacio Herb Brown;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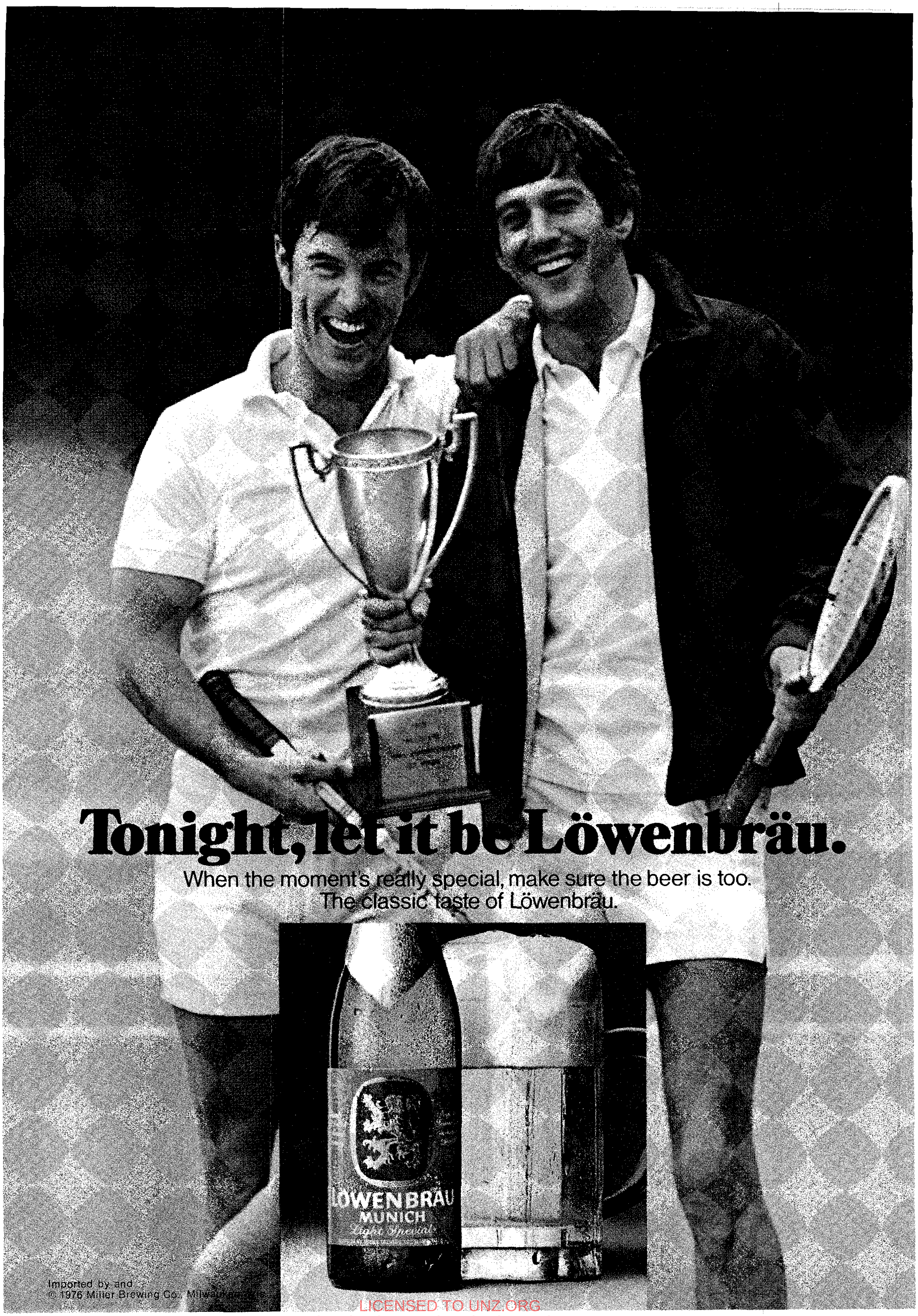
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lyrics by Arthur Freed; script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green). And, oh, what happiness to be covered with soot and to dance as if you owned the world, as Judy Garland and Fred Astaire do with such splendiferous, debonair muckiness in Irving Berlin's "A Couple of Swells," from "Easter Parade" (1948; directed by Charles Walters).

"That's Entertainment, Part 2" is about license, about pre-moral pleasure when crashing into things leaves no bruise, about a world where rudeness and traffic fecklessness don't count. It is also about Courtly Romance, very elevated. Frank Sinatra deferentially sings Cole Porter's "You're Sensational," from "High Society" (1956; directed by Charles Walters, from Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story"), to a beautifully untouchable Grace Kelly. She is behind a drawing-room bar top, graciously rubbing her finger round the rim of a glass but certainly not drinking from it. She requires special treatment, he sings. And another case of lofty romanticism: Fernand Gravet as Johann Strauss in "The Great Waltz" (1938; directed by Julien Duvivier), driving in a coach through the Vienna woods beside a busty Miliza Korjus, and grandly under the spell of composition, twice humming the beginning of "Tales from the Vienna Woods" before he falters, hitting a block, as composers do in films. Mme. Korjus irritably gives him another couple of bars, half rising to her feet in the verdant surroundings, and then a motif from the horn of a passing coach completes the theme that we are urging him to think of. He is also helped on by his coachman, a musical sort of driver with a good ear for a cliché. "The Great Waltz" clip is one for grownups. So is the one from Sigmund Romberg's "New Moon" (1940). "Oh, Charles, you can't fight the whole French fleet," says Jeanette MacDonald passionately to Nelson Eddy, who has just sung that he can, given some men who are stout-hearted men.

Best of all, there are Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly dancing together in present time. It is part of the film's gift that it should destroy banal concerns—whenever the narrator shuts up, that is. Any worry that the two great entertainers are going to have lost their summery gaiety is made to seem commonplace. Though it is thirty years since they last performed together (in "Ziegfeld Follies," of 1946), their skill is still matchless, and their tonic sense of having fun together is the ruling fact of the film. It is only now and then, when we notice some change in the way

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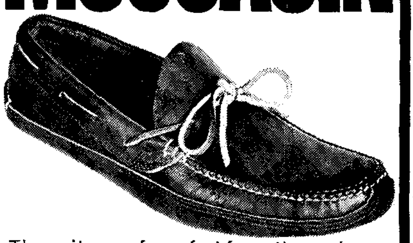

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they look, that the film is touched with melancholy, as if the wing of a bird had momentarily passed over the sun.

"LEGACY" witlessly undermines the hope that this is a classless country. The story is a barely peopled soliloquy that is intrinsically comic, like some invention by Elaine May, but proceeds on a solemn note of despair which is a mixture of mutters and yelps. The heroine of Karen Arthur's film, played by Joan Hotchkis in a part that she wrote, could have been produced only by a caste system with a privileged class. The troubles she goes through are so puny, seen with such unsatiric alliance, that they could never have struck a working-class imagination as sources of anguish. We are at the level of worrying over a Cartier delivery.

The heroine conducts a virtual monologue about her miseries, which start with her not being able to lay her hands on the pink Christmas-tree balls from Saks that she wants to find to make a bird's-nest centerpiece for a dinner party in honor of an ornithologist. It is not even as if she were anything so human as in love with the ornithologist: the hysteria is all about the centerpiece. Nor is there any sign of her doing any shopping or cooking or table-laying. Unseen maids, shouted at through the kitchen door, are there to do that. The box of Saks Christmas-tree balls is labelled "Pink" front and back, she yells on the telephone at yet another maid, who is trying to get on with a job somewhere else, and whom she pitilessly leaves hanging on the telephone while she goes and looks for the box, which is exactly where the maid said it was.

The heroine's husband is away. Her children are at camp. At the beginning of her vapid day, her mother—a recognizable and moving woman, parked in an old-age home where she has nothing to do that would sustain her sanity—occupies an irritable half hour or so of the daughter's attention. Then, alone, the daughter grumbles about sexual dissatisfaction with her husband, has a near nervous crackup about her weight—although she has almost a boy's figure—and talks on the telephone to a friend from a daytime bath that she takes for the sake of random distraction, using the listener as senselessly as if she were talking to a department-store's twenty-four-hour order service for an hour's confessional in the middle of the night. She uses her analyst in much the same way. Having got dressed in neatly piled clothes laundered by someone undoubtedly overworked, she spends another patient's time telling the analyst over the phone that she yesterday bought a lot of oranges—which he knows, doesn't he, means that she is thinking of swallowing sleeping pills? The paltry dramas mount. A woman shouldn't have to cope with all this! One of those nincompoops in the kitchen has let a silver butter knife go down the garbage-disposal unit!

Is this the legacy of being a woman without a purpose and reasonably rich? Maybe. But is it the legacy of a woman director and a woman writer and actress to make a film that represents the heiress of the social legacy as being so trapped by her bequest and made so peevish, inept, and snobbish by it? And are men and women really so much at loggerheads, except in the hearts of the humorless, which perhaps means in the uncompassionate heart of a woman like this, who is too dispirited and unimaginative to make the effort of entering other people's temperaments? If "Legacy" knew its effect, it could be a seethingly funny film about a directionless privileged woman; and if the writer-actress gave any sign of humor in her performance, or any signal of knowing the character's insularity, the film could be a distressing and charitable document about the inroads of being a well-off analysand who is in love with no man, child, friend, or skill.

WHO would dream, from the American-Russian film production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," that it was one of the plays of Stanislavsky's and Nemirovich-Danchenko's Moscow Art Theatre? George Cukor directed this bowl of gruel and syrup, which was made in two versions that one suspects differ a good deal: more dancing in the Russian one, more tacky talk in this one. In the English-language version, the Russians involved mostly keep their mouths shut, apart from an infant character speaking Russian and waiting to be born. The hero and heroine are two unspeakably priggish children called Tyltyl and Mytyl, who are looking for the Blue Bird of Happiness. Their film mother is Elizabeth Taylor, first seen wearing a granny shawl and a mobcap. She next turns up as the Witch, in a Jimmy Durante nose, and then, more recognizably, as Light, on whom diamonds seem to have gone berserk, hanging like ringlets from every inch of hair and ear. The big spiritual test posed by the fairy tale is to see the soul of things within their familiar externals. The characters to be metaphysically perceived include Bread

(Richard Pearson), who is transformed from a loaf of bread into the soul of dough, and Milk, who is transformed from a jug of the stuff into a creature played by Margareta Terekhova. She says, when frightened, that she is going to curdle.

The child goody-goodies searching for the Blue Bird are led by wicked Night (Jane Fonda, in an ominous black rain hood). Night takes them to doors opening onto Ghosts, Wars, and the Pit. The Pit is full of blue birds, which the children catch but which die as soon as they come out into the light. Ava Gardner, as Luxury, in a red velvet cloak and riding a horse, then leads the children to the place where she is regnant: a hellish spot where people are having a good time eating, drinking, and not working, which for Maeterlinck's own numbskull reasons puts the children off, unlike any of the kids we have been and known. Ava Gardner presides over the cream cakes, and gets caught up in a sensuous adult orgy that actually looks like a free-expression period in a progressive school. The children ask about the luxuries represented here, which sound very like binges of Good Humors and Cokes and playing hooky: "the luxury of eating when you're not hungry, the luxury of drinking when you're not thirsty, the luxury of knowing nothing."

"Which of the luxuries are you?" one of the children asks Ava Gardner, who now looks sultry and beautiful in a red cabaret outfit.

"That you'll know when you grow a little bit older," she says with an excited smolder that apparently gulls the little ones.

But they are in fact vilely sharp. In the world of the unborn, they learn that Mummy is going to have a baby on June 30th next year. From the look of the weather now, it seems to be about July. If one had been in Mummy's or Daddy's place when the children wake up to life in their poor cottage next morning and tell her the stork-news, one might well have sent the kids out into the woods with their friends Bread and Milk until the Blue Bird of Happiness taught them to see the soul of Unbearable Knowingness.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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DANCING

Novelties

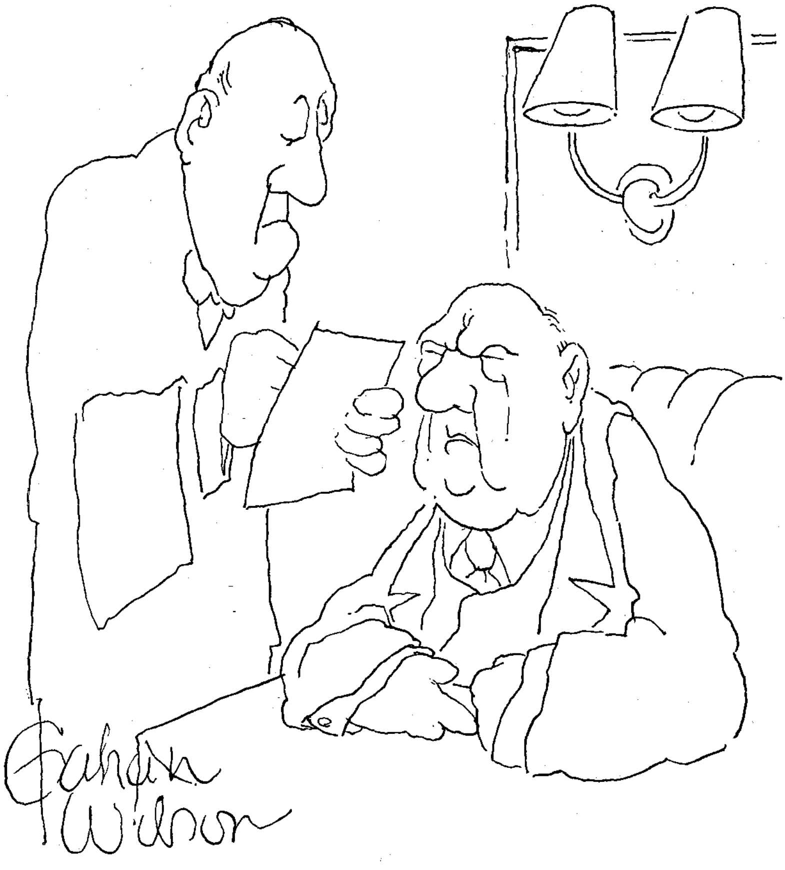
AT a benefit for the Public Library's Performing Arts Research Center, held at the Met, Jerome Robbins introduced a new pas de deux to music by Chopin. Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov have a duet to Mazurka Op. 17, No. 4. Baryshnikov then solos to another mazurka (Op. 14, No. 3), and Makarova follows with a waltz (Op. 64, No. 3). Each dancer solos again, to Mazurka Op. 63, No. 2, which is played twice, and then they join hands for a finale—Mazurka Op. 33, No. 2. An extension of "Dances at a Gathering," the new piece is called, somewhat diffidently, "Other Dances," though it can stand very well by itself as a concert number. Another possibility is that Makarova and Baryshnikov will have some juicy material of their own should they ever appear in "Dances at a Gathering." (The Royal Ballet, where both perform as guest artists, has an excellent production.)

This pas de deux marks the first time Robbins has worked with either Makarova or Baryshnikov, and he was right to frame them in the style of "Dances at a Gathering." That ballet, first done for the New York City Ballet, is Robbins' idealized portrait of a dance company; it's the way he loves to see classical dancers. Putting Makarova and Baryshnikov into the portrait, he gives us himself, too. "Other Dances" is full of Robbins-Chopin trademarks—rhythmically flexed knees and wrists for Baryshnikov, lyrical bourrées for Makarova, lots of folk-style heel-and-toe work for both, one or two of those inventive, how-do-they-manage-it lifts. But it's also a Makarova-Baryshnikov showcase. The specialties, as such, are kept to a minimum. From this one performance, I seem to recall Baryshnikov landing from a double saut de basque in a split on the floor and Makarova in a piqué balance slowly sweeping her other foot through the air. She also has one of her typically lovely run-run-jeté exits. The charm of the piece lies in seeing how Robbins combines these aptitudes with his visionary ideas about these dancers. He has made Makarova look faster than usual, and then even slower than she has been on her best adagio form. Baryshnikov's second solo tests his velocity with rapid multiple accents like those Robbins used in Edward Villella's second solo in "Dances at a Gathering." (Villella choreography is a good test—possibly the only existing good test—for Baryshnikov.) "Other Dances" is more "Russian" in flavor than anything in the earlier ballet, and for his closing mazurka Robbins uses a selection from "Les Sylphides"—a little joke about Chopin à la Russe. However, the choreography here isn't quite as much fun as the choice of music promised it would be; it's the only section of "Other Dances" that looks tentative. Jerry Zimmerman was the very able pianist for the occasion, which was the evening's highlight.

Other dancers appearing at the Library benefit were Twyla Tharp and company, in three of the "Eight Jelly Rolls," and Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, in a ravishing "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," conducted by Robert Irving. The Royal Ballet's Ashley Lawrence conducted a Makarova-Baryshnikov "Don Quixote" as well as the New York début of Hideo Fukagawa, who showed his Bolshoi-style leaps in an excerpt from "The Wooden Prince," a Bartók ballet. There were also Alexandra Radius and Han Ebbelaar, of the National Ballet of Holland, wrangling their way through "Twilight," a Hans van Manen piece to a John Cage score. Though Radius and Ebbelaar are estimable dancers, they and their piece would have looked better some other time. Judith Jamison's overlong and oversolemn "Cry" was also not precisely gala material. But Martine van Hamel's solo to Debussy's "Syrinx," with her own choreography and the accompaniment of flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, was too short.

A FEW nights later, another gala, held by the Alvin Ailey company at the City Center, brought Miss Jamison out again, in circumstances that, unfortunately, she may not get to repeat. She was Baryshnikov's partner in a one-shot pas de deux devised by Ailey, and this time Ailey's material for her was both more demanding and more appreciative—better, in fact, than his material for Baryshnikov. Arching her back and throwing a limb to the winds or sloping into one of her long-lined grand jetés, Jamison looked once again the great star we know her to be. Ailey didn't make as much as he might have of her appearance opposite Baryshnikov, but the violent contrast between them was comment enough. Baryshnikov appeared to be having a good time; his sweet nature shone through the glorified chorus-boy stuff Ailey gave him to do.

The number, set to some late Ellington-Strayhorn music and called "pas de 'DUKE,'" was preceded by the première of another ballet in Ailey's current parade of Ellingtoniana. This was "Black, Brown and Beige," drawn from Ellington's suite of 1943. Vaguely allegorical, the choreography brought the American black out of Africa and as far as the Stage Door Canteen. Ailey didn't seem to know what to



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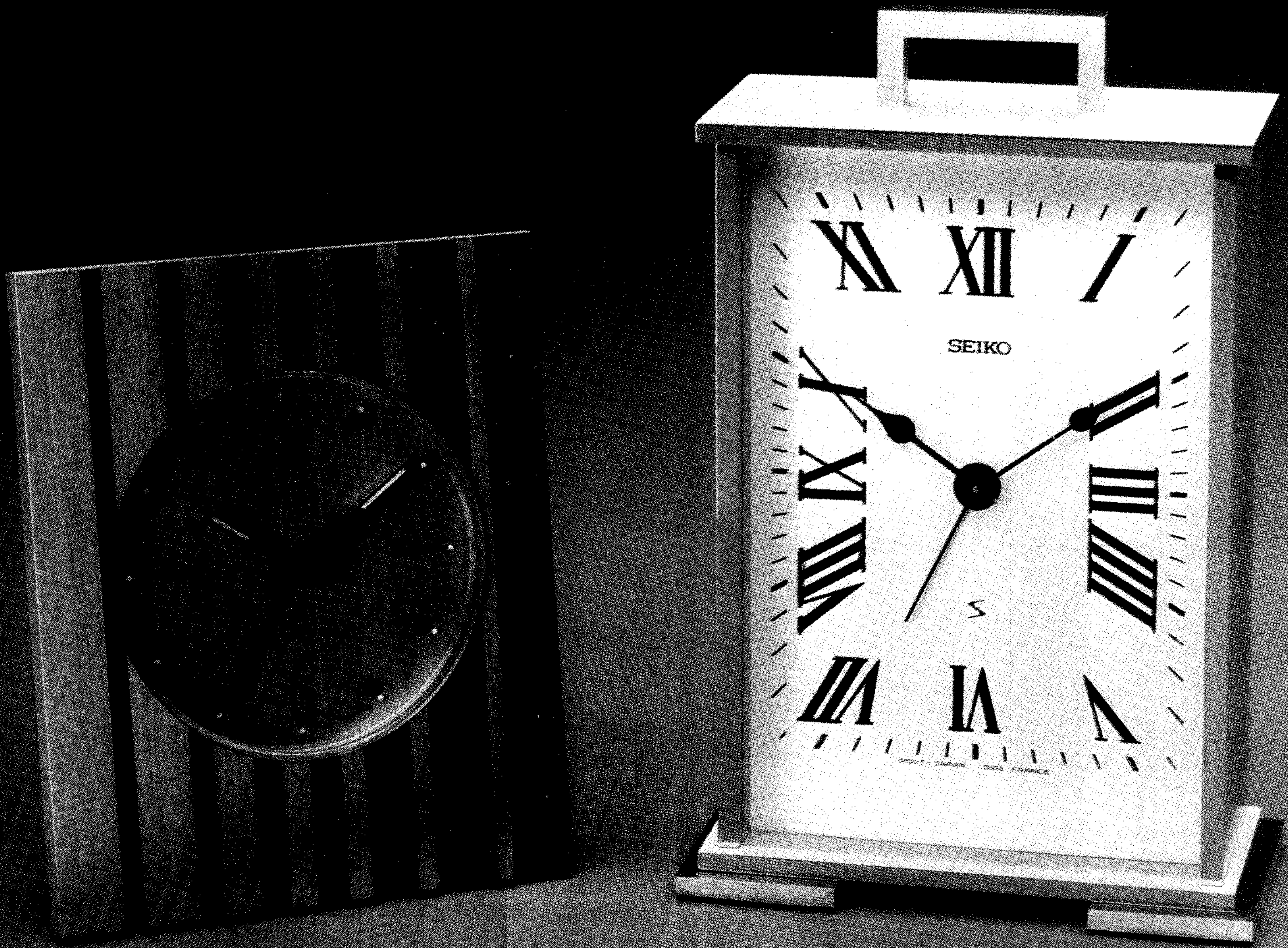

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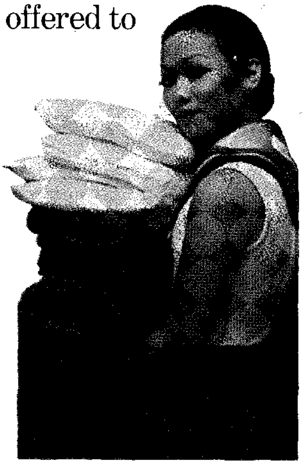

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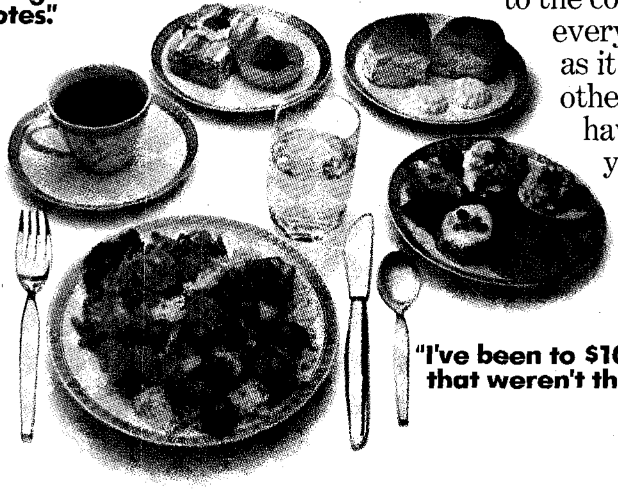

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do with the themes he'd set in motion, and his craft has never looked shoddier. After last season's rather good "Night Creature," the piece was a big disappointment.

THE Royal Ballet has given two new pieces in which Kenneth MacMillan ventures into well-trodden exotic territory. "Rituals" is the "Japanese" ballet that every choreographer sooner or later has to get out of his system; "Elite Syncopations" caps the recent trend to ragtime. Both are respectable, uninteresting pieces. "Rituals," which made the Met audience very cross, is no more touristy than "Elite Syncopations," which won a hearty reception, but although "Rituals" isn't the worst example of this hybrid East-West genre (the seasonal low was struck a few weeks ago by Benjamin Harkarvy's "Continuum," for the Pennsylvania Ballet), it is the most quizzical. Each of its three scenes seems to be left hanging. The first, a male ensemble with some very good martial-arts-style acrobatics, has a snapper ending that doesn't snap. We *know* Wayne Eagling is the stronger of the two Neophytes in the contest, because he dominates from the start. In a stageful of men, Eagling is all over the place at once, yet MacMillan doesn't make an issue of his supremacy until it's too late for us to become involved in it. As plain choreography, though, this scene is very skillfully done; the male heroics are presented without macho tension. The second episode should have been densely watchable and was not. Teams of Bunraku-like puppeteers disrobe two bald dummies (Vergie Derman, David Wall) and manipulate them in a series of what I suppose one would have to call stylized erotic contacts. But the arbitrary positioning and prodding of limbs and torsos aren't even faintly erotic, and since the manipulated ones remain inert throughout, it isn't much of a surprise to see them collapse when support is withdrawn. Another failed snapper. Bunraku theatre gains its effect from the illusion of life in the puppet, of lifelessness in the puppeteer. Reversing the effect, MacMillan gives us a parable about society and its automatons.

Next scene: Perhaps a teahouse. Wooden benches, scuttling geishas. Lynn Seymour, unrecognizable (as are all the dancers), runs and falls about the stage, pursued by Monica Mason made up to look like a Japanese Lillian Hellman. The program suggests that it's some sort of maternity rite. Mac-

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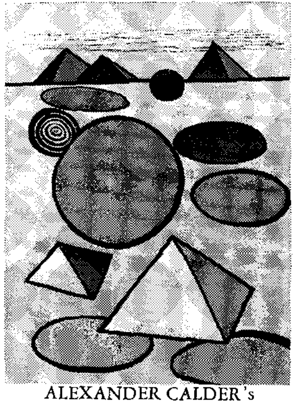

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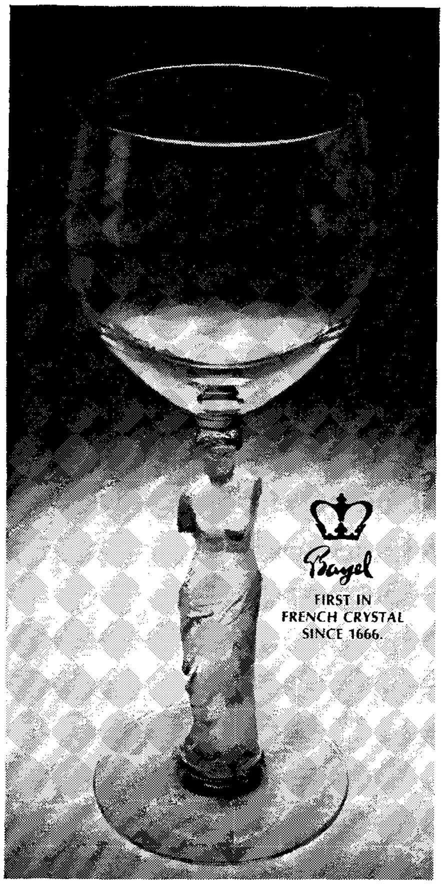

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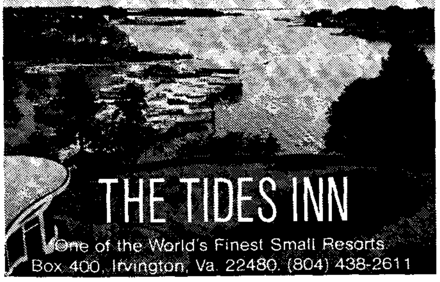

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Millan could have had in mind those classic passages in Nō drama in which literal evocation is replaced by refined emotion, but that's giving him more than he deserves. Western ballets in Japanese dress present certain cross-cultural problems that can't really be raised to the level of aesthetics—that would be giving the genre more than *it* deserves—but aesthetic blunders are inevitable when specific Japanese art forms, such as Bunraku or Nō, are evoked. MacMillan at least doesn't commit the sin of using Japanese or Japanese-sounding music. Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion is a bone-dry score, and MacMillan's response to it is not without undertones of Nijinska's to "Les Noces." I wish I could have enjoyed the choreography more, but the incense was overpowering.

In "Elite Syncopations," MacMillan tries to build an elastic rhythm in his dances to rags by Scott Joplin, Joseph Lamb, Max Morath, and others, and he keeps falling back on their metrical regularity. The effect could not be squarer, especially when the ballet's large cast and even larger corps hit two-four time together in unison sequences. It makes for a parochial view of classical dancing, too. MacMillan is not unmusical, but this music exposes a dead nerve in him. One good solo for Michael Coleman, based on boxing or body-building poses, and a fairly flagrant but amusing duet for tall Vergie Derman and diminutive Wayne Sleep are all he is able to make of it. The individual distinctiveness of Jennifer Penney, Monica Mason, Merle Park, David Wall, and the other dancers isn't in their roles—it's their own contribution. Yet even when MacMillan's dances fall flat, they aren't phony, and his knowledge of the grammar of steps never fails him. The relentless injections of whimsey are failures of expression. "Elite Syncopations" is a drag; you know the minute the curtain goes up there's no conviction in it. But you also feel the solidity of MacMillan's concentration. He's wrong, but he isn't *bad*. The ballet comes over as hollow and campy largely because of its production. The onstage band at the Met looks as far away as Tenth Avenue and has to be amplified. Half the company sit around in chairs while the others dance. They all do their best to represent lowlifers of the sporting-house era, but they're hindered by an assortment of parody costumes so gaudy they've lost the point of their parody. Ian Spurling is the incontinent designer; even the band wears his funny hats. Mac-

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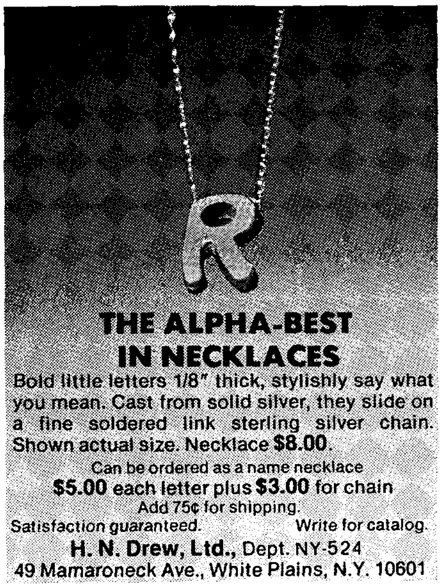

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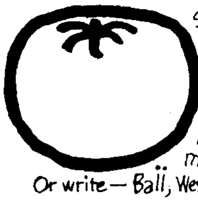

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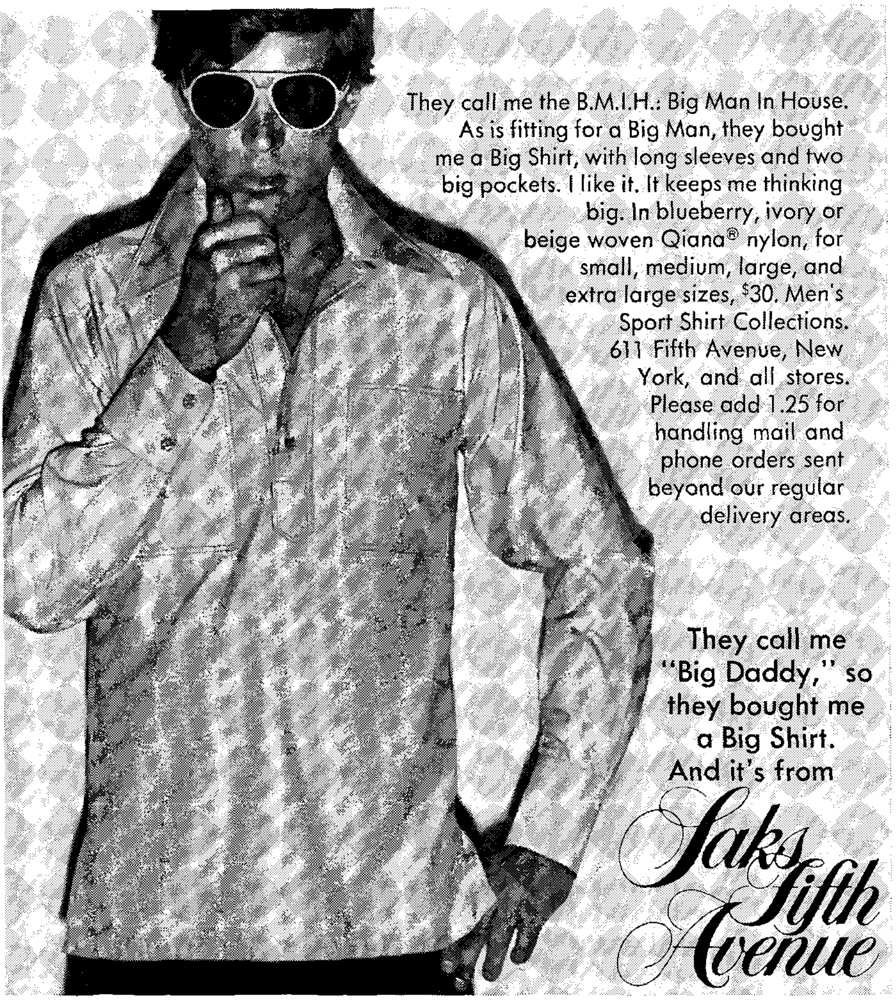
Millan's designer for "Rituals" is Yolanda Sonnabend, who has often shown her striking gift for fantasy in his ballets. "Rituals" is an overdressed fantasy, but Sonnabend overdoes with the obvious intention of assisting MacMillan. Spurling simply betrays him.

I've never seen a MacMillan ballet that worked all the way through, and there are ballets of his that I loathe—"The Invitation," "Las Hermanas." But he is an impressive choreographer. There is no one else in Europe on his level, and there are few choreographers anywhere who are as good as he is at making roles for women. "Manon," his most recent full-evening work, seems to tantalize ballerinas. This season, we saw two local débuts—Lynn Seymour's and Natalia Makarova's. Seymour's performance was unexpectedly subdued and technically a bit unready. She draws on her long acquaintance with MacMillan's style but doesn't yet revel in it. Her Manon rushes off with des Grieux, leaves him, and returns to him—all without apparent motive. She's a fleshy drifter, the most thoughtlessly sensual of Manons. Makarova's Manon is very clear; she prizes sex, power, and death, in that order, and yet Makarova makes all these hungers aspects of the same fatalistic drive. The weak parts of the role are the long duets with des Grieux, which seem to have no story element in them. With Anthony Dowell, Makarova worked to give them dramatic shape the same way she worked last winter to give every step of her pas de deux with Erik Bruhn in American Ballet Theatre's "Epilogue" the emphasis of a real dialogue. Makarova couldn't make each of those pawing développés mean something different, but with the MacMillan material she does create a sense of dramatic continuity. Manon is the best modern role she has yet had.

The work itself has been much improved by cutting. The first act is less cluttered; the third is faster, if not clearer. (Could the ladies of the Louisiana colony really have that much in common with the ladies of the Paris brothel?) But the ballet still rides on its second act—the brothel scene. Dowell and David Wall, who originated des Grieux and Lescaut, Manon's brother, switched roles for the Seymour performance. Both looked out of place—Dowell as a sinister Lescaut, leering behind his hand, Wall as a calflike des Grieux. But experiments of this sort are what theatre—especially Royal Ballet theatre—is for.

—Arlene Croce



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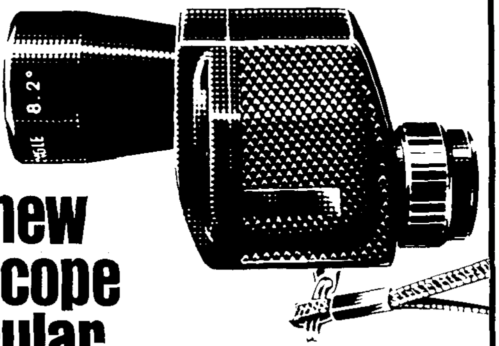

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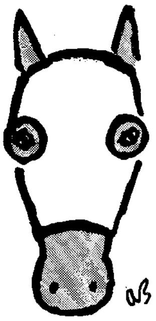


THERE was a big shock in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico last Saturday. The hundred-and-first running of Maryland's classic for three-year-olds looked in advance as though it would be a repetition of the duel between Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure in the Kentucky Derby a fortnight before, but it didn't turn out that way. In a stunning performance, Elocutionist, a 10–1 shot ridden by Johnny Lively, took the lead on the turn for home and won by three and a half lengths from Play the Red, with Bold Forbes third and Honest Pleasure fifth. It was, to say the least, a reminder of what good judgment can achieve in racing. Elocutionist was always in excellent position and ready to make his bid. There was some crowding as the field of six straightened away, but it didn't affect the results.

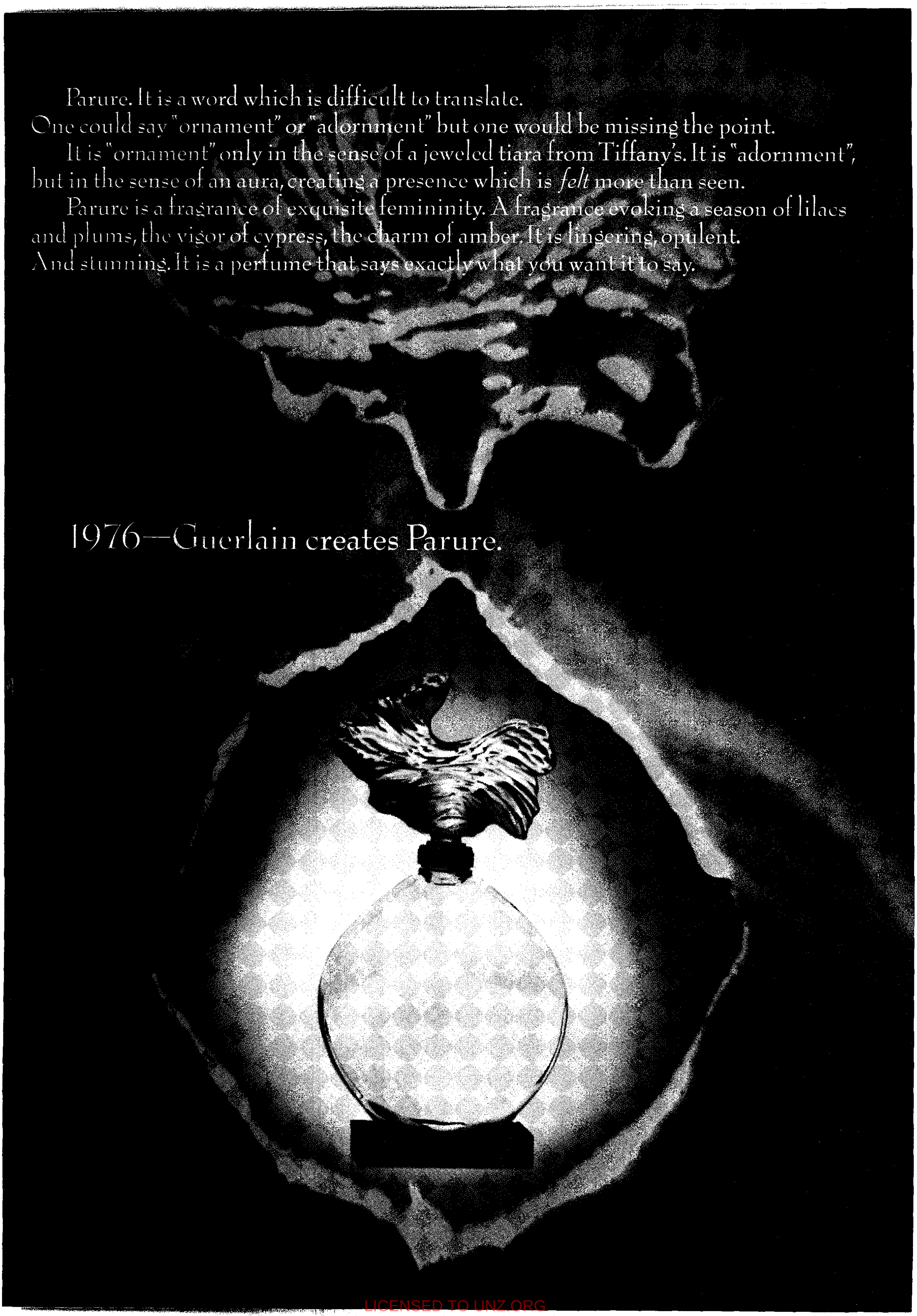
I saw the race on television, and I thought that Honest Pleasure didn't look as impressive before the race as he'd looked before the Derby. He was sweating profusely—usually a sign of intense nervousness, which takes a lot out of a horse. Strangely enough, considering his loss in the Derby, he was the favorite at 9–10. Looking him over, I wouldn't have taken 9–1 against him. Nevertheless, he made a good try. He was right with Bold Forbes at the break and was only a head behind him as they finished the first quarter in 0:22⅗. But Bold Forbes began to draw away as he went by the half-mile pole in 0:45. When he passed the six-furlong mark in 1:09, with Honest Pleasure two lengths behind, I remembered what a trainer I know had said: "Next time they meet, those two speedballs will tiptoe each other right out of the money." Bold Forbes held on well for the show, but Honest Pleasure was a beaten horse as he passed the mile pole. I doubt if we'll see him in the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes a fortnight hence.

Elocutionist, a sizable, well-made bay colt, ran smoothly, but I'm not picking him for the Belmont—at least not yet. Paul Adwell, who trains him for Eugene Cashman, is a Midwesterner better known for his success with fillies than with colts. Mr. Cashman, a member of Chicago's Board of Trade, is one of the leading commodities dealers in soybeans. His interest in racing goes back to the late twenties, when, as a young boy, he saw Sun Beau, the three-time winner of the Hawthorne Gold Cup, run. Mr. Cashman has had a stable of his own since 1962. In 1974, he bought Elocutionist—who is by Gallant Romeo out of Strictly Speaking, by Fleet Nasrullah—at a yearling sale for $15,000. Although Elocutionist was unbeaten in his four starts last season, he didn't attract much attention until he won the Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs last month and then finished third in the Kentucky Derby. Altogether, he has now won nine of his twelve starts, and has earned $343,150. His rider, Lively, is a young man from Oklahoma who has done well in derbies in New Mexico and Colorado. He has also won ever so many match races, being particularly good at getting a horse off in front—very important in such contests.

Laz Barrera reported that Bold Forbes came out of the Preakness with a cut on his left hind ankle; how bad it is and how it will affect his chances for the Belmont it is too early to say. Cordero thought the mishap might have occurred in the traffic jam at the stretch turn, but he isn't sure. He is still convinced that Bold Forbes can outrun any three-year-old around—particularly Honest Pleasure.

There's never the hoopla for the Preakness that there is at Churchill Downs for the Kentucky Derby. The crowd in the infield is never as large, and no one throws empty beer cans at the horses, but chances are everybody has just as much fun. I thought the telecast by CBS was first-rate.

THE crowd of 62,256 at Pimlico bet a total of $1,101,312 on the Preakness, but there was no betting on the race with OTB this year. J. Newton Brewer, the chairman of the Maryland Racing Commission, felt that because the matter of interstate betting is now before Congress it wasn't the thing for a New York corporation to take wagers on a race in Maryland, lay odds, and give the Maryland track a piece of the action. Paul Screvane, the head of OTB, didn't agree. He pointed out that in the past four years OTB has sent about four million dollars of its profits from the Preakness to Maryland. Last year, $3,103,879 was bet with OTB on the race, and this year



Parure. It is a word which is difficult to translate. One could say "ornament" or "adornment" but one would be missing the point.

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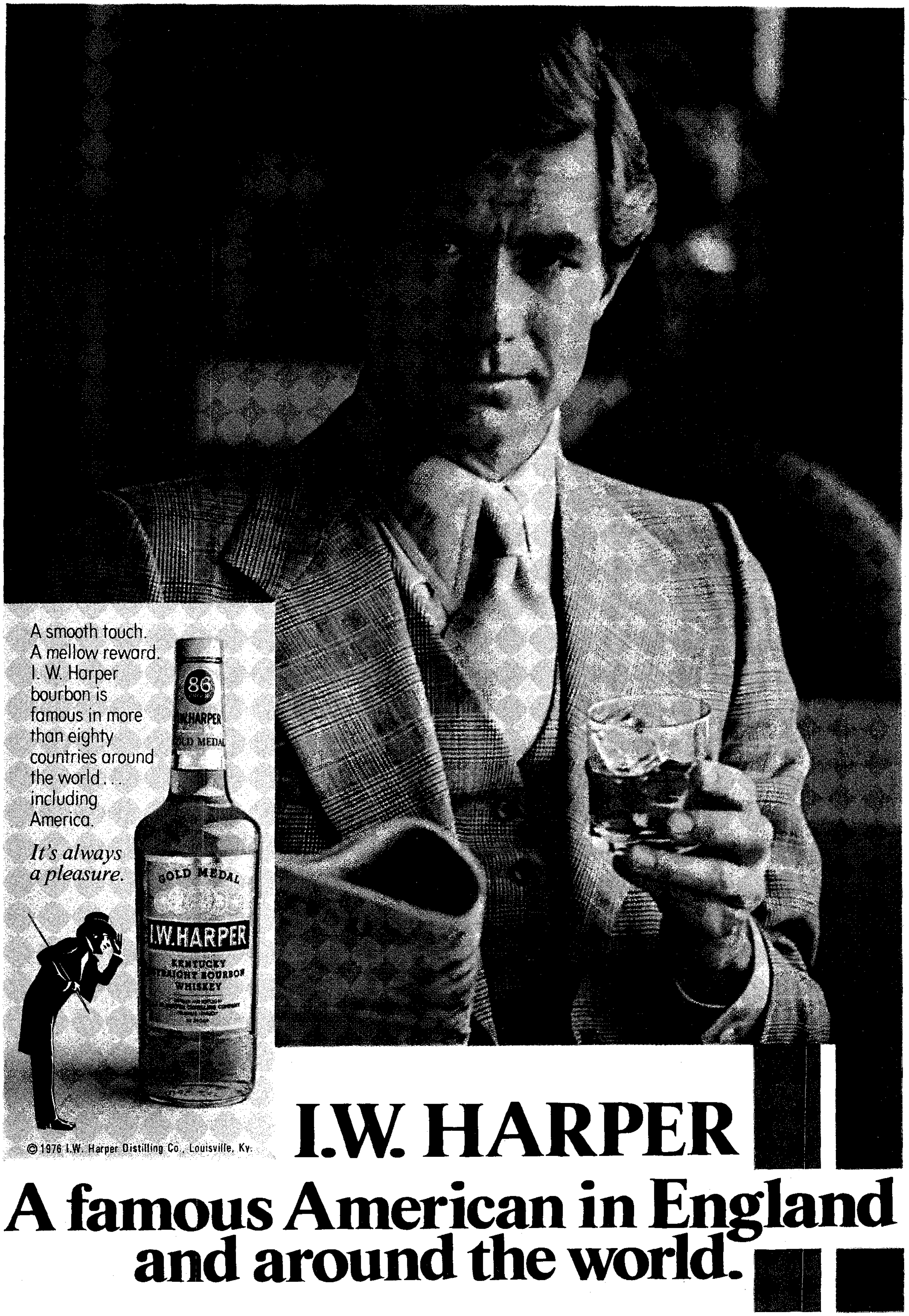

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there would probably have been a lot more, what with all the Latins in Manhattan setting such great store by Bold Forbes. Furthermore, a good deal of that money probably ended up with the books on the blocks, for there are still many of them.

While we're on the subject of OTB, James Sullivan, a New York City employee who had never bet with OTB and had never even seen a trotting race, put three dollars on a pick-four (you pick the winners in four designated races) at Yonkers Raceway the other day, using the last four numbers of the dog tag he wore during the Second World War. His wager was the only one on the winning combination, so he took all the money in the pot—$128,844. After federal, state, and city taxes, Mr. Sullivan will be lucky if he winds up with half of that. Still, it's an experience nobody would mind having.

MORE SURPRISES: Forego did not run in the Roseben Handicap at Belmont Park last weekend, but Frank Whiteley, who has been training him in South Carolina, hopes to have him in condition for the Metropolitan Handicap on the Memorial Day holiday. Instead, Whiteley put the Pen-Y-Bryn stable's Honorable Miss in the seven-furlong Roseben. Honorable Miss went off the favorite, carrying 121 pounds and giving six to Lord Rebeau, who ended up beating her by more than six lengths in the nippy time of 1:21.

Perhaps the most severe financial shock of the Belmont meeting so far was the defeat a couple of weeks ago of Dearly Precious in the Comely Stakes, at seven furlongs. The overwhelming favorite at 3–10 and carrying top weight of 121 pounds, she had no difficulty in disposing of Artfully in the run to the stretch turn. But in the stretch itself Tell Me All, who had an advantage of eight pounds, came up quickly and beat Dearly Precious by half a length. And Dearly Precious had no better luck in the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes at Pimlico the day before the Preakness. Again the favorite, she again carried top weight of 121 pounds, and What A Summer, a Maryland-bred filly who had a pull of ten pounds, caught her in the stretch and beat her by a nose.

—AUDAX MINOR

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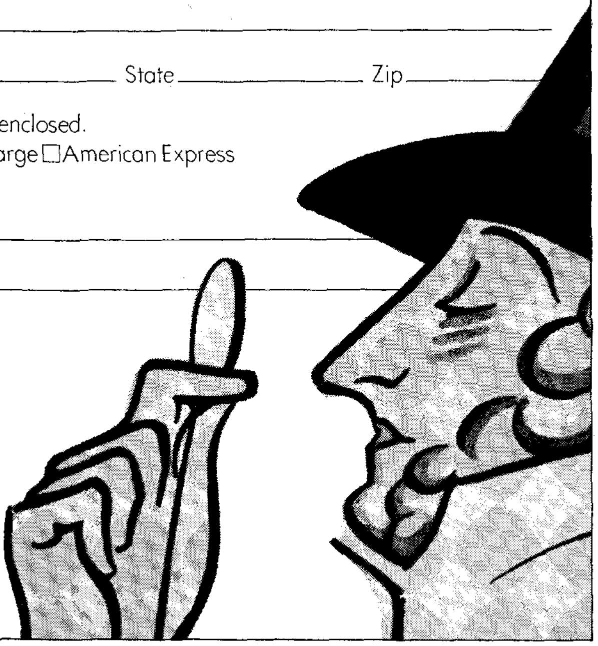

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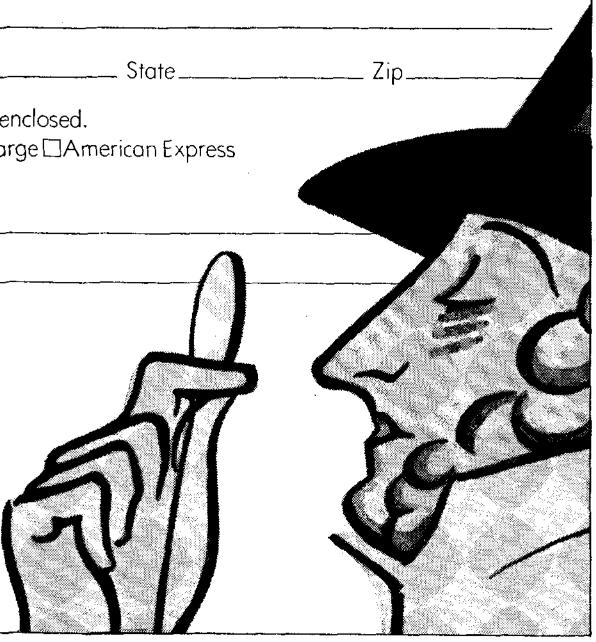
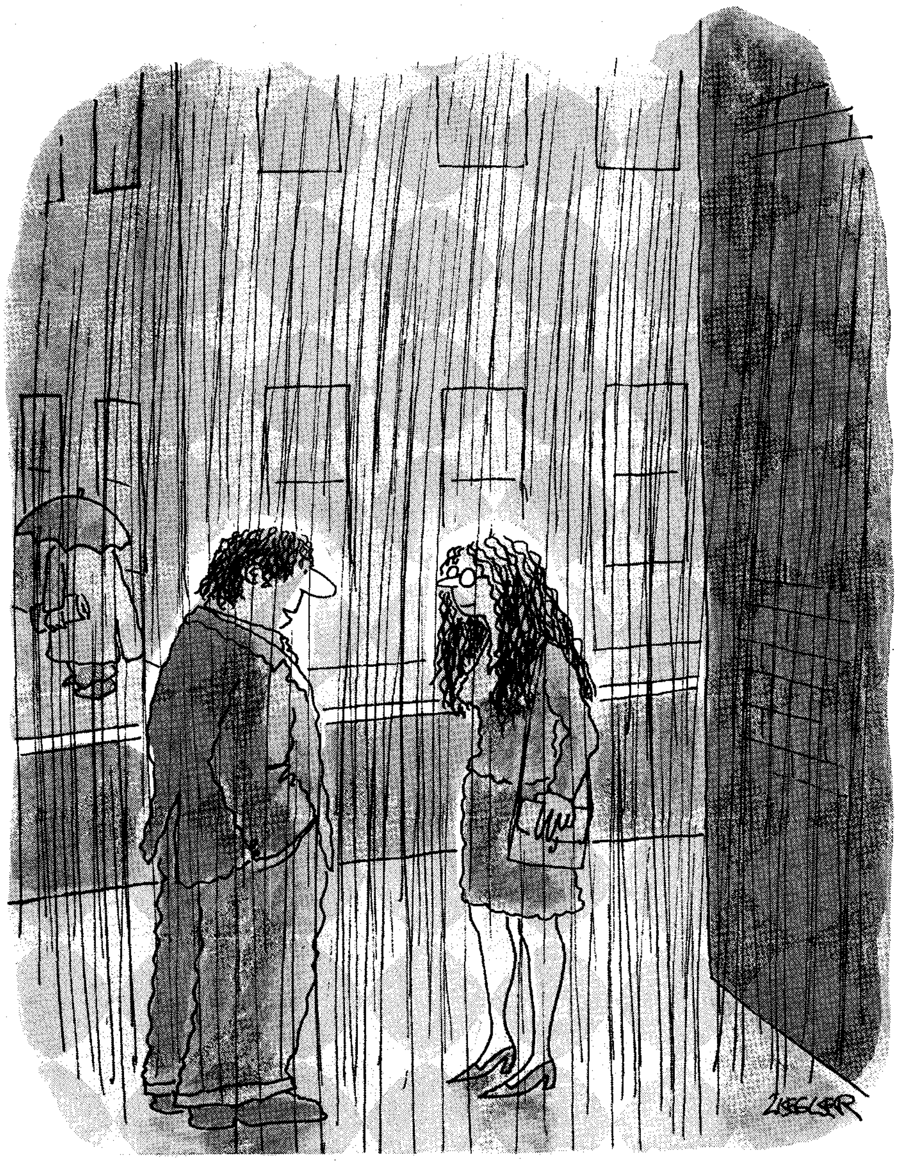


BOOKS

Blithe Spirit

WITH our passion for peeping and botanizing on the graves of the famous recently dead, we have come to expect to be titillated by the findings of the biographers who are quickly on the scene, magnifying glass in hand. Nothing is omitted from their discoveries, even if the departed one would perhaps have preferred to be left in what was once reliably reported to be a fine and private place. In "Nancy Mitford" (Harper & Row), his memoir of his old friend, Sir Harold Acton has gone to the other extreme of the fashionable method of exposing and examining the smallest weeds as well as the bravest flowers. He explains right away that he proposed to write not a definitive biography but a celebration of a beloved personality. Sir Harold is a man who sets great store on the civilities: as he told us in his own memoirs, he punctiliously conducts visitors round his beautiful house in Florence because he thinks inherited treasures impose on their possessor the solemn responsibility of sharing the pleasures with others. In writing about his friend he has been careful to avoid giving pain or even embarrassment to the living, while sharing the pleasures of an affectionate attachment that began when he was at Oxford in the twenties and was first regaled with enthusiastic accounts of Lord Redesdale's witty daughter, "hidden among the cabbages of the Cotswolds." The brilliant Frenchman who was General de Gaulle's right-hand man and the reason for Nancy Mitford's happy emigration to Paris after the war is therefore alluded to as "P——" or "the Colonel," though he was a well-known figure among the Free French in London. Any sombre places in a life that until its tragic end seemed resolutely sunny are skirted by Sir Harold as though he were hurrying us past an unfortunate piece of statuary—a flawed god or goddess glimmering in the green and white Pantheon of his garden at La Pietra. The Redesdale family eccentricity, hilarious when transposed into the Mitford novels, ran wild in the younger sisters Diana and Unity, leading them to Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists and Hitler's Germany—to imprisonment during the war for Diana, who had become Lady Mosley, and to early death, after an attempted suicide, for Unity, the Führer's ideal of Aryan womanhood. "It was far from pleasant" for Nancy, Sir Harold comments, with restraint. But she would never tolerate criticism of her sisters; the clan loyalty was too strong to be broken by ideological divisions.



"I don't know about you, but I'm getting soaked."

She was unlucky in love. Her marriage to Peter Rodd, when she was an extremely immature twenty-nine, broke down for reasons on which Sir Harold is candidly partisan. Her husband had no money but boundless energy for causes, such as organizing the Perpignan camps for refugees from the Spanish Civil War, and his wife's sprightly set considered him a pompous bore—not a recognizable portrait to some of his friends, one guesses. The man she truly loved, her adored "Colonel," who was the inspiration for the dashing Duc de Sauveterre in "The Pursuit of Love," finally married someone else, though he remained the indispensable center of existence to the end. "Her life seems almost too sad to contemplate, despite great successes with the books," her sister Diana wrote after her death. Sir Harold, sounding a note of unwavering admiration, draws back from looking closer into this dolorous verdict, and prefers to record the gaiety. In spite of the peals of laughter, the non-stop jokes, he admits that there was "a vein of repressed melancholy" in Nancy's character. Her favorite book was the profoundly disillusioned "La Princesse de Clèves," which she translated into English.

Incomplete though it may be, the memoir is extremely entertaining and attractive in its warmth. Most of it is composed of Nancy Mitford's letters. For her family and friends, she was a voluminous correspondent, and a very amusing one at her gossipy best. The pen flies on, the punctuation struggles feebly to keep up with it, the laughter ripples, the voice cries "Do admit!"

and "How I shrieked!" To be able to shriek (with merriment) was the first thing she required from a friend or a subject for a book: "Voltaire's love affair with Madame du Châtelet. I must say it's a shriek from beginning to end—especially the end, and I think I could make something short but amusing of it." Before her mother, aged eighty-three, died, on the lonely little stormbound island of Inch Kenneth, off the Isle of Mull, where she had made her home for some years, the assembled family sat waiting through several harrowing, protracted farewells, and Lady Redesdale, rallying briefly, could still sound the necessary note. "It's very sad here," Nancy wrote to a friend, "but of course cheerfulness breaks in. In fact my mother said to me, what are they all doing downstairs? I said shrieking. She said funny sort of funeral party." Her description of the Mortemart family in "The Sun King" might have done as well for the Mitfords: "Among themselves they used a private language. They were malicious, but good-natured; they never really harmed anybody; they liked laughing and had the precious gift of making other people sparkle." Some of her friends have dug down into their memories for samples of Nancy's own sparkle when they were together on happy holidays abroad. Such impromptu remarks need the voice and the timing, a warm twilight smelling of thyme and rosemary, a glass or two of the local wine, and a circle of ready shriekers if they are to take wing. In cold print, twenty years or so on, they fall lifeless on the ear.

Nancy Mitford's real life may be said to have begun when she went to live in Paris in 1945 and commenced her long love affair with the French nation. She wrote of Madame du Châtelet, "She was waiting, unconsciously, for that revolution which often comes in the life of a woman no longer young and directs the future course of her existence." It had come for her when she was forty. Paris was still struggling to get back to something like normal after the German Occupation, but "I feel a totally different person," she wrote to her mother, "as if I had come out of a coal mine into daylight. . . . Oh my passion for the French I see all through rose-coloured spectacles! . . . Oh the food. Every meal is a recurring pleasure." Her vision of Paris was a romanticized Proustian one of the Faubourg St. Germain, where every prospect pleased and the conversation at dinner parties, when the social life got going again, glittered with critical intelligence as the women's jewels

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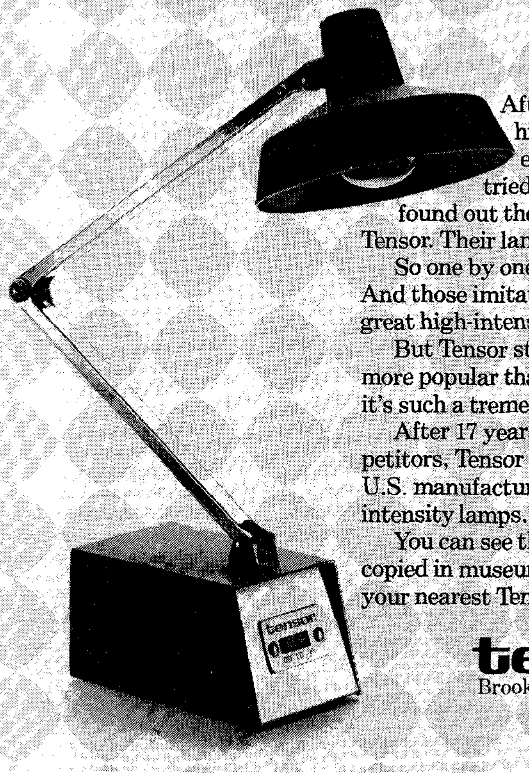

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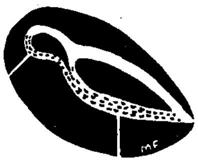
and the wonderful houses glittered. While she was married to Peter Rodd, she apparently regarded herself as a Socialist, as he was, but in her new world such wildly out-of-character pretensions quietly vanished. The nearest Sir Harold gets to criticism is his gentle complaint that she was tolerant of bores if they had the right quarterings and were members of the Jockey Club, and found glamour in shallowness if it was gilded with enormous wealth. She met, but never tried to know in any depth, writers such as Jean Cocteau. Her chosen parish was the limited, scintillating *Tout-Paris* of that era, and her naïve enthusiasm for it was the glee of a child suddenly allowed to leave plain living and thinking in the nursery and come down to dinner with the grownups. (Despite her ecstatic love for the French, she showed herself a true daughter of Lord Redesdale, whose wars with wogs, wops, and other damn sewers she made famous, by referring to them as "frogs" to the end of her life.)



"The Pursuit of Love" started up a gale of laughter in shabby, exhausted postwar England; it went on to sell a million copies. All the subsequent novels were best-sellers. Though Nancy Mitford was often accused of snobbery—particularly after the non-U "Noblesse Oblige," one of her elaborate "teases," which blacklisted such impermissible middle-class words as "mirror" and "notepaper"—she wrote only about the world she knew, and seemed blissfully unconscious of any other. In an increasingly egalitarian society, she continued to present characters who took privilege and ease for granted, and found them delightful. The rewards were significantly handsome. From having no money and living "on teeny bits of cat when not asked out," she was suddenly an established financial success and a household name. She dined with the Windsors and exchanged authors' shop with the Duke. "He's writing his memoirs. I said 'Do tell where you've got to.' 'Just coming to the deadline.' " "Read a novel the other day," Field Marshal Montgomery barked one morning to the British Ambassador to France, Sir Gladwyn Jebb (now Lord Gladwyn). "Hardly ever do. By a woman, too. You wouldn't know it, I expect." And in a trice he and Nancy were having lunch *à quatre* with the Jebbs under the chestnut tree in the Embassy garden, and getting on "like a house on fire," their host recalled later; military history and heroes were, most improbably, a lifelong interest. Bertrand Russell told her that he regularly went to see her translation of André Roussin's hit farce "The Little Hut," which repeated its big Paris success in London. Even a taxi-driver, to whom she had started to give the name of her street after dining out, chipped in briskly, "*Numéro sept, et vous êtes la célèbre Nancy Quelquechose.*" The Légion d'Honneur, which she was awarded in 1972, the year the English honors list made her a Companion of the British Empire—as "a mark," she hoped, "that it is not thought unpatriotic for me to live abroad"—was no higher citation.

Sir Harold Acton is sharp with the critics who made light of the highly successful Mitford biographies of Madame de Pompadour, Voltaire, and the Sun King. Written in the years after the costume balls and the parties had begun to pall, they were the result of solid research, "marathon reading" of small print and difficult manuscripts that disastrously affected her eyes, and a gruelling work schedule. "Two or three hours in the library here" (Versailles, where she shut herself up in a *pension* to escape from the telephone and an invasion of London friends) "and until midnight in my bed, and most of the day—seven or eight hours." Cyril Connolly said of "Voltaire in Love" that she had "evolved a technique for regurgitating packages of old letters in palatable form which any historian might envy." She was less pleased by A. J. P. Taylor's review of "Madame de Pompadour;" he wrote, " 'Pursuit of Love' characters have appeared again, this time in fancy dress." It was consoling when Dr. Alfred Cobban, the prestigious historian, who had seen the book in manuscript, wrote "saying he'll bet my reviewers have never read an original 18th century document, or any secondary stuff since Carlyle," and later included it in the bibliography of his "History of Modern France."

Nancy Mitford's biography of Frederick the Great was written when she was already mortally ill. Excruciating and inexplicable pains had suddenly developed in her back and in one leg. She managed to drag herself to Potsdam and Dresden, supported by her sister Pam, to do research on Frederick. After four terrible years of alternate hope and despair, the final diagnosis was Hodgkin's disease. She had achieved her dearest ambition by moving to a little house in Versailles, where she was "totally happy" for the short time before life became unbearable, absorbed in making a garden that was to be full of the wild flowers of an Impressionist meadow, and seeing few people. The world had already contracted sadly, as it does for the elderly, with the death of cherished friends. Evelyn Waugh, her chief mentor and teaser since youth, was one of the most bitterly missed. She had asked him seriously, not many years before, to tell her the Catholic belief of what would happen after death, "and he wrote four pages of minute detail. . . . Isn't it interesting! I can hardly wait." When she became too ill to manage more than "half a page of Gibbon . . . so marvellously written it gives one a taste for life," the lively pen still drove indomitably on, finding funniness in the visit of a lady faith healer ("I had envisaged a motherly soul who would sing a few hymns. Not at all. A sort of poor man's Liz Taylor loomed") and in the Mass offered for her recovery by her friend Tom Driberg, which a deaf priest unfortunately understood to be for the health of Pansy Todd. "Oh how I hope I shall go to a different kind of world next time," she wrote. "I would like to be a pretty young general and gallop over Europe with Frederick the Great and never have another ache or pain."

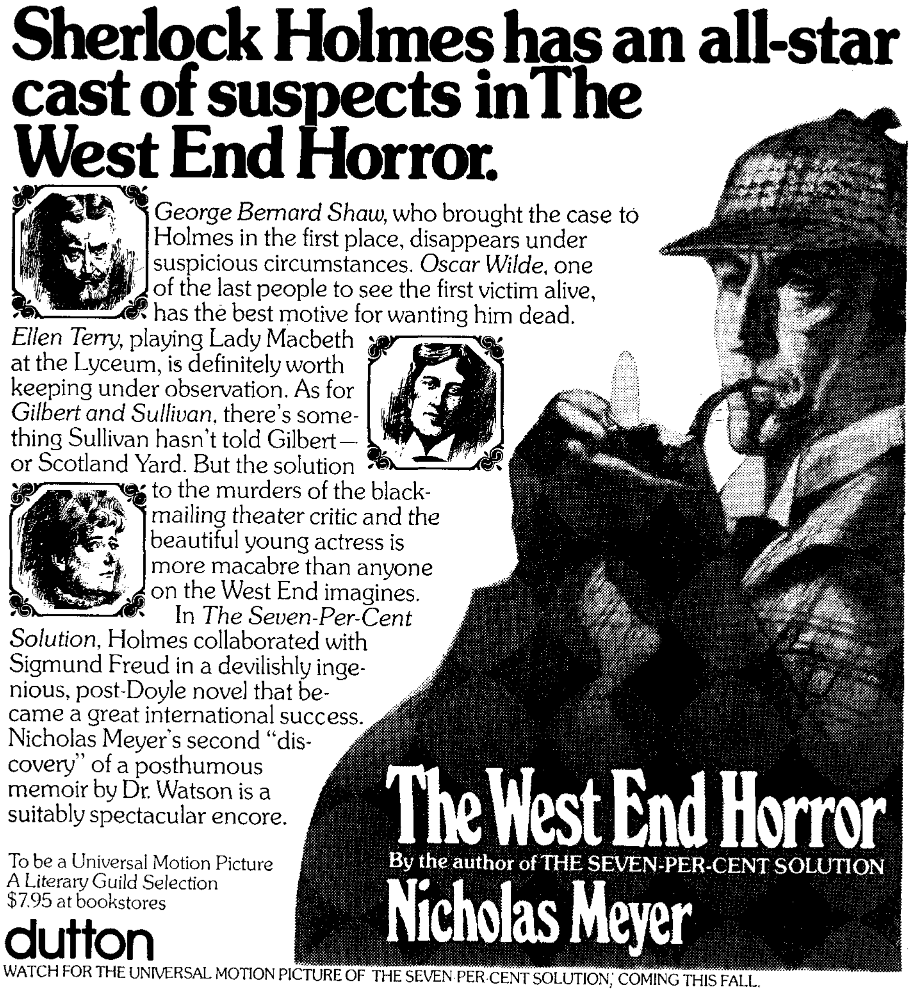
When she died, in 1973, it must have surprised many people to find that she was sixty-eight. To the multitudes of readers who looked forward eagerly to "the new Mitford," her personal voice was still that of the brilliant perennial girl.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Montauk, by Max Frisch, translated from the German by Geoffrey Skelton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Max Frisch, the sixty-five-year-old Swiss novelist ("I'm Not Stiller") and playwright ("Andorra," "The Firebugs"), came to New York two years ago on a publicity jaunt, and somewhere between touching a few familiar bases (the Fifth Avenue Hotel, MOMA, a favorite Village drugstore-luncheonette) and spending the weekend with a young woman in Montauk he decided to write a book that would be neither a journal nor a novel but something in between: "a story without a message" and "completely autobiographical." His in-



Sherlock Holmes has an all-star cast of suspects in The West End Horror.

George Bernard Shaw, who brought the case to Holmes in the first place, disappears under suspicious circumstances. *Oscar Wilde*, one of the last people to see the first victim alive, has the best motive for wanting him dead. *Ellen Terry*, playing Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum, is definitely worth keeping under observation. As for *Gilbert and Sullivan*, there's something Sullivan hasn't told Gilbert—or Scotland Yard. But the solution to the murders of the blackmailing theater critic and the beautiful young actress is more macabre than anyone on the West End imagines.

In *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Holmes collaborated with Sigmund Freud in a devilishly ingenious, post-Doyle novel that became a great international success. Nicholas Meyer's second "discovery" of a posthumous memoir by Dr. Watson is a suitably spectacular encore.

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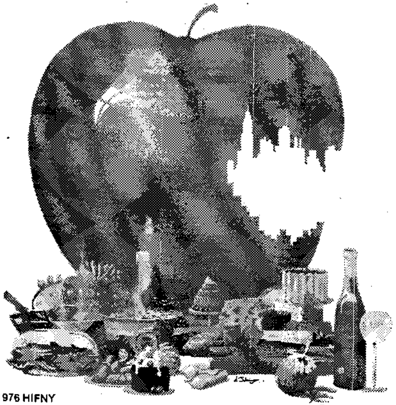

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tention, he tells us, was to describe exactly what came into his mind and what he observed "without inventing a single character; without inventing happenings of more significance than [my] own simple reality; without taking refuge in inventions of any kind; without seeking to justify [my] writing as a duty toward society." The results of this rather daring (and, for most writers, unquestionably foolhardy) experiment are mixed but extremely interesting. Frisch does not try to make himself look particularly wise or good, or even clever—just wide-awake. We read about Frisch's reactions to the young woman and the seaside motel she takes him to, his memories of several failed marriages and happier days, his thoughts about a boyhood friend who intimidated him, his feelings as he stares out at the ocean, and his random observations as he prowls the streets of a familiar but still foreign city. Some readers may find the claustrophobia induced by being so intimately connected with the ebb and flow of someone else's imagination (even an imagination as rich as Mr. Frisch's) a bit overwhelming, but the book has an integrity that is original and admirable.

GENERAL

JOHNSON ON JOHNSON, selected, with an introduction and a commentary, by John Wain (Dutton). A short anthology of Samuel Johnson's letters, prayers, and other writings, with a few pieces by such friends as James Boswell and Hester Thrale. The presence of some familiar items, such as an excerpt from the preface to the Dictionary, impresses one with how well Johnson's prose has survived—it is as ponderous as an elephant, yet, like an elephant, it is surefooted, powerful, and deceptively adaptable to even the homeliest of chores. The less familiar pieces, including some letters, tend to support Mr. Wain's remark that "to an extent unguessed at by anyone who knows Johnson only from his caricature reputation, a stiff bundle of comical prejudices and inflexible opinions, he shows himself a different person with different people." This echo of St. Paul's avowal of being all things to all men reverberates most eerily from the private corners of Johnson's conscience; several pieces tell of the great man's breakdowns and depressions, his symptoms of what became known as

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masochism, and his reliance, in times of helplessness, on Mrs. Thrale to take responsibility and make decisions for him.

Leakey's Luck, by Sonia Cole (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Part of Louis Leakey's proverbial luck—this time operating posthumously, since he died in 1972—was having a friend like Sonia Cole available to write his biography. She encountered the Leakeys in 1945, and soon joined them in their search for remnants of prehistoric man in East Africa. Leakey was absolutely at home in East Africa, where he was born, and spoke Kikuyu almost as a mother tongue. Until the last years of his life, and perhaps even then, he was not fully accepted by the scientific establishment. There is, and was, no doubt of the importance of his discoveries (and of the discoveries of people like Jane Goodall, whose work on chimpanzees was launched by Leakey), but he couldn't resist the urge to court publicity, even to the extent of making claims that went beyond the evidence. In a sense, he had to. His expeditions were mainly financed with private funds given by people who had been impressed by the Leakey persona; he was always just one step ahead of bankruptcy, and he needed to keep making important discoveries if the treasure was to continue to flow.

A Baseball Century: The First 100 Years of the National League, by Henry Berry, Dr. Harvey Frommer, and others, and with an introduction by Roger Angell (Macmillan). Nineteen seventy-six is no mere Bicentennial year. It is also the *centennial* of what baseball writers can rarely resist calling the Senior Circuit—and that is, in truth, an event of some significance. For, as Mr. Angell points out in his excellent introduction, baseball "is the most continuous of all our American sports—the least altered in its rules and strategies and distinctive style." This historical salute—durably and handsomely made, generous of format, abundantly illustrated, affectionately (but honestly) written, rich in the evaluations, statistics, and trivia peculiar to baseball—is in every respect worthy of the game. Mr. Angell's introduction defines the incomparable allure of baseball, there is a satisfactory early history of the League, there are detailed accounts and characterizations of each of the

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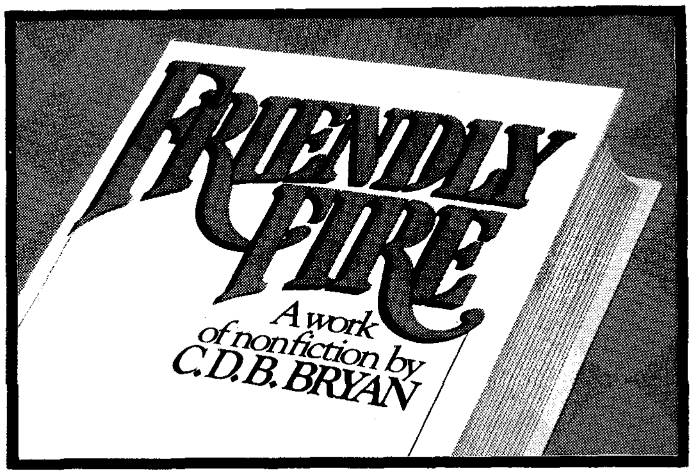

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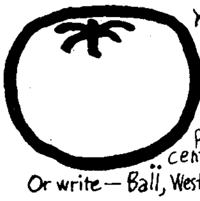

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current twelve teams (although, with the possible exception of the Mets, the newer clubs are as short on character as they are on history), and then there are the illustrations, many of them in full (and true) color—a facsimile reproduction of the handwritten minutes of the founding meeting of the League, old chewing-gum cards, fashions in equipment, cartoons, portraits, and, of course, action photographs. Among these last is one of Pete Rose soaring home in a ferocious, scowling, headfirst dive—a transfixing moment in time.

NOTE: Barry Commoner's "The Poverty of Power: Energy and the Economic Crisis" has been published by Knopf, and "Friendly Fire," C. D. B. Bryan's account of the death of Sergeant Michael E. Mullen, who was killed in Vietnam by an American artillery round, has been published by Putnam. Much of the contents of both books originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HIGH STAKES, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). A rich young English inventor who has innocently taken up horse racing discovers that his trusted trainer has been coolly cheating him out of thousands of pounds. What's worse, in the sudden showdown the trainer manages to emerge as a victim, and with all public opinion on his side. What's worse than *that,* he manages to safely exchange the poor innocent's best horse for an identical also-ran. But the inventor is not an inventor for nothing, and, inspired by the hard-nosed exhortation "Don't get mad, get even," he invents a most gratifying revenge. The innocent here is one of Mr. Francis's most admirable heroes, and this is one of his most satisfying entertainments.

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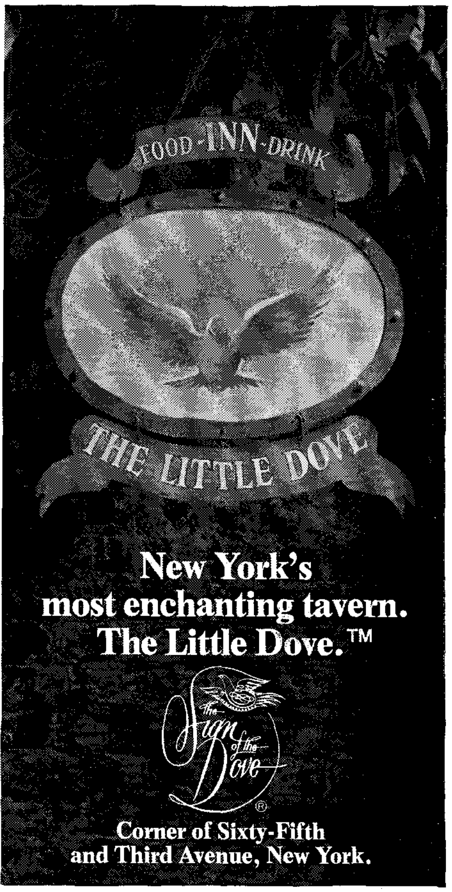

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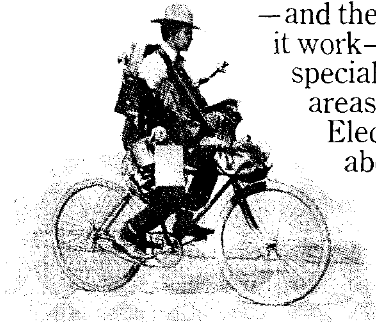

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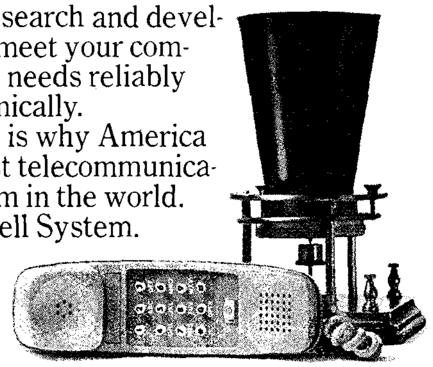

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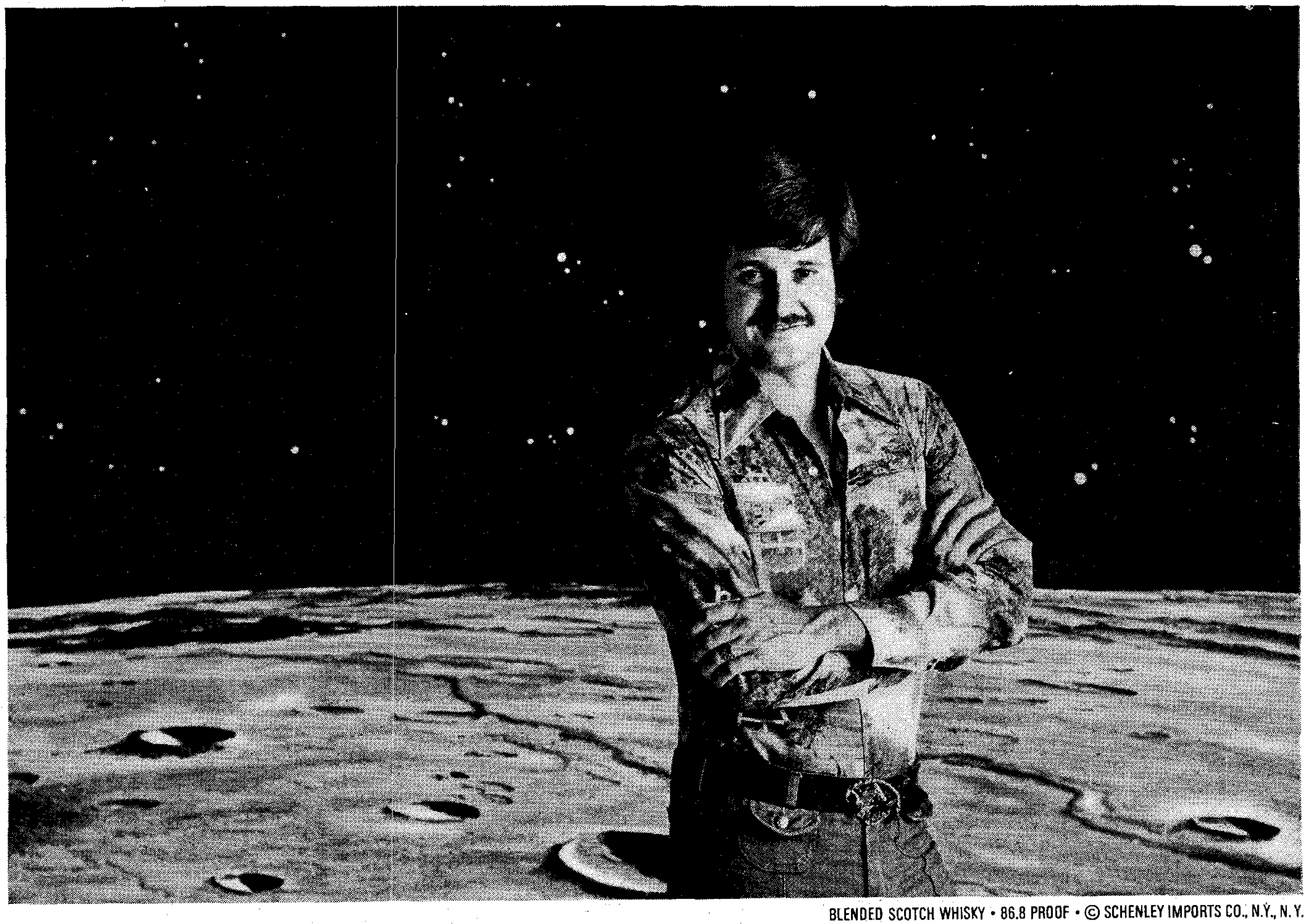

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BILL KAUFMANN

HOME: Glendale, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Astrophysicist

HOBBIES: Tennis, skiing, classical music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Gravitation" by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote "The Cosmic Frontiers of General Relativity" and is currently working on a screenplay about the discovery of a black hole in outer space and man's attempt to harness its energy.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizons of man's knowledge of the universe have dramatically shaped the course of western civilization. I strongly feel that the scientist has a profound moral obligation to communicate advances in science to the general public."

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